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*HOME WORDS FOR
HEART AND HEARTH*

C. L. Seymour del.



**THE PRINCESS ROYAL, AGED 17 MONTHS, AND THE PRINCE
OF WALES, AGED 5 MONTHS.**

FROM THE PICTURE BY SIR W. C. ROSS, R.A.

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HOME WORDS

FOR

HEART AND HEARTH.

CONDUCTED BY THE

REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.,

FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER;

EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," "THE DAY OF DAYS," AND "HAND AND HEART."



"A consecrated Home—sacred to wedded love,
To tranquil joys, to purity, to peace;
To healthful pleasures with each other shared;
To useful tasks together daily wrought;
To books and culture, and congenial friends;
To piety, and prayer, and heavenward steps;
To all that earth yet yields to faithful hearts."

RAY PALMER.



1881.



London :

"HOME WORDS" PUBLISHING OFFICE,

1, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS, E.C.

**BUTLER & TANNER,
THE SELWOOD PRINTING WORKS,
FROME, AND LONDON.**

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HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

A New Year's Wish.

BY THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

NOW the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost."—*Rom. xv. 13.*

FAITH that increaseth,
Walking in light;
Hope that aboundeth,
Glowing and bright.

Love that is perfect,
Casting out fear—
Crown with rejoicing
Thine opening Year.

Royalty at Home.

BY THE EDITOR.

Cottage home and courtly hall may borrow
The jewel of example from their Queen,
To throw a radiance round their own fireside.
Rev. Richard Wilton.

I.

THE INFANT PRINCE OF WALES AND THE PRINCESS ROYAL.



NE summer's day, more than forty years ago, there was a grand ceremony at Westminster. Men talked of it in lands severed by half the circumference of the globe. It absorbed the thoughts of millions throughout the British Isles. The sceptre of these realms had

fallen from the grasp of our grey-haired sailor-King, and been taken up by a young and gentle girl. Not the gorgeous equipages, the State pageantry, nor yet the imposing grandeur of the vast multitudes, chiefly arrested attention—it was her fair calm face that was the sight most coveted as she then passed to her coronation.

Two years later, the great Dover road was thronged with spectators: for railways were yet in their infancy. The fair lady who wore the crown of these realms was about to share so much of its burden as was permitted to her with a young German Prince of the Protestant line of Saxony; and again the multitudes had gathered for a momentary sight of a single face. That face was one to photograph itself on the

memory. It bespoke a cultivated intellect, a gentle heart, and dignified firmness of character. The sweet gravity of its expression, indicating a sense of the responsibility about to be assumed, was welcome to all who valued the happiness of the Queen and the welfare of the country.

Years sped on, and the opening promise of "twain lives made one" was developed in the home life of a Royal Household, which presented such a picture of "whatsoever things are pure, lovely, and of good report," that the nation's loyalty, advancing far beyond the principle of allegiance to the throne, deepened into a feeling of almost personal attachment and affection towards the Queen and her husband.

The Royal pair became a notable pattern of those private and domestic virtues which, next to the "righteousness" which "exalteth a people," are the truest elements of a nation's strength and prosperity. Real greatness found its noblest sphere as well as its most searching test in the Home; and from the first the Queen aimed to show how truly she sympathised with her subjects as members of a nation of which it has been well said, it "seeks its own happiness by its own fire-side."

A few glimpses of Royal life will, we are sure, interest the readers of *Home Words*, and tend to deepen, if that be possible, the loyalty of all who have faith in what is good, and hold true Christian allegiance to their God and to their country.

Our Frontispiece, it will be seen, takes us back to the early days of Royalty at Home. The infant Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal form indeed a charming picture. The Queen herself will best describe those early days, when life and love were both in bridal brightness. In "The Prince Consort's Memoirs" the Queen allows her subjects to glance within

the holiest shrine of home affections and sympathies, and bears touching testimony to the devotion of her Royal husband at the interesting period of the birth of the Princess Royal.

"For a moment only," the Queen says, "was he disappointed at its being a daughter, and not a son." His first care was for the safety of the Queen; and "We cannot be thankful enough to God," he writes to the Duchess of Gotha on the 14th, "that everything has passed off so very prosperously."

"During the time the Queen was laid up, his care and devotion," the Queen records, "were quite beyond expression." He was always at hand to do anything in his power for her comfort. He was content to sit by her in a darkened room, to read to her or write for her.

"No one but himself ever lifted her from her bed to her sofa; and he always helped to wheel her on her bed or sofa into the next room. For this purpose he would come instantly, when sent for, from any part of the house. As years went on, and he became overwhelmed with work (for his attentions were the same in all the Queen's subsequent confinements), this was often done at much inconvenience to himself; but he ever came with a sweet smile on his face. In short," the Queen adds, "his care of her was like that of a mother, nor could there be a kinder, wiser, or more judicious nurse."

In connection with this event a pleasing anecdote is introduced, which places the Prince Consort before us as a father and a scholar. From the moment of his coming to England, he had resolutely applied himself to the task of making himself thoroughly acquainted with the laws and institutions of the land of his adoption. To this end he began regular readings in the English laws and Constitution with Mr. Selwyn, a highly distinguished barrister.

Two days after the birth of the Princess Royal, Mr. Selwyn came, according to appointment. The Prince said to him:—"I fear I cannot read any law to-day, there are so many constantly coming to congratulate; but you will like to see the little Princess." Then, finding that Her Royal Highness was asleep, he took Mr. Selwyn into the nursery, and taking the little hand of the infant, he said:—"The next time we read, it must be on the rights and duties of a Princess Royal."

Twelve months later the desire for a son was gratified, by the birth of the Prince of

Wales, and never was a nation's welcome more hearty and prayerful—

"God bless the Prince of Wales."

Our Frontispiece plainly shows that the Princess Royal was proud enough of "King Baby;" and St. George's, Windsor, had never looked more beautiful and splendid than when everything was brightened up for the baptism of the heir of England, who now has, in Albert Victor, an heir of his own.

In our next paper we may have more to say about the early life of the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal also.

Old Umbrellas; or, Nobody Cares.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE UPWARD GAZE," "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM," "SUN, MOON, AND STARS," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE STREET.



"A-NY arm-brel-las and pa-a-ra-soles to me-end?" sang out the quavering voice of an old man, as he went slowly through Brighton streets, pushing his little hand-cart before him. "A-a-ny arm-brel-

las and pa-a-ra-soles to me-end?"

"Knives and scissors to grind! Knives and scissors to grind!" came ringing in clear sharp tones—musical tones too—down a side street. From the same quarter swept a gust of March wind in no frolicsome mood, bringing showers of blinding dust. The old man—he was very old, with a high wrinkled forehead, and silver locks hanging loosely from beneath his worn-out cap—stopped to cough. And again the cry sounded briskly:—"Knives and scissors, knives and scissors to grind! Any knives and scissors to grind to day?"

The old man could not rival it, and he had a vexed consciousness of his own inferior powers, as he once more sent out the tremulous appeal:—"A-a-ny arm-brel-las and pa-a-ra-soles to me-end?" But nobody seemed to have any broken umbrellas or parasols on hand.

The cold was very bitter. March had rushed like a lion upon the land that year, so far at least as Brighton was concerned, and as yet March showed no signs of preparing for a lamb-like departure. Lower down, at the Esplanade, the sea might have been found in a grand turmoil of frothy water and watery froth. From this particular road the sea could not be seen, but the biting wind made itself keenly felt.

How it drove under the warmest clothes, and whistled through the snugest jackets, and managed to get inside the tightest sleeves. Passers-by were, whenever they could afford it, well wrapped up in cloth and furs. Gentlemen, close buttoned to the chin, hurried with all speed along the pavements, and veiled ladies put up their muffs as an additional protection to their already blue and red complexions from the withering blast.

The old umbrella-man had no furs of course, nor any overcoat either for the matter of that. His frame had once been tough and strong, but the racking hacking cough now told a different tale; and the cold and exposure which would have been nothing to him twenty years earlier were a good deal to him in his old age.

Also they were a good deal to the child who followed after him, drawing her faded shawl closely round her shoulders, and pull-

ing her old straw hat lower over her face. The wind made poor count of her garments, and went through them much as water runs through muslin. She did not complain, this little shivering Clarrie, with her blue lips and cheeks and her soft fair hair, so small and thin for her twelve years that she might better have passed for nine. Yet there was something womanly too in her air, and old beyond her years. She fought her way manfully along, now and then staggering before a sharper gust, now and then wiping away a tear, but never giving utterance to a murmur. By-and-by, reaching a sheltered corner, the old man stood still.

"Legs aching, Clarrie?"

"Yes, grandfather," said Clarrie.

"Aching badly?"

"Not so very, very," said Clarrie, choking down a sob. "It's the cold, you know." Her blue tired eyes went up to his with the pitiful appeal seen often in the eyes of a wounded dog, a dumb confession of helpless suffering.

"'Tis cold," said old Ambrose Keyn thoughtfully. "Very cold 'tis, no mistake about that. And weather's been too dry of late for folks to think about using umbrellas, and too cloudy for using of parasols."

"You haven't taken one single penny to-day," said Clarrie, "nor yesterday neither. And there wasn't one bit of bread over from breakfast—not one bit, and mother does get so sinking when she hasn't more."

"Yes, poor thing, so she does. It's grannie that's the wonder to me, Clarrie, and maybe to you too, the way she keeps up. But we haven't bite nor sup for either of them yet, and when we were getting ready to start, grannie says to me:—'Mind you,' says she, 'if you don't bring back some money, I'm not going to have you buying loaves on credit. And I mean it,' says she. And she does too, Clarrie."

"Oh yes, she means it," responded Clarrie, with a careworn look.

"She's got that horror of running into debt, she'd sooner lie down and die, I do believe. It's born and bred in her. And she's right too. We'll keep clear of debt if we can, Clarrie. But it don't seem as if we was a going to make much to-day."

"We needn't give in yet," the little maiden said courageously. "We'll try again, grandfather, and I'll help you push."

"You, you poor little mite," said the old man compassionately. "No, no, it's as much as ever you can do to hold your own against the wind. Maybe we'll find a job if we go down yonder street."

"Yes, we'll try," repeated Clarrie.

So they buckled to again. The old man's legs, as well as the little girl's, were aching: his from age and toil, hers from weakness and rheumatism. Through street after street they went on with slow patient perseverance. And again and yet again, in accents which trembled more and grew more faint, along with the whistling gale the cry was heard—

"A-a-ny arm-brel-las and pa-a-ra-soles to me-e-nd? A-ny arm-brel-las and pa-a-ra-soles to me-e-nd?"

The wind in the neighbourhood of the Parade was more violent than in the streets. It tossed Clarrie's frock about her legs, and it shook the hand-cart, and it threatened to sweep both grandfather and grandchild off their legs; for neither of the two had much strength wherewith to resist. They were soon glad to turn up a side street again, and to find a sheltered corner in which to breathe.

"Pretty hard work, eh Clarrie?" panted the old man.

"You couldn't have done much in that wind, anyhow," said Clarrie, by way of consolation for the non-offered job. "I don't see how you could."

They made one more effort. They went to a corner in busy North Street where many people were coming and going, boisterous day though it was. There were men and women and little children, well-dressed folks and poorer folks, some who looked about them, and some who were busied chiefly with their own thoughts, people who seemed to be happy, and people who seemed to be sad. But among them all, none gave more than a passing glance at the silver-haired old man and the shivering child, with the little hand-cart.

"Nobody cares, grandfather," said Clarrie at length, sighing.

"Nobody wants a job done to-day," said Keyn.

"I'm so hungry," said Clarrie. "And my legs ache, right through and through. And you are tired too, and nobody cares." Tears were running down Clarrie's cheeks.

"God Almighty cares," said Keyn.

"Does He? Nobody else don't," said Clarrie.

"Maybe not," said Keyn. "We'll go home, Clarrie, I think. I don't seem as if I could stand no more of this wind. It cuts like a razor."

CHAPTER II.

THE HOME.

"So here you are at last," a harsh-toned voice said, as Ambrose Keyn stumbled over the uneven threshold of a room at the end of a crooked stone passage. The single window opened upon a back yard, the high walls of surrounding houses admitting only a limited amount of air and light.

Two women sat in the room,—Clarrie's mother and grandmother. It was fairly well furnished with remnants of brighter days. A bed in one corner, occupied at night by Keyn and his wife, bore a patched quilt, made by Clarrie's father in early boyhood. A recess opposite formed the habitual resting-place for Keyn's hand-cart when he and it were both at home. Some deal shelves in a third corner displayed a tidy array of china and kitchen utensils. A chest of drawers, a table, a washhand-stand, two chairs, and two low backless stools, left no superabundance of free space. Clarrie and her mother slept at night in a tiny garret at the top of the house, as a matter of economy. It involved a painful evening climb for a lame woman, and Clarrie's mother had long been lame from the effects of an accident.

Martha Keyn, the elder woman, though past seventy in age, had still a straight and vigorous air. Her hooked nose and compressed lips spoke of a strong and proud nature. Ambrose Keyn had known ease through all the earlier years of his married life, and it was a bitter trial to Martha Keyn to find herself reduced to straits of poverty. They had kept a small but flourishing um-

brella shop in a country town. A succession of losses, failures, bad debts, combined with trade opposition, had brought Keyn to the verge of bankruptcy, from which he only saved himself by selling the business at a heavy disadvantage. Thereafter trouble followed trouble. Friends died; savings vanished; the only son was carried off by sudden illness, leaving wife and child dependent on his father and mother; and the once well-to-do tradesman having quitted his native town for some promised work in Brighton, which proved to be worth nothing, found himself reduced to pushing a little hand-cart through the streets, in a daily struggle for daily bread. He bore the change more patiently than his wife. Sue chafed beneath the pressure and murmured much, even while doing her utmost to keep the heads of those dear to her above water. But the waves of late had risen high, and Martha Keyn was growing old. Eyesight for needlework had failed her greatly during some months past, and her hands and feet were becoming crippled by rheumatic gout.

The younger woman was a marked contrast to her mother-in-law,—under thirty-five years old, with a face which must once have been singularly beautiful. Now it was as colourless and almost as still as if carved in stone, with sad black eyes bent downward and black hair coiled smoothly at the back of her head. The pale lips wore a curve of sorrowful hopelessness, and the thin fingers, steadily working, seemed hardly equal to their task. When Keyn and Clarrie came in she slowly lifted her eyes, and slowly dropped them again, giving no smile or word of welcome.

"At last," repeated Martha Keyn, as her husband pushed his little hand-cart to its accustomed retreat, and himself sat down heavily. "I hope you've done better than yesterday."

"Done nothing at all," said Keyn. "Seems no jobs going now-a-days."

"Not one penny taken, mother," said Clarrie pitifully. She crept close to her mother, and had another silent side-glance out of those sad black eyes.

"Well, then, there is no tea nor supper for anybody to-day, that's all."

Martha spoke sharply, as if the lack were

somebody's fault, only not her own. Putting down the rough grey sock which she was knitting, she went across to the shelves, and stood there in her neat print gown, with a little knitted blue shawl over her shoulders.

"Look here," she said, "not a loaf, not a crust, not a crumb. That's all that's left! And that is what we've come to,—we that used to have everything so comfortable. How are we ever to get along? Not a farthing laid by yet for the rent, and me with my hands just useless, getting to be nought but a burden, and Marrie"—the name of the younger woman was Marina, always shortened thus by her mother-in-law,—and Marrie getting to do less and less every day, and you coming home without any earnings, and Clarrie no more good than a baby,—it is a state of things! How are we going to get on?"

Keyn sat leaning forward, with his head dropping on his chest.

"I've tried," he said dejectedly in self-defence. "I've tried and tried my best, Patty. Seems as if nobody wanted a job done. I'd be glad enough if they did."

"I wouldn't be so easy beat if I was you."

Martha went back to her place and took up her unfinished sock, plying the needles painfully, yet not so painfully as did the long thin fingers of the silent daughter-in-law ply hers.

"Marrie'll have to sit up and get her work done. It's hard on a poor body like her. She's been so plagued with the pain to-day that she's scarce known how to sit."

"I can't think whatever that pain is from," said Ambrose Keyn.

"It's want of food, I shouldn't wonder, as much as anything."

"Mother, couldn't I do a bit to help?" asked Clarrie.

"No," was the brief answer.

"Not you," said Martha Keyn, "you don't sew strong enough for them. That man's got keen eyes if ever a man had."

"I'd learn her," said Keyn.

"Easy!—when she's out with you all day," said Martha scornfully.

"She gives me a deal of help," said Keyn. "She's that clever with her fingers, I wouldn't know how to get on without her. And she gets me many a job with her pretty manners."

"Oh you needn't be afraid. You're welcome to her. I ain't going to keep her home for *my* sake," said Martha. "It don't matter how much I'm alone—not one bit. We're just born to be miserable, and that's a fact."

"Marina is here. You're not alone," said Keyn.

"She's as much good as a wooden block—never says a word she isn't obliged. I'm near as much alone as if she wasn't here."

"Marina's a good listener," said Keyn.

"She'll let me talk. That isn't listening if folks don't take in what's said to them," remarked Martha, with truth. "It's just sit, sit, and work, work, work, from morning till night; and if I don't speak nobody does, and if I do speak I get a 'Yes' and a 'No' in answer. But it don't matter, of course. We're born to be miserable."

"Don't see that," said Keyn soberly.

"Well I do. Everything's gone, and nothing's worth living for. It's plain we'll get no tea to-night. You'd best go off to bed, Clarrie. There's nothing to sit up for. And there's nothing to get up for, neither. I'd as soon never get up again. Life isn't worth the living, and I wish I was dead. Trouble would be over then."

Would it be? Ah, poor soul, unless her feet were on the Rock of Ages, how false a hope was hers!

"Death's a solemn thing too," said old Keyn. "I never could get to face the thoughts of it easy, like some folks. I don't know why, but I never *could*. But God Almighty won't forsake us, Patty. Maybe we'll see brighter days yet."

A bitter look crossed Martha's face, and the large eyes of the younger woman were lifted for a moment with an expression of great pain and sorrow in them. Then they sank again, and the thin fingers went on working in hurried feeble fashion. But presently Marina stopped and put her hand to her side, then went on, and stopped again.

"Mother's got side-ache," said Clarrie.

Martha knitted away with bent brows and made no remark. Twice Marina took up her work and struggled to persevere, but she had to give in. Pain would not be mastered. She sat leaning forward, white and well nigh breathless, with half-shut eyes.

"It's bad, isn't it now, my poor girl?" said the old man.

"It's like knives," said Marina.

"You'd best go to bed. You're good for nothing more this evening," said Martha roughly. "There, put your work by and have done. It's no earthly use sitting up idle. You'd best go to bed, both of you."

Marina made no attempt at resistance. She seemed to have no will or spirit of her own. Martha snatched away the unfinished skirt and folded it up, while Keyn said pleadingly:—"Patty, be gentle with her—now do."

Martha flamed up at that, and turned round upon him sharply. "Gentle with her! Who's ever gentle with me, I wonder? and what's Marina that she's to be treated like a fine lady? Gentle indeed! I don't count her one bit better than ourselves—not one bit. If it wasn't for her, we shouldn't be brought to this pass. She counts herself mighty genteel, I make no doubt, but genteel beggars are not worth much. I'm sick and tired of all that sort of nonsense. She has been coddled and cosseted like a fine lady, till she isn't worth her salt. If Brose had chosen the wife I wanted for him, there'd have been somebody for us to lean upon in our old age, not a log to be carried. Don't talk to me of gentleness. I've been as good to her as if she was my own child, and a deal of gratitude I get back."

Keyn had not meant to rouse so sharp a breeze. He gave Marina an apologetic glance, and then sat through it submissively. The other two did the same, and for a while no words were spoken in answer, only Clarrie listened with wide-open eyes of a childish indignation, which ended at length in a childish outburst—"Mother isn't a log, she isn't!"

"Go to bed this moment, Clarrie."

The tone was not to be trifled with, and Clarrie went off at once, half sobbing in fear and anger; but she did not go alone. Marina rose and slowly followed, mounting each step with pain, and when the two stood in their bare little garret bedroom, Keyn too was with them. He said nothing at first, and Marina sat down on the side of the bed, moaning, while the old man and the child stood looking at her.

"It's bad, very bad for her," said Keyn. "She's hungry and empty, I shouldn't wonder. And so's Clarrie."

"I'm very very hungry," Clarrie sobbed in answer.

"Poor dear!" and Keyn stroked the top of her fair head with his wrinkled hand. "Yes, it's bad for you too. If grannie was in a different sort of a humour she'd let me go this minute and get a loaf on trust. We pay so regular for everything, they wouldn't mind. But grannie won't have it: no good asking, you know, Clarrie. I saw that as soon as ever I came in. She's rampant to-night, and when she's rampant she don't care a morsel for eating, and she'd just be at me for wanting to run into debt if I said a word, so I durstn't. We'll have to get along till the morning, and maybe she'll wake up hungry, and won't be rampant neither."

"And maybe it'll be warm, and we'll get some jobs," said Clarrie.

"Yes, yes, if it should turn warm, so as folks should get to wanting parasols all of a hurry, why, dear me, we'd get on finely," said Keyn, who was naturally of a hopeful temperament. "Anyway something'll turn up somehow, Clarrie, never you fear. God Almighty won't forsake His creatures."

"Is mother and me and you His creatures?" asked Clarrie.

"Sure enough," said Keyn, unknowingly giving an impression to the childish mind that the three enjoyed a distinction in so being.

"I wish He'd give us something to eat," murmured Clarrie.

"Shouldn't wonder if He did to-morrow," said Keyn.

But neither he nor Clarrie dreamt of such a thing as kneeling down to ask God that their needs might be supplied.

CHAPTER III.

WILLIE.

"KNIVES and scissors to grind! Knives and scissors to grind! Any knives and scissors to grind to-day?"

It was a lad of about fourteen whose clear tones rang out thus freely. He was tidily dressed, and his face had an open honest look

in it. People did not always notice at first that the two sleeves of his jacket hung loose and empty by his two sides, for the boy's merry countenance was apt to engross attention. He did not push the grinding-machine. A grown-up man undertook that work—a solemn-faced silent man, old enough to be the lad's father. Strangers would naturally have supposed the two to be father and son, but they were not.

"Knives and scissors, knives and scissors to grind! Any knives and scissors to grind to-day? Knives and scissors to gri-i-n-d? Hallo, mate, here's a go!"

For passing quickly round a corner, the man and boy found themselves on the outskirts of a small crowd. And through an opening in the crowd they could see an old man sitting on the ground, as if he had fallen there, with his back leaning against the wall, and his long white hair moving to and fro in the wind. There was something about him eminently respectable, albeit his coat showed tokens of long service.

"Hallo, mate, here's a go!" shouted the boy. "What's up?—eh? Anybody been run over?"

"He has been drinking," a voice said contemptuously from among the lookers-on.

The frightened child standing beside the old man had not said a word hitherto. But at this her tears were quenched, dried up in a moment with heat of indignation, and she turned to face the speaker, her blue eyes aglow. "He hasn't," she cried: "grandfather hasn't. He don't never drink, and it's wicked to say he does."

"Why, she's a regular little spit-fire," rejoined the other. "As uppish as a cock-sparrow! But you needn't be vexed, child. How's a man to know? Who is your grandfather?"

"It's old Keyn,—he's always going about, mending of 'brellas," said another. "It's true what she says. He's steady enough. Took with a sort of dizziness-like in his head, I shouldn't wonder."

"He don't say one word. I wish he would," murmured Clarrie.

"He'll be well enough. Don't you be afraid," said the last speaker encouragingly. "It's just a dizzy fit. Don't you get into a taking. He'll be all right soon."

By this time the knife and scissor boy had worked his way through the little crowd, and was close to Clarrie, glancing from one to another present with his bright clear eyes.

"What ails you?" he cheerily asked. "Hungry?"

Strange to say, nobody had gone to the root of the matter before. Perhaps the reason was that both the old man and the little girl, though dressed in threadbare garments, had about them a certain something far superior to the ordinary run of street tramps. Rags and hunger are commonly, but not always rightly, associated together in people's minds.

Clarrie's face was not difficult to read. "Guessed it, I did. Here, mate, ma-a-te!" called the boy.

A queer grumpy voice made answer, in sounds not to be distinguished as words by an unpractised ear.

"That's my mate. He's got some'at wrong with the roof of his mouth, and don't speak plain," said the boy, in explanation to Clarrie. "He's a good fellow I can tell you, for all that. I say, mate!"

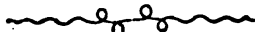
The man came near, pushing his grinding machine upon its well-oiled wheels. The boy made a dive with his head at the back part of it, and brought away a spotted red handkerchief, the knotted corners of which he held with his teeth.

"Here, mate,—give un a bite," said the lad, speaking with difficulty under the circumstances.

The man took the bundle, untied the corners, and produced a hunch of bread with a lump of cheese. He looked at the old man, and then looked at the boy, with some utterance in an inquiring tone. Words were again undistinguishable.

"Every crumb of it," was the prompt rejoinder. "Why you and me we've ate lots to-day."

(To be continued.)





"LOST:" AN ARTIST'S WINTER STUDY.

"Away on the mountains wild and bare,
 Away from the tender shepherd's care."
 St. Luke xv. 4-7.

[See page 12.]

Drawn by C. L. SEYMOUR.

[Engraved by WALKLEY.]

Lost in the Snow.

BY THE REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A., RECTOR OF LONDESBOROUGH, E. YORKS.

(See Illustration, Page 11.)



LOST, amid tangled thorn and
falling snow,
And barren rocks that cumber
all the ground;
Alas, poor wanderer, whither wilt thou go
In the white pathless waste that stretches
round?

Ah, what a picture of an erring soul,
Lost and bewildered in sin's thorny ways,
While blinding storms of conscience round
it roll,
And peace and hope refuse their cheering
rays!

But what though like a lamb I erred and
strayed,
And wandered in the desert drear and
cold;
For me the Lamb of God amends has made,
And brought me back again to the warm
fold.

Content He was for sinners to be born,
The spotless Lamb, the everlasting Child;
Content to wear for us the twisted thorn,
And bow His head before Death's tempest
wild.

Oh, let our hearts with grateful homage glow,
And let us image back His seeking love;
And in the dreary days of cold and snow
Tread in His steps who sought us from above.

Lessons from the Book.

I. A WORD FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

"Consider your ways."—*Haggai* i. 5.



THE opening of a New Year must always be the occasion of serious thoughts. Reflection on the past brings with it so much that is solemnizing. Another year is gone,—gone, with all its blessings, all its opportunities, all its responsibilities; gone to swell that mighty roll which must one day be unfolded before the throne of God. We are thus led to ask ourselves what that year has been to us. Has it been with us a time of blessing? or have we suffered it, like so many in the past, to go by unimproved?

That our privileges have been great, if only we remember spiritual advantages, none of us can deny. Week after week, month after month, there have been offered

to us the Lord's House, the Lord's Day, the Lord's Word, and the Lord's Table. We have thus had every opportunity for becoming wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus. But with all this, we are constrained to ask ourselves individually,—Have I been led to prepare for eternity? Have I taken the Lord Jesus as my Saviour? Have I done anything in my family to bring those who are near and dear to me to a knowledge of the truth? Have I done anything to help my minister in his work? Or have I gone on careless about God, and unconcerned for the godless around me?

These are solemn questions, and the retrospect of the past makes them very humbling. But, thank God, another Year is opening before us; we have been, by His goodness, permitted to enter upon its

threshold. Let us, one and all, make this time, by His grace, an occasion of heart-searching, of earnest resolve, of much prayer: prayer for ministers, that they may be more devoted in seeking the spiritual welfare of those entrusted to their charge; prayer for ourselves, that we may be more diligent in attending to the

means of grace, and more anxious to bring forth fruit to God's glory; prayer for the parishes in which we live, that the Lord may work mightily in them as He has never done before. So may we look forward with faith and hope to the future; so may we expect that the year 1881 will be a year of good things to us all.

II. A SHORT SERMON ON A FULL TEXT.

BY AN OLD WRITER.

"For Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive."—*Ps. lxxvi. 5.*

1. We have not to persuade or argue Him into the mind to forgive; He is ready, through what Christ has done.

2. He is ready to forgive *all* sins.

3. He is ready to forgive *all sinners*.

4. He is ready to forgive *freely*.

5. He is ready to forgive *now*.—*John Bate.*

Wayside Chimes.

BY THE REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, M.A., VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, HAMPSTEAD.

I. OUR GUIDE.

FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

"For this God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our Guide, even unto death."*—*Ps. xlviii. 14.*



Be the pathway smooth or thorny,
Dark with storms or bright,
All along life's changeful
journey
Day and night;

Through the desert, wending lonely,
Or with loved ones nigh;
Bread to spare, or given only
As we cry;

Wayworn in its weary stages,
Or by crystal springs;
Where the smitten Rock of Ages
Comfort brings;

Onward still; come joy or sorrow,
Blossom or decay;
Knowing nothing of to-morrow,
Calm to-day;

God will be our Guide for ever,
To our latest breath,
Through the depths of Jordan's river,
Over death:

Over death, among the meadows
Where His own are led,
And in perfect day the shadows
All have fled:

Over death, all told the story
Of our earthly strife,
Heirs of everlasting glory,
Endless life.

* Or rather, "over death." The learned Dr. Kay translates the last clause, "He Himself will guide us over death:" and says, "Hebrew, *Almuth*, across the gulf of death, as He led Israel of old across the Red Sea and Jordan to the land of everlasting peace."

Our Church Portrait Gallery.

I. THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK: II. THE BISHOP OF RIPON: III. THE REV. F. PIGOU, D.D.:

IV. THE REV. W. BOYD CARPENTER.



PHOTOGRAPHY is certainly one of God's good gifts to the nineteenth century. It has done much to promote and aid the cultivation of the affections. The scattered members of families seem by its ministry to be brought very near, and we believe many a heart prayer which might never have been offered has been prompted by these faithful mementoes of the absent.

Outside the home circle also this wonderful art, united with that of the engraver, has greatly helped to make us acquainted with the leading men of the time, who in one way or another have done good service to the common-weal.

During 1881 we hope to introduce in "Our Church Portrait Gallery" many of the Bishops and Clergy of our Church, who are writing their lives of active zeal and earnest ministry in the memories and hearts of those amongst whom they labour. This month we give portraits of the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Ripon, the Rev. Dr. Pigou, and the Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter.

The Archbishop of York (Dr. William Thomson), has literally won all hearts in the province over which he presides. Eminent as a theologian, he is equally distinguished as a philosopher and man of science. He has acted throughout his career on the conviction that in all knowledge, as in "all labour," there is "profit." Certainly no Archbishop of the English Church has ever held so high a place in the affection and esteem of working men. He is also a leader in the great Temperance movement. He was born in 1819, and educated in Shrewsbury School. In 1861 he became Bishop of Gloucester, and in 1862 Archbishop of York.

The Bishop of Ripon (Dr. Robert Bickersteth), was born in 1816. His uncle, the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, was the famous rector of Watton, who did so much for missionary work at home and abroad by his ministry and life and published works. The Bishop, who was appointed to the see of Ripon in 1856, has truly walked in the same steps. He preaches with great power and feeling, and wonderful simplicity, and has accomplished an immense amount of work in his Diocese, where he is greatly beloved.

The name of the Rev. Dr. Pigou is closely identified with the Evangelistic Missions which have taken place during the past ten years. His earnest and touching appeals give him great power and influence with the masses. When Dr. Vaughan vacated the vicarage of Doncaster, Dr. Pigou was selected to succeed him, and after six years removed to Halifax. He is greatly interested in Sunday-school work, and his parish is the centre of a circle of useful agencies which owe not a little of their success to the Vicar's never-failing tact and energy.

The Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter is a son of the late Rev. H. Carpenter, whose faithful ministry at Liverpool in the days of Hugh McNeile, is still gratefully remembered, and a nephew of Dean Boyd of Exeter. Mr. Carpenter succeeded the Rev. W. B. Mackenzie at St. James's, Holloway, and after labouring there for about nine years, was promoted to the important Vicarage of Christ Church, Paddington, towards the close of 1879. He is widely known as one of the most eloquent preachers of the day: and in the midst of an active life has found time to write the "Prophets of Christendom," and other works which have secured a wide circle of readers.

M. N.

Our Father's House.



OW, passed within the Church's door,
Where poor are rich, and rich are poor,
We say the prayers, and hear the Word,
Which there our fathers said and heard.

'Tis something that we kneel and pray
With loved ones near and far away;
One God, one faith, one hope, one care,
One fellowship in heart and prayer.—*anon.*



**THE REV. FRANCIS PIGOU, D.D.,
VICAR OF HALIFAX.**



**THE MOST REV. WILLIAM THOMSON, D.D.,
ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.**



**THE RIGHT REV. ROBERT BICKERSTETH, D.D.,
BISHOP OF RIFON.**



**THE REV. W. BOYD CARPENTER, M.A.,
VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, PADDINGTON, W.**

From Photographs by S. A. Walker, Regent Street.

OUR CHURCH PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Thomas Cooper :

FROM SCEPTICISM TO CHRISTIANITY: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE.



THOMAS COOPER is in himself an embodiment of Christian Evidence. His life is a story of how a man, after receiving a pious rearing, may lapse into unbelief, and then finally triumph over every difficulty and arrive at that steadfast faith in Christ which nothing can undermine. Before yielding to scepticism, those who claim to be "honest doubters" should become familiar with his experience, and should read what he has said on the Resurrection of Christ and kindred topics. Portions of what he has written are among the best things of their kind in the language.*

From Mr. Cooper's Autobiography† we learn that he was born at Leicester on the 20th of March, 1805. His father was a dyer; his mother bore the old Saxon name of Jobson. In 1806 the family removed to Exeter. His memory as a child must have been remarkable, for Mr. Cooper tells us he "remembers most distinctly and clearly" a rescue from drowning in the Leate at the age of two years. Before the age of three, also, he recollects having been taken "at five o'clock on Christmas morning to hear the great organ of St. Peter's Cathedral." He learned to read almost without instruction. "At three years old I used to be set on a stool, in Dame Brown's school, to teach one Master

Bodley, who was seven years old, his letters. At the same age I could repeat by heart several of the fables of Æsop, as they were called, contained in a little volume purchased by my father. I possess the dear relic, though tattered and torn, and minus the title-page, together with my father's old silver watch, the silver spoon he bought for me at my birth,—I don't think I was born with one in my mouth,—and the darling little hammer he bought for me at Exeter, and with which I used to work in my childish way when tired of reading and rehearsing fables and other stories, and hearing my father rehearse his in turn."

But "the sunny days of childhood" soon passed away. At the age of four his mother became a widow, and the lone woman struggling in the battle of life thought it best to remove to Gainsborough, the home of her youth and family connections. Here she continued the trade of a dyer in a very humble home. Small-pox soon after dealt severely with the child, and measles and scarlet-fever followed. Now, instead of the kindly words he was wont to hear at Exeter from passers-by, who called him a "pretty boy," his "marred vi-age" led others to avoid him. The home life of the mother, too, was one of unceasing toil and anxiety. "Yet for me," he writes with filial affection; "she had ever words of tenderness; my altered face had not unendeared me to her."

As soon as he was strong enough he went to a dame's school, and soon became her favourite scholar. "She used to say I could

* The *Standard* says:—"There is no living writer that reminds us more forcibly of Paley—so plain and simple in his style, so pertinent and close in his reasoning, and so full of apt illustration in his arguments." Lord Shaftesbury remarked some time ago, that he believed the most effectual means of dealing with scepticism was to "get working men to go amongst their own class and teach the truth to them." It would be a wise step to place Mr. Cooper's valuable works on the Christian Evidences, comprising five volumes, in every library connected with our artisans and working men throughout the kingdom. Nothing would be more calculated to win the attention of the great working population of our land: nothing would more effectually guard them against the folly of atheism and infidelity, by establishing them in the faith and hope of the Gospel. The writer hopes this Biographical Sketch of Mr. Cooper, who has been known to him for many years, may tend to the promotion of this desirable result.

† "The Life of Thomas Cooper." Written by Himself. (London: Hodder & Stoughton.)



THE STORY OF THE MONTH.



WORDS often have a history: so that there may be a good deal even in a name. Thus the names of the months take us back into the past, and tell us something about our forefathers.

January gets its name from the heathen god *Janus*, to whom the Romans dedicated this season of the year. They represented the idol with two faces: the one that of an old man looking back upon the past, and the other, a youthful countenance looking forward to the future. He had a key in one hand and a staff in the other: the symbols of his opening and governing the year.

The Saxons called January *Wolf-monat* or *Wolf-month*. Happily, the wolves are all gone now; but a thousand years ago they infested the British forests, and, especially in winter time, attacked any one they met.

Our ancestors used to represent *Janus* as a woodman, carrying faggots or an axe, and shivering and blowing his fingers—

“To warm them if he may,
For they were numbed with holding all the day.”

—SPENSER.

Sleep is a good friend to the animal world in winter. Some, like the dormouse, sleep throughout

the inclement season, whilst frogs and snakes become benumbed and in appearance even dead, till the return of warmth. A lesson of prudence and thrift is taught by others, which, like the squirrel and fieldmouse, and ants and bees, lay up a store of provisions for the cold days. The birds, most of them, migrate to warmer climes; but a few remain, and amongst them the robin hovers timidly about our windows and doors.

January may well teach us all to be thankful for “the tidings of great joy” which tell of One who is able to save us from the sins of the *past*, and to help us over all the difficulties of the *future*. As we thus learn to love God who “first loved us,” we shall never fail to open our hearts and hands, not only to feed the tender grateful robin, but to minister as far as we are able to the wants of all who need.

“Amidst the freezing sleet and snow
The timid Robin comes;
In pity drive him not away,
But scatter out your crumbs.

All have to spare, none are too poor,
When want with winter comes;
The loaf is never all your own,—
Then scatter out your crumbs.”

C. A. H. B.

read the tenth chapter of Nehemiah, with all its hard names, 'like the parson in the church.' Happily, amid all her cares, his mother forgot not the chief household treasure—the family Bible. "On rainy Sundays my mother would unwrap from its careful cover a treasure which my father had bought, and which she took care to bring with her from Exeter—Baskerville's quarto Bible, valuable for its fine engravings from the old masters: and I was privileged to gaze and admire while she repeated what my father had said about them."

The dyeing business answered but poorly. What with illness, the dearth of living, and the excessively severe winters of the French war time—including the thirteen weeks' frost in 1814—Mrs. Cooper could only, by putting forth all her energy, find the little household in bread. At one time wheat flour rose to six shillings per stone. Meat was so dear that his mother could not buy it, and often their dinner consisted of potatoes only. "Those years of war were terrific years of suffering for the poor, notwithstanding their shouts and rejoicings when Matthew Goy, the postman, rode in, with his

hat covered with ribbons, and blowing his horn mightily, bringing the news of another 'glorious victory!'" Her deep affection for her child, however, prompted her to do all she could to keep him at his books. She got him into the new Free School; and though the instruction was only elementary, it was sound, and formed a good preparation for larger acquirements.

He became also at this time a choir-boy, and learned to play so well on a dulcimer that he could take up any tune by the ear he heard in the church or in the streets.

As an example of the influence of religious school training, we notice Mr. Cooper's testimony referring to this period. "From a child I felt religious impressions. Often during our reading of the Gospels, verse by verse, as we stood in class at the Free School, the Saviour seemed almost visible to me as I read of His deeds of mercy and love. The singing of our morning and evening hymns, and repetition on our knees of the Lord's Prayer, had always a solemnizing effect on me; and, doubtless, seeds of spiritual good were sown thus early in my mind, never to be really destroyed."

(To be continued.)

Down in the Dannemora Mine.



BY JOHN MACGREGOR, M.A. (BOB BOY), CAPTAIN OF THE ROYAL CANON CLUB:
AUTHOR OF "THE BOB BOY ON THE BALTIC," ETC.

HERE is a deep iron mine in Sweden, very celebrated for its ore, which is said to be the best in the world, and is all brought to England. In one of my former visits to Sweden a

Frenchman was travelling with me, when a visit to this mine of Dannemora was proposed; so we hired a carriage and went together; and as it was a curious place to see, perhaps the reader would like to hear about it.

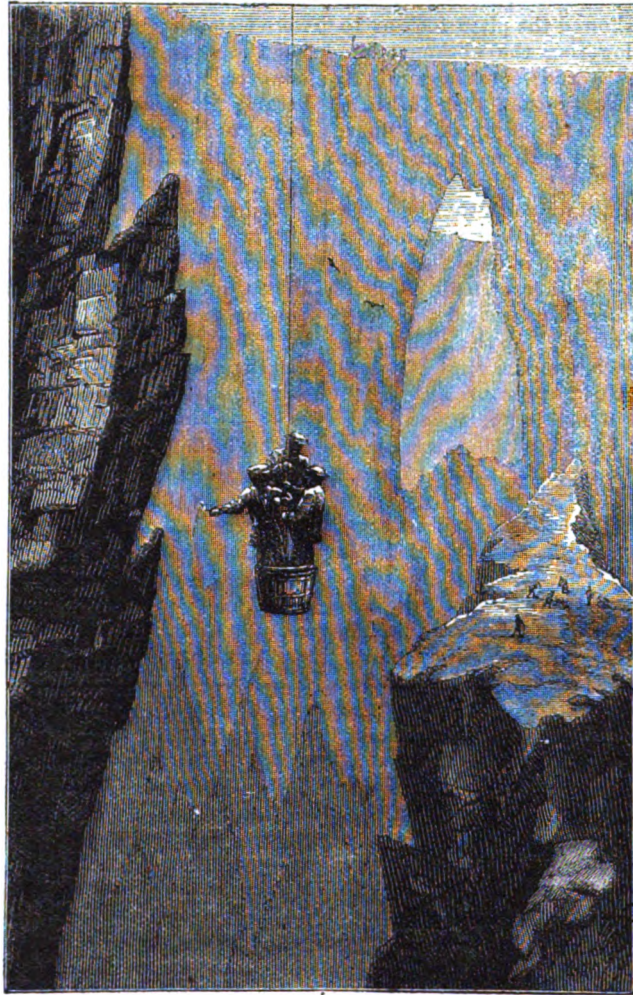
The appearance of the place was quite different from that of any iron mine that I have visited. It was something like the slate-quarries near Penrhyn in Wales—a large and open pit, the edges of which are perfectly

vertical, and go down, down, down into the darkness five hundred feet below.

The mouth of the pit is seven acres in extent—a terrible vast chasm as you peer over the edge. For three centuries men have been mining there; and the deeper they dig the richer is the ore.

It is a wonderful thing to look into the crater of Vesuvius, and far more wonderful to gaze into the crater of Etna, that smoking bowl a mile and a half round the edge; but to see into this iron mine, where human hands had dug so deep, was a grand sight truly.

If you took St Paul's Cathedral in London, and set it in this pit, the cross on the top of the dome would still be far below the surface: and yet we could see many men at the bottom, or clinging to ledges at the sides, and



**"ROB ROY" DESCENDING THE DANNEMORA
MINE, IN SWEDEN.**

The mouth of the pit is seven acres in extent, and it is 500 feet deep—a terrible, vast
chasm as you peer over the edge. (See page 18.)

hammering away—little pigmies as they seemed—with a faint clinking noise, only to be heard when all was still around, as we lay down flat near the edge, and put our heads over to listen.

The man who showed the place took us to the engine for lowering the workmen into this pit. It was a rude, creaking wheel, worked by two clumsy oxen that turned a wooden drum, and so wound up or let down a very thin iron rope with an open bucket at the end.

After we had gazed for some time into the depth in silence, the man asked, "Would you like to go down?" Each of us looked at the other and smiled. Neither of us wished to go down, but neither of us wished the other to think he was "afraid;" so the jealousy of English and French, and the want of moral courage to say "No!" made us both agree to descend, though nothing new was to be seen below, and indeed nothing was there which could not be seen from above with our telescope.

However, as neither of us dared to draw back, the man hooked the open bucket on the thin iron cord, and the bullocks were harnessed to the crazy wheel, and we stepped into the bucket, and held round each other's waists, for there was scarcely room in the pail for us to stand. Each of us tried to appear composed, and when the Swede said, "Are you ready?" we were swung up in an instant, and in another moment were hanging free over this awful depth. As the oxen went round, and the iron wire uncoiled (with horrid jerks, too, that seemed as if they surely must snap it), the bucket went gradually down.

The sensation was very peculiar, and quite different from that of going down a coal-pit, or any other mine, where the shaft is only a narrow hole, however deep it may be; for in going down these ordinary mines or coal-pits you cannot see more than a few yards beneath, so the full depth from the dizzy height is never quite realized by the mind.

But here it was all daylight, and open on every side; and as the bucket dropped down slowly it turned round and round so as to bring all the hideous abyss into full view,

and the crags and caves and jutting points of rock, which seemed to move up and come nearer to us as we went down to them. Presently the bucket began to shake, and the iron wire was quivering. Both of us were trembling too. He said it was my fault, but I was sure that he was giving way. This, however, was certain, that if either of us became giddy, or faint, or even nervous, so as to lose his hold, one, or most likely both, would instantly have tumbled out of the pail.

Eight minutes—an hour it seemed—having been spent in the descent, we reached the bottom, where the workmen received us with cheers, and then fired several blasts of gunpowder as a salute. We inspected all the operations carried on in this nether region; but I will own that the pleasure of doing this was clogged by the recollection, "We have to get up again."

This feeling spoils much of the delight of visiting a cave, or a difficult or dangerous mine, when you have attained the spot you are to reach, by crawling through some long dark passage with only a few inches or more to spare, and the sensation present all the time: "If the rocks shift here in the least, I shall never get out again."

What toil and trouble and danger men will encounter to get at stones that have gold in them! How little do we labour for the true riches which are "better than gold!"

Our bucket soon began to go up again, and the cheers of the miners sounded fainter as we left them far below. One could not help feeling, that if any part of the thin, much-worn iron rope,—not thicker than one's little finger,—were to snap now, there would be instant death!

Thus fragile is the thread of life for all of us, and thus uncertain; and yet we plod on, and laugh, and sleep, and sing. How is it possible that any sensible man can live in any sort of contentment unless he has got a better hope of a better life when this short spell is over! Surely it is a mad infatuation which keeps men careless about eternity, and a heartless ingratitude which keeps them cold to the love of Him who died to make us safe for ever.

England's Church.

NOTES AND TESTIMONIES.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

I. CHURCH OF ENGLAND LIBERALITY.



IN the last half-century, from £70,000,000. to £75,000,000 have been expended in Church of England purposes from voluntary contributions, in great part for the poor.

3,520 new churches have been built in about the last thirty years.

12,500 Church of England schools of the National Society, and thousands of other Church of England schools, have been built since the Society was founded in 1811.

The Bishop of London's fund amounts to over £500,000.

In about the last five years, independently of the Bishop of London's Fund, £850,000 have been spent in the metropolis on Churches, Schools, and Home Mission Institutions.

In the diocese of Ripon £638,000 were expended in six years for Church objects.

£400,000 is expended year by year by Incumbents for Curates, to render the services of the National Church more efficient.

Almost all our Cathedrals, Parish Churches, and Chapels-of-Ease have been restored or enlarged during the last forty years.

Seventy Colonial and Missionary Bishoprics have been created.

About £300,000 is subscribed annually for the Church Missionary Society and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel.

The aggregate sum expended by the English Church on Missions to our Colonists and the heathen is rather over £500,000 per annum.

Let us thank God and take courage.

Anecdotes of Illustrious Abstainers.

COMPILED BY FREDERICK SHERLOCK, AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRIOUS ABSTAINERS."

I. LIVINGSTONE.



AVID LIVINGSTONE, the celebrated missionary and explorer, in a letter from Kuruman, South Africa, dated November 12th, 1852, says:—

"I have acted on the principle of total-abstinence from all alcoholic liquors during more than twenty years. My individual opinion is, that the most severe labours or privations may be undergone without alcoholic stimulus; because those of us who have endured the most had nothing else than water, and not always enough of that. The introduction of English drinking customs and English drinks among the natives of this country inevitably proves the destruction of both their bodies and souls."

II. JOHN LOCKE.

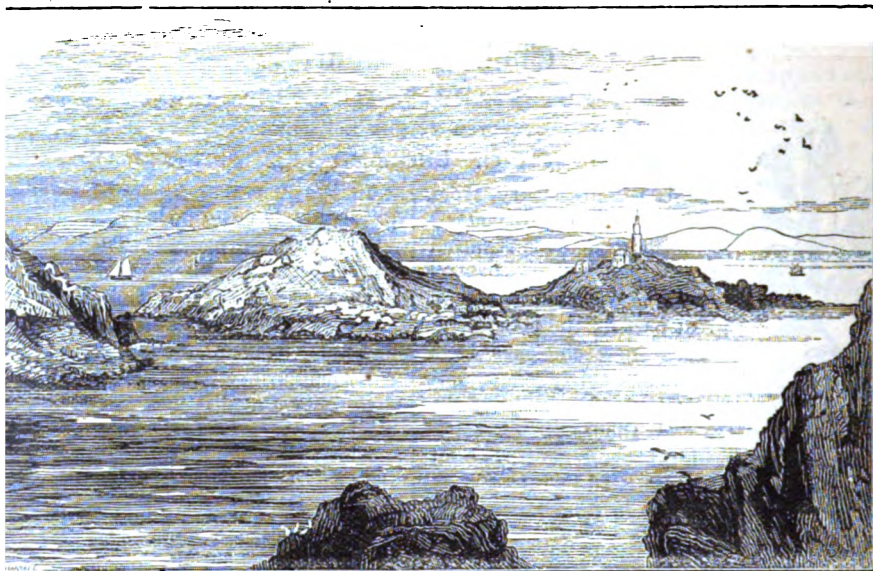
IN Lord King's "Life of Locke" (the well-known author of a work on the "Human Understanding"), we read:—

"His diet was the same as other people's, except that he usually drank nothing but water; and he thought that his abstinence in this respect had preserved his life so long, although his constitution was so weak."

III. SIR HENRY HAVELOCK.

FROM a memorandum supplied to me by one of the survivors of Havelock's Brigade, the following extract is made:—

"During the long and painful march through India, to the frontiers of Persia, Afghanistan, and Cabul, Captain Havelock made himself beloved by every man in his regiment. He had ever a kindly look and a cheery word for his men. He often told them that he was an abstainer from everything that intoxicates, and exhorted his men to follow the same course. When a soldier was brought before him charged with drunkenness, his common exclamation was:— 'Oh, my good man, liquor, liquor is the curse of the army. You cannot be a good soldier and drink intoxicating liquor. I never touch it.'"



THE MUMBLES' LIGHTHOUSE, NEAR SWANSEA.

(From a sketch by F. R. H., taken from the Mumbles' Head, in 1854.)
 Frances Ridley Havergal "fell asleep" at Caswell Bay Road, The Mumbles, 3rd June, 1879.

"MY BIBLE STUDY."

I Sam. 3. 10 last clause "let
 me do it." A very favorite word of mine. When
 "let Him do it," we prove what is that "good"
 v. see Mark 12. 2. Eli said "let" in submission cer-
 tainly that terrible things were coming, & can't be told.
 v. we sometimes hesitate to say "let" when there is no
 such certainty. Throw the accent on the next word & say
 "Miss" & then the "let" comes last. In each instance
 this submission is uncertainty, deliverance & blessing
 heard. See the type of Gibion & Joshua, Josh. 9. 25, 26, &
 6-14. Then see Jud. 10. 15, 16; & 11. 32, 33. Then II Sam. 10. 12, 13.
 II Sam. 15. 26. & 19. 14. & 22. 1. "See with good" (Heb. good
 his eyes) what He calls good must be best, generally
 not deal better than our best. See Jer. 18. 4. that clay vessel
 I couldn't guess how good it was, going to be made. Not us
 say any about it, 11. 26.

F. R. H.

a fac-simile work, "My Bible Study for the Sundays of the Year," written by F. R. H. during the last
 years of her life. (London: Head and Heart Office.)

The Young Folks' Page.

I. THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.



THE good Old Year, it is gone away,
Not a moment longer it might stay;
It brought me all that it had to bring;
It scattered blessings beneath its wing;

It told me all it had to tell,
And then it bade me a long farewell.
New Year, what hast thou brought for me?
Wilt thou be as kind a friend as he?"

"My child, the answer must come from thee;
Art thou willing to make a friend of me?
I have many a precious gift in store,
Wilt thou take them and love thy Saviour more?
If I whisper thee words of holy cheer,
Wilt thou speak the words in thy brother's ear?
If I make thee a little stream of bliss,
Wilt thou water the barren wilderness?"

"If so, dear child, I will love thee well;
But what I shall do, I may not tell;
I may lengthen thy days of blessing below,
And that will be loving thee much, I know;
I may shorten thy days, at thy Saviour's call,
And that will be loving thee most of all!"

A ROS.

II. TRUE MANLINESS.

Boys are generally more afraid of being laughed at than of anything else. John Laing Bickersteth was a brave boy when he prayed in secret, "O God, give me courage that I may fear none but Thee."

When John Coleridge Patteson, who became the devoted Bishop, was a lad at school, he was one of the cricket eleven. At the suppers after the matches the boys became, unhappily, accustomed to indulge in rather coarse mirth, silly harmful jokes were circulated, and the talk sometimes became bad. Patteson at last could stand it no longer. He rose up from his place one night, and said clearly and decidedly, with boyish frankness and determination:—

"I must leave the eleven if this conversation is to go on; I will not share in it, and I cannot listen to it. If you persist in it, nothing is left me but to go."

His companions did not want to lose one of their best

players, and the hurtful talk was stopped. Patteson when he grew to be a man showed only too well that he could be physically brave too. He died heroically, on one of the islands of the Pacific.

III. MAKING OTHERS HAPPY.

A MOTHER who was in the habit of asking her children, before they retired at night, what they had done to make others happy, found her two young daughters silent.

She spoke tenderly of habits and dispositions founded on the golden rule,—*"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."* Still, these bright little faces were bowed in silence, and the question was repeated.

"I cannot remember anything good all this day, dear mother," said one of the little girls; "only one of my class-mates was happy, because she had gained the head of the class, and I smiled on her, and ran to kiss her. She said I was good. That is all, dear mother."

The other spoke still more tenderly:—"A little girl, who sat with me on the bench at school, lost a little brother; and I saw that, while she studied her lessons, she hid her face in the book and wept. I felt sorry, and laid my face on the same book, and wept with her. Then she looked up, and was comforted, and put her arms around my neck; but I do not know why she said I had done her good."

Let us try and make some one happy every day this New Year.—THE EDITOR.

IV. A NEW YEAR.

It's coming, boys,
It's almost here;
It's coming, girls,
The grand New Year!
A year to be glad in,
Not to be bad in;

A year to live in, to gain and give in;
A year for trying, and not for sighing;
A bright New Year: oh! hold it dear;
For God who sendeth, He only lendeth.

L.

The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.,

FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER; EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," ETC.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- ON what two occasions was the lowliness of a family pleaded as an excuse for not undertaking a commission?
- When is "writing" first mentioned as a means of communication?
- What three celebrated men are mentioned in one verse of prophecy?
- Name the first incident Moses had to write in a book.
- By what two names does the Psalmist speak of Israel's food in the wilderness?
- Where do we read of the sin of mocking amounting to persecution?
- How often does St. Mark appeal to the prophets respecting Christ?

8. Name a text in which the Jewish division of the night is distinctly spoken of.

9. Give the prophecy in the Psalms which seems to point to the manner of our Lord's death.

10. What two animals might be eaten for the Passover?

11. Give a verse in which is named the work of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

12. What chapter gives four witnesses to Christ's mission on earth?

ANSWERS (See DECEMBER No., page 283).

1. Luke xi. 50, 51. II. Heb. xi. 3. III. John xvii. 24; Acts vii. 55. IV. Matt. xiv. 9. V. Acts xii. 7; xvi. 28. VI. Exod. iv. 1-6. VII. 1 Tim. vi. 13. VIII. Acts xxiii. 16. IX. Num. xxii. 28; Jonah i. 17. X. Gen. x. 25; Deut. xxxii. 8. XI. Exod. vii. 21; Isa. i. 2; Zeph. i. 3, etc. XII. Acts xiii. 27.

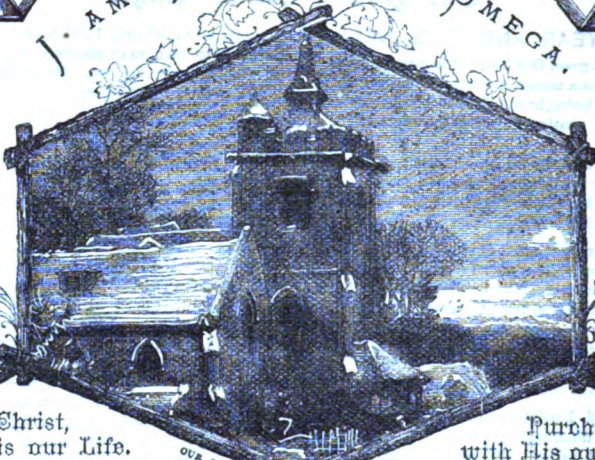
Sun.—1st Day.
Rises 8.8. Sets 4.0.

JANUARY. Moon.—Full, 15th, m. 11.34.
New, 30th, m. 0.46.

LIGHT
FAITH
GRACE
HOME

JOY
PEACE
HOPE
LOVE

I AM ALPHA AND OMEGA.



Christ,
who is our Life.
Col. iii. 4.

Purchased
with His own blood.
Acts xx. 28.

1 S	CIRCUMCISION. As thy days, so shall thy strength be.
2 S	2nd S. after Christmas. Consider from this day [and upward. Hag. ii. 15.
3 M	I know not the day of my death. Gen. xxvii. 2.
4 Tu	Boast not thyself of to-morrow. Prov. xxvii. 1.
5 W	Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.
6 Th	EPIPHANY. The true Light now shineth. 1 John ii. 8.
7 F	Six days thou shalt work. Exod. xxxiv. 21.

8 S	The seventh day thou shalt rest. Exod. xxxiv. 21.
9 S	1st S. after Epiph. Are not my days few? Job x. 20.
10 M	Our days on the earth are as a shadow. Chron.
11 Tu	Remember now thy Creator. Eccles. xii. 1. [xxix. 15.
12 W	His day shall come to die. 1 Sam. xxvi. 10.
13 Th	Preserve my life from fear. Ps. lxxiv. 1.
14 F	No man is sure of life. Job xxiv. 22.
15 S	My days are vanity. Job vii. 16.

MY
SPIRIT HATH
REJOICED IN GOD MY
SAVIOUR.

merciful
High Priest.
Heb. ii. 17.

Luke i. 47.

Herein
is Love.
1 John iv. 10.

16 S	2nd S. after Epiph. If the Lord will, we shall live.
17 M	How short my time is. Ps. lxxxix. 47. [Jas. iv. 15.
18 Tu	A time to be born, and a time to die. Eccles. iii. 2.
19 W	What is your life? It is even a vapour. Jas. iv. 14.
20 Th	I shall go the way whence I shall not return. Job.
21 F	Remember that my life is wind. Job vii. 7. [xvi. 22.
22 S	Thou hast redeemed my life. Lam. iii. 68.
23 S	3rd S. aft. Epiph. It is high time to awake. Rom. xiii.

24 M	Take no thought for your life. Matt. vi. 25. [v. 18.
25 Tu	CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL. Redeeming the time. Eph.
26 W	Ye know not what shall be on the morrow. Jas. iv.
27 Th	The time is come for thee to reap. Rev. xiv. 15. [14.
28 F	If a man die, shall he live again? Job xiv. 14.
29 S	The day of the Lord will come as a thief. 2 Pet. iii. 10.
30 S	4th S. aft. Epiph. Watch ye therefore, and pray.
31 M	Teach us to number our days. Ps. xc. 12. [Lu. xxi. 36.

PH teach us, Lord, in love,
In such true way to number up our days
That wisdom from above
May hallow all our words and works and ways.
Oh, guide us on the way
That leadeth upward to the perfect light;

Where the broad golden day
Is always at the noon and knows no night.
O Father, Saviour, Friend,
Bind us to Thee with love's strong golden chain;
To us Thy Spirit send:
So Christ shall be our life, and death our gain.—F. R. H.

What is it that makes a Happy New Year? To have God for our Father; the Lord Jesus Christ for our Saviour; the Holy Spirit for our Teacher; to have a new heart and a right spirit; to be growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; to know that religion is a power in us, influencing and leavening our daily life; to have the Holy Spirit witnessing with our spirits that we are the children of God. Reader are these blessings yours?—The Bishop of Sierra Leone (Dr. Cheetham).





THE RESCUE.

[See page 27.]



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

Wayside Chimes.

BY THE REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, M.A., VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, HAMPSTEAD.

II. THE IVY CLASPS THE PINE.

"My soul hangeth upon Thee."—Ps. lxxiii. 9. (Prayer-Book Version.)



HE ivy clasps the pine,
And climbs the while it clings;
The tendrils of the vine
Are given in place of wings.

The limpet hugs the rock
The closer for the wave;
And dares the tempest's shock
In feebleness to brave.

The little child holds fast
Its father in alarms;
Or nestles down at last
Within his sheltering arms.

So hangs my soul on Thee,
O Lord, where'er I roam;
Guide, guard, hold, carry me,
And bear me safely home.

The Rescue.

BY A. L. O. E., AUTHOR OF "THE HOLIDAY CHAPLET," ETC.



O not tease that poor creature," said a gentleman to an idle boy who was throwing pebbles at a watch-dog chained in a yard, laughing as he made him bark and growl and strain at his chain. "It is unjust to torment him, for the dog harms no one; it is cruel, for it gives needless pain; it is cowardly, for were he not chained you would not dare to provoke him."

"He's but a dog," muttered the boy.

"Ever since I owed my life to a dog," said the gentleman, "I never could bear to see one ill-treated."

"How could you owe your life to a dog?" asked the boy, with a little surprise.

"When I was a boy," said the gentleman, "I did not always live in England, but spent some months with my parents on the lower part of a mountain of the Alps which is named St. Bernard. We lived in a pretty wooden cottage,—there called a chalet,—with a roof very steep and sloping to let the snow fall off it, and heavy stones at the corners to prevent the winds blowing it away."

"What a strange place to live in!" said the boy.

"Higher up on the mountain was a great stone house, or Hospital, where dogs were kept to help in finding poor people lost in

the snow. But I had, at the time that I am speaking of, never been so high as this house; for, being but a child, I had not had the strength to go so far."

"Had you a happy life there?" asked the boy.

"It was a wild, free, pleasant life. I loved to climb as high as I could, and pluck the pretty pink and purple flowers that grew on the soft green moss, and look at the glorious mountains around, when the glow of sunset reddened their peaks of snow. But I was not contented with this. I heard of bold travellers climbing to the tops of mountains; and without stopping to think that it would be folly in a child to attempt what a strong man might do, I resolved to steal off some day when my parents were absent from home, and try to reach some very high peak, and look down at the world through the clouds."

"Why must you wait till your parents were absent?" asked the boy.

"Because they had strictly forbidden me ever to go beyond sight of the ch  t. My sinful disobedience, as you shall hear, nearly cost me my life. My parents set off one afternoon to visit a friend. I knew that they would not return till night; and as the servant whom they left behind always let me be much by myself, I thought that this was a favourable time for me to carry out my plan. I took my father's big stick to help me in climbing; and as soon as my parents had set off in one direction, I hurried away in the other. I was so eager that I fancy that I must have gone on for hours before I thought about being tired. Up and up I went; but the higher the spot I reached, the higher the mountain seemed to grow. At last, quite weary and faint, and panting with the toil of climbing, I sat down and looked around me. The view was, no doubt, very fine; but the place looked to me very dreary and wild, there was not a sound to be heard, not even the tinkle of a sheep-bell. I began to feel lonely, frightened, and hungry, and thought that I had better go back. Then a big flake of snow came floating down through the air, and fell on my dress. A great many more soon followed. I shook them off again and again; but they came on faster and faster, and covered the ground all around, and hid

the path and the track of my feet. Then I was frightened indeed; for how should I find my way back? The evening was closing in, the air grew fearfully cold; and I knew that should I remain there all night, I should be frozen to death before morning."

"You must have been sorry that you had not obeyed your parents," said the boy.

"The most terrible thought to me then, as I shivered and trembled with cold and fear, was the thought that all this trouble had come upon me because of my disobedience. Stiff and tired as I was, I made many an attempt to find my way down the mountain; but I had completely lost the track, and did not know so much as whether to turn to the right or the left. I called out, but no one replied. All now was growing dark around me, except the white glimmering snow. The heavy flakes still were falling; I sank ankle-deep at each step that I took. At last, quite exhausted, I sank down on the snow, and cried bitter tears, which almost froze on my cheeks. I sobbed out a prayer to God; I begged Him to forgive my sin, and, for my poor parents' sake, not let me die on the mountains. My mind seemed to grow quite confused; I could no more pray or think; I either fell asleep or fainted."

"What a dreadful night of it you had!" cried the boy.

"The first thing which I remember when I awoke was the feeling of warm breath on my cheek, and then it was touched by what seemed the muzzle of some animal. I started and screamed with terror. I need not have been afraid, a true friend was beside me. One of the brave St. Bernard dogs, large and strong, had found its way through the snow, guided, doubtless, by its power of scent, or rather by a kind Providence, to the spot where lay a poor half-frozen child."

"That was a mercy indeed."

"I soon found," continued the gentleman, "that I had nothing to fear from the dog. He licked me, breathed on me, rubbed me with his rough hairy coat, tried to rouse me to motion, and showed me a little flask of drink which was tied round his neck. When I had managed, with my stiff, trembling fingers, to open that flask, and had drunk of its warming contents, I felt the life coming

back to my limbs. I could not, indeed, yet walk; but I dragged myself on to the dog's shaggy back, and gave myself up to his guidance. The noble creature, with his heavy burden, bravely struggled through the snow, nor rested till he had carried me to the house. There I was sheltered, fed, and warmed, and placed in a comfortable bed. Never shall I forget my joy when I again heard the sound of a human voice, and saw the bright glow of a fire."

"What a famous dog!" exclaimed the boy.

"I heard afterwards that that dog, whose name was Barry, had been the means of saving no fewer than *forty lives*. When his useful career was ended, his body was carefully buried, and his skin, stuffed to look like life, was placed in the museum of Berne. Honour to the memory of that noble creature, whose course of active usefulness and kindness puts to shame that of too many of the more gifted race of man! Remember his history, my lad; and, for the sake of brave old Barry, never ill-treat a dog."

A Question

WORTH ASKING EVERY DAY.

"Charity seeketh not her own."—1 Cor. xiii. 5.



Did I this day, for small or great,
My own pursuits forego,
To lighten by a feather's weight
The load of human woe?

Old Umbrellas; or, Nobody Cares.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE UPWARD GAZE," "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM,"
"SUN, MOON, AND STARS," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. CLIVE.



EYN was by this time once more upon his feet. He received gratefully the proffered bread and cheese, dividing both in half, and dropping one half of each into his pocket.

The other halves he divided again between Clarrie and himself. Which of the two ate his or her share the more eagerly it would be difficult to say. The crowd showing signs of dispersing, the boy turned suddenly round, and cried in his ringing tones: "I say, here's a starving man and a starving little gal, and you've all done a deal of staring at 'em. Don't see particular much good in that. Why don't you out with your pennies, and give them some 'at for to get a good dinner?"

Some of the lookers-on hastened away with

all speed at this suggestion, but others responded. The boy received penny after penny between his teeth, dropping each in turn upon Clarrie's open palm.

He paused last before a figure standing somewhat apart from the rest of the group,—a gentleman well on in middle life, callow-skinned, with sunken cheeks, restless black eyes, and grey hair almost as long and loose as the white locks of old Keyn.

"Got a copper, sir?"

"For yourself?" asked the gentleman, with a laugh not quite pleasant in sound, and the boy shook his head merrily.

The gentleman put his hand into his pocket and kept it there, while asking,—*"What is your name?"*

"Willie Watkins—at your service. And my mate's Jack Dodson. Got knives you want ground any day, sir, and we'll be pleased to do 'em for you," said the boy.

"Aha; you have an eye to business"

"Wouldn't get on over well if I hadn't," said Willie Watkins.

"Well, well, here is something for yourself or the old man, whichever you choose."

It was not a penny but a half-crown, though seemingly pulled from loose money in a pocket, which Willie's teeth this time closed upon. He turned unhesitatingly once more to Clarrie, and dropped it among the pence.

"Thank you, thank you all kindly," Keyn said repeatedly. "It's come in a time of need."

"What's the half kept for?" asked Willie.

"Clarrie's mother and my old wife. There's four of us, lad."

"And that little 'un's name is Clarrie, eh? Why don't your mother work for you? Mine does for me."

"She does work, mother does," said Clarrie. "But she's lame. She was hurt, tumbling down some steps, and hasn't ever got right since."

"Nor never will," said Keyn, shaking his white locks.

"Why she's like to me," said Willie, lifting his two stumps of arms, so that the empty hanging sleeves could not fail to be seen. "I was hurt too,—only it wasn't a tumble, for I was rin over—and I shan't never get right again, leastways not except my two arms takes to sprouting, which mate says they're not like ever to do. But I'm to have a long hook soon, for to catch hold of things with, and that'll be fine."

"Was it a cart ran over you?" asked Clarrie.

"No, it wasn't a cart, it was an engine. I was a little mite of a chap, and I fell right down with my two arms across the rails, and up pop comes the engine and cuts 'em both off,—leastways they had to be cut off after. Remember it! No, I don't remember nothing for ever so long after, and then I found my two arms was gone. So now mate and I we clubs together. He's got no voice, so I sings out loud for him, and he does the grinding, and we gets along just splendid, don't we, mate?"

The man nodded and made a remark.

"Yes, yes,—time enough to be moving. You'll get along now, eh, old man? I say,

little gal, you come and see mother some day."

Clarrie looked at her grandfather.

"She'll be right pleased to do it," Keyn answered. "Where do you live, boy?"

Willie gave a quick clear answer and darted away. Once more the two voices sent out their ories in the fresh spring air, one so sharp and ringing, the other so quavering and weak.

The grey-haired gentleman stood looking after the old man for a few seconds, perhaps with a dim sense of recollection: for he *had* known him in years past: only the old man and the gentleman were both so changed that neither recognised the other. Then he turned down a side-street, and made his way to the Parade, walking in a slow and listless fashion, as if he did not much care whither he went. Presently he paused at a stationer's, entered, and asked for the day's *Times*.

"Thanks. I'll pay now," and he put his hand into his pocket, not the same as that in which he kept loose coins. "Why,—where is my purse?" The hand dived rapidly into one pocket after another, meeting always with the same result. "Extraordinary."

"Perhaps, sir, you have left it at home. No matter. Any day will do," said the shopman.

"Left it at home! Not I. That little thief must have made away with it. I'll look him up," said the gentleman in a tremulous passion. "Crippled! I dare say! All a cheat from first to last."

"There are a good many pickpockets about, no doubt," said the shopman in a soothing tone. "Perhaps if you gave in particulars at the police station—"

"I'll tell the police to keep eyes on that boy, as sure as my name is John Clive. The little rascal! Here,—I have some loose pence with me, but my purse was in my other pocket."

Mr. Clive quite forgot his languor, and walked at railway speed down the road. He was flushed and frowning when he reached the Esplanade, and hurried along it in the direction of the nearer pier.

Two ladies, seated quietly with open parasols, saw him approaching. One was not far in age from himself. She had a worn gentle

face, and washed-out eyes which had once been dark. The other was a mere girl of about sixteen, dressed in a childish simple costume of brown holland, having a slight figure, rather a plain face, and a pleasing smile.

"Here comes uncle John."

"He does not see us; stop him, Minnie."

Minnie obeyed, not without some risk of being run down by her excited relative. Mr. Clive pulled himself up with a jerk.

"Well, what do you want?"

"Is anything wrong, John?" asked his wife, with a touch of timidity in her gentle tones,—just that touch which no wife ever ought to have in speaking to her husband.

"My purse has been stolen."

The ladies exchanged glances.

"You are quite sure you did not leave it at home?"

"Perfectly sure. What should I do that for? A little wretch of a boy, making believe to have lost both his arms, and acting quite a touching show of disinterestedness on behalf of an old man—I should not wonder if the whole were a farce—a concerted plan, to give them the opportunity to get my purse—"

"How much was in it, John?"

"How should I know? Ten pounds odd, to say the least."

"And the boy had no arms, uncle?"

"He had two empty coat sleeves. Where his arms were is another question."

"Did you give him in charge?" asked Minnie.

"I found out my loss too late. I shall recommend the police to keep eyes on that boy."

Mr. Clive sat down, gazed upon the ground, and sank into moody silence. He was evidently not indulging in very charitable thoughts respecting Willie and his honesty. Minnie presently rose and moved away, unperceived by him. She entered a house on the Parade, not far distant, and soon came back, clasping a black leather purse in her hand, and showing a little mischief in the corners of her mouth.

"This was lying on your dressing-table, uncle. The boy must have returned it quickly."

"Humph," said Mr. Clive.

CHAPTER V.

"*HE CARETH.*"

"WE'LL go a bit round and then home," said Keyn, after giving his call a few times. "I haven't much strength in me to-day, Clarrie. My legs seem scarce as if they'd bear me up. But we've got something now to show gran-nie, haven't we?"

"Oh yes, we've got some coppers and real silver too," said Clarrie joyously. "I think that must have been a very very good gentleman that gave us the half-crown,—and wasn't it a kind boy without any arms? Grandfather, you said last night—you said—maybe God Almighty would give us something to eat to-day."

"Well, and hasn't He?" demanded Keyn.

"Was it Him?" asked Clarrie.

"Shouldn't wonder but it was," said Keyn.

Clarrie looked puzzled. "But it was the boy," she said; "the boy and the gentleman."

"Yes, Willie gave the bread," echoed Keyn vaguely, for he felt sick and weary still.

"And God Almighty didn't?" asked Clarrie.

"I don't know, Clarrie,—I don't rightly know. He does take care of folks, and everything comes from Him somehow. But I don't know much about Him. I wish I did."

And the two went on upon their round. Clarrie felt better and brighter after the bread and cheese, for the young spring up quickly; while old Keyn just dragged one foot after the other, able to get along slowly and no more. Two or three small jobs offered themselves, broken-ribbed umbrellas needing repair, from houses where Keyn had before now obtained work. This was so far satisfactory.

"Will we stay out all day, grandfather?" asked Clarrie, as he stopped for a rest. "It's a deal better than yesterday."

"I wish I could," said Keyn. "But my legs are 'most done for. We'll get a loaf o' bread, and go right home."

"Maybe we'll have some more jobs in the afternoon."

Keyn felt that a second tramp that day

would be out of the question. He stood leaning on his cart in drowsy fashion.

"Aren't we going on, grandfather?"

"Yes, yes, Clarrie,—just in a minute. I'll rest a bit first."

Clarrie filled up the interval by wandering to the nearest shop-window. It was a common fashion of hers. She was always attracted by pictures or bright colours.

Bright colours enough were there. Pictures above and pictures below; sheep grazing in green meadows; cows feeding on flowery pastures; red clouds against blue skies. Clarrie's eyes wandered in delight from one to another.

Then she saw a broad piece of white cardboard, with a picture in the middle, and painted words upon it. The picture was of a gentle-looking man, with a long crook, followed by a number of sheep.

Clarrie could read well, and she had no difficulty in making out the words. She found the upper line, in red letters, to be—

"HE SHALL FEED HIS FLOCK LIKE A SHEPHERD."

Below that, in blue letters, she read,—

"HE CARETH FOR YOU."

And in a little twisted scroll at the end, written in small black letters, were the words,—

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, I SHALL NOT WANT."

"Grandfather, look!" cried Clarrie, coming to his side.

"Yes, dear," said old Keyn; and in a dreamy way he began pushing on his cart.

"No, no,—stop, grandfather. It's in the window. Look!" cried the child.

"I'm going home, Clarrie. I'm 'most done for," the old man said. "Come along."

Clarrie obeyed, casting wistful glances behind her. Heavily and slowly Keyn made his way homewards. He could not manage his call at all, when he tried to raise it. Clarrie followed him silently, wishing much that "grandfather" would have waited for one glance at the window. Near the house where they lived they had a steep bit of hill to mount, and Keyn stopped repeatedly on the way up, with a livid look on his face.

"Grandfather's bad," said Clarrie to herself, fearfully. Keyn took no notice of her. He stumbled into their room, pushed the hand-cart into its corner, and dropped down upon the bed. Martha came to his side.

"What ails you now?" she demanded.

"I'm tired," said the old man. "I'm tired out, Patty—just tired out and done for. But there's a bit of bread for you—and for Marina."

The little bag in which he kept his earnings was clutched in one hand. Martha took it from him, and counted out the contents.

"Half-a-crown! How ever did you get that?" she asked, for the old man's gains were usually in small coins. "Well, I'll put it by for the rent, and another shilling with it."

"I've got a bit of bread for you," murmured Keyn once more, but he made no effort to take it from his pocket.

"Grandfather meant to buy a loaf," said Clarrie. "He must have forgot."

"You'll have to go for it," said Martha. "And be quick. Don't get to wasting your time quarrelling with the children."

Hungry Clarrie was not likely so to delay her coming meal. She speedily re-appeared, with the loaf clasped in her little blue arms. Keyn had not moved when she returned. He lay still, just as he had first fallen on the bed, breathing heavily, with eyes half-shut and dull. Now and then he opened them for a moment wider, and even smiled at Clarrie. But when they offered him bread it was declined. He seemed to care for nothing but to lie still.

"He'll have to keep quiet a bit. I've seen him so before. There's nothing for it but to let him be," Martha said, in a somewhat vexed tone. "I shouldn't wonder if he's too bad to go out to-morrow—and next day too. How we're to get on if he breaks down I don't know—nor nobody else,—and what's more, nobody cares. Folks take mighty good care of themselves; but it's precious little they mind who's dying of starvation next door."

"It's been better to-day than yesterday," Clarrie said that night in slow and sober fashion, when she and her mother were up

in their little garret. "Better than yesterday. If only grandfather could have got out again, and we'd earned a few more pennies, wouldn't that have been fine?"

Clarrie's mother only said "Yes," in her listless way; yet there came a gleam of hushed tenderness into her large sad eyes, as they rested on the child. The tallow candle flickered on the window ledge, and Marina stood beside it, finishing a piece of work which she had brought with her, when ordered upstairs by Martha.

"Grannie always says 'nobody cares,' " pursued Clarrie, who was wont sometimes to open out her mind when alone with her mother. "Don't anybody?"

"It doesn't seem so just now, Clarrie," said Marina. She spoke in a soft low-pitched voice, unlike that of Martha. "Nobody in Brighton, at any rate."

"I saw a picture in a shop-window to-day," said Clarrie. "And it said somebody cared—it did, mother."

"I dare say," assented Marina wearily.

"There was a Man in the picture, and a crook-handled stick, and a lot of sheep,—and He *did* look back at them so kind, you can't think. There aren't any men like that in Brighton, mother. And it was just under the picture,—'He careth for you.' I didn't forget, because of what grannie is always saying. And there was something else about His being a Shepherd too."

Marina just sat herself down on the bedside and burst into tears,—burning tears, dropping slowly from a full heart. Clarrie stood looking at her, with the uneasy distress which a child suffers at seeing a grown person fail in self-command.

"Oh, I can't bear it sometimes. I wish—I wish—oh, I wish I had the old days back. I wish I could be a girl at home again. If I could only undo everything!"

"Mother, don't cry," besought Clarrie. "I'll never talk about the picture again, if you don't like."

"It isn't that, but you do make me think so of old days," sobbed Marina. "Things might have been so different."

"Does the kind Man in the picture remind you of old days?" asked Clarrie thoughtfully.

"Yes,—the 'Shepherd,'" said Marina.

"How mother used to talk about Him, and I did once think I loved Him when I was little—"

"Why, mother, did you ever see Him?" exclaimed the child.

"Mother was always telling me of Him. I wonder what in the world she would think of me, to have a child no better than a little heathen. But I couldn't—couldn't—talk about Him to you or anybody. I couldn't."

"Why?" Clarrie asked. "Why couldn't you?"

"I haven't any right. I just gave up everything to get my own way—mother and home and religion and all,—and a miserable way it has been. Oh, poor mother!"

"Was she sorry?" Clarrie inquired, alike perplexed and interested by this unwonted mood of Marina's.

"Don't ask," said Marina. "It broke her heart pretty nearly,—and it breaks my heart to think of her. I think if I could just feel her arms tight round me for one minute, I would want nothing more but to lie down and die. But my father said he would never forgive me, and he vowed I should never step inside my home again, and father isn't one to change."

"Wouldn't *she* be kind?" asked Clarrie.

"She! Oh she daren't do what he wouldn't like. She never does—it isn't her way. She'll go on with her heart near to breaking, and never a murmur cross her lips. Mother is a wonderful woman for patience. Clarrie, I sometimes think I know what one part of my punishment will be. I am always looking to see you turn against me some day, as I turned against my father and mother."

"I'll never *never* turn against you," said Clarrie vehemently. "But do tell me about that Man in the picture, and how you knew Him. Did He live near your old home?"

"He seemed near then. He's far enough off now," said Marina in choked tones, little thinking, poor soul, how near even then was the loving Heart of pity for which her sad heart craved. "But I can't talk any more now, Clarrie. My side is bad, and it's time you were asleep. Some day, perhaps,—but don't say one word to grannie, and don't be always asking questions. I couldn't stand it."

Glimpses of China.

BY THE REV. A. E. MOULE, B.D., MISSIONARY OF THE C.M.S. AT NINGPO AND HANGCHOW:
AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF HEAVEN AND HOME."



I.

THE COUNTRY.

Y first glimpse of *China* was from the poop of the good ship *Solent* one August afternoon in the year 1861. A hundred and nine days from the Downs, we were glad indeed to be nearing port. Caught in the raging whirl of a great cyclone in the South Atlantic; drifting into the strange central calm, and out again into the screaming hurricane; then carried before strong gales flying round the Cape of storms, and onwards by the steadier Trade winds to Java: (the first land sighted for eighty days after the lights at Start Point went out below the verge); then through the Straits of Sunda with aromatic odours from the tropical islands following us, we were wafted into the China Sea. Long and baffling calms beneath the blazing sun detained us: but at last a gentle breeze had carried us through fleets of fishing rafts up the coast within sight of Video, the Brothers, and the Leuconas, whose bare rocks were seen shining in the afternoon sun. The currents on the coast are dangerous: so with a long tack to the eastward, we stood out to sea. The next morning found us on our course again, flying before a rattling breeze with the Barren Islands and the Saddles in sight; and later on, off Gursleff Island, we were boarded by a pilot, and in the evening we entered the mouth of the great river Yangtze.

This gigantic stream, the fifth largest in the world, pours into the Pacific in a mighty muddy volume five miles and more wide, after a long course of 3,200 miles. As we sailed slowly through the windings of the dangerous sandbanks, the stream gradually narrowed, and we caught our first glimpse of *Chinese fields*, the green fringe of the low rice flats amidst which lies Shanghai, the

great commercial centre of Mid and North China.

The Chinese plant two crops of rice, the early and the late, in alternate rows. The early crop had been cut by August 15th, and the brilliant green which caught our eye was from the later crop. Then we saw the willows and *Pride of India* and other trees along the canals which strike through the rice fields in all directions, and from which they pump up water into the higher level of the growing rice. Then there came a babel of voices, and looking over the ship's side we caught our first glimpse of *Chinese faces*. Fishing boats and craft of all description were round us, full of eager gesticulating Chinamen, dark skinned from their exposure to wind and sea and sun (for the Chinese race generally are *not* dark skinned, some of them are almost fair, with rosy cheeks; though the prevailing colour resembles, I must confess, whitey-brown paper). These were the people we had come to evangelise. Would it be possible to love them?

We cast anchor off Woosung at 7 p.m., the low water on the bar making it impossible to cross that night. An eventful evening indeed! We had our first glimpse of *Chinese mosquitoes*, and nearly twenty years of close inspection have not dispelled the impression produced by that first glimpse. They are a troublesome, venomous race; and much must we wonder at the patience of Sir John Franklin, who is said to have refused to destroy even a mosquito. The next day we landed at Shanghai, and after a short stay there, proceeded to Ningpo, our appointed missionary station.

A busy land is China, and hot and bustling it seemed to us during those August days. But above the shouts of the coolies, and the gabble of the boatmen, and the songs as the anchors were heaving, and the scream of the steamer's whistle, and the eager talk of shopmen and merchants—over and above the "scissors grinders'" harsh whirr in the gardens, and the creaking of the water-wheels



Drawn by C. E. Townsend]

PUSS ASLEEP !

in the rice flats, and the cry of the ploughman to the lazy water-buffalo, hanging like a dark bird of prey ready to swoop down in destruction, and hushing ever and anon the

voices of the busy land—remained the dread of the “Chang-mao,” and the daily gathering rumours of the approach of the “Long-haired” rebels.

(To be continued.)

Lessons from the Book.

II. “THE WORDS OF ETERNAL LIFE.”

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.

“Thou hast the words of eternal life.”—*St. John vi. 68.*



CHRIST'S words of eternal life were words about the nature of that life which He came into the world to proclaim,—a life begun in the soul by faith while we live, and perfected in glory when we die. They were words about the way in which this eternal life is provided for sinful man, even the way of His atoning death, as our Substitute, on the cross. They were words about the terms on which this eternal life is made our own, if we feel our need of it, even the terms of simple faith. As Latimer said, it is but “believe and have.” They were words about the training and discipline on the way to eternal life, which are so much needed by man and so richly provided, even the renewing and sanctifying grace of the Holy Ghost. They were words about the comforts and encouragements by the way, laid up for all who believe to life everlasting, even Christ's daily help, sympathy, and watchful care. All this, and much more, is contained in that little phrase, “Words of eternal life.” No wonder that our Lord says in a certain place, “I am come that they might have life, and have it more abundantly.” “I have given them the words that Thou gavest me” (John x. 10; xvii. 8).

What vast numbers of men and women in these last eighteen centuries, have found

these “words of eternal life” not merely “words,” but solid *realities*. They have been persuaded of them, and embraced them, and found them meat and drink to their souls. We are compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses, who in the faith of these words have lived happy and useful lives, and died glorious deaths. Where is he that will dare to deny this? Where shall we find such lives and deaths without Christ?

It was faith in Christ's “words of eternal life” which made Bishop Hooper go boldly to the stake at Gloucester, after saying, “Life is sweet and death is bitter; but eternal life is more sweet and eternal death more bitter.”

It was faith in Christ's “words of eternal life” which made Nicholas Ridley and Hugh Latimer endure a fiery death in Broad Street, Oxford, rather than deny the principles of the Reformation.

It was faith in Christ's “words of eternal life” which made Henry Martyn turn his back on ease and distinction at Cambridge, go forth to a tropical climate, and die a solitary death as a missionary.

It was faith in Christ's “words of eternal life” which made that “honourable woman,” Catherine Tait, as recorded in a most touching biography, resign five children in five weeks to the grave, in the full assurance that Christ would keep His word, take care of them both in body and

soul, and bring them with Him to meet her at the last day.

What a fearful contrast to such facts as these appears in the lives and deaths of those who turn their backs on Christ, and seek other masters! What fruits can the advocates of non-Christian theories, and ideas, and principles, point to, with all their cleverness? What holy, loving, peaceful quietness of spirit have they exhibited? What victories have they won over darkness, immorality, superstition and sin? What successful missions have they carried on? What seas have

they crossed? What countries have they civilized or moralized? What neglected home populations have they improved? What self-denying labours have they gone through? What deliverance have they wrought in the earth? You may well ask; you will get no answer. No wonder our Lord said of false prophets, "By their fruits ye shall know them" (Matt. vii. 15, 16). It is only those who can say with Peter, "Thou hast the words of eternal life," who make a mark on mankind while they live, and say, "O Death, where is thy sting?" when they die.

The Young Goodwife.

BY THE REV. CHARLES MARSHALL, DUNFERMLINE, AUTHOR OF "LAYS AND LECTURES."



Y young goodman's a gallant man,
May grace and wisdom guide
him!

The richest, grandest in the land,
I would not set beside him.

I look as he goes up the street,
As long as I can see him,
And say, where could a lassie meet
A livin' to match wi' him?

To kirk or market as we gang,
Like lovers, kindly cleeeking,
We smiling see the idle thrang
Of gossips, slyly keeking.

A blessing sought we from on high,
From father, and from mother,
Before the holy marriage tie
Twined love and life together.

There's wisdom in the fear of God;
If "Israel's Shepherd" guide us,
And lead us by the narrow road,
What evil can betide us?

Whate'er my goodman's lot, I'll stand
A loving helpmate near him,
With willing heart, and ready hand
Be forward aye to cheer him.

Keep the Birthdays.*

KEEP the Birthdays religiously. They belong to, and are treasured among, the sweetest memories of Home. Do not let anything prevent your bestowing some token, be it ever so slight, to show

that they are remembered. If parents only thought how much the little gifts are cherished years after, they would never lose the opportunity of fastening these "links of love" around their children's hearts.

* "*Home Words Birthday Book and Autographic Record*" (1s. 6d.) has just been published. The Topic Texts, illustrative of "The Triune Faith," were selected by Frances Ridley Havergal for *Home Words Almanack* for 1878. They "comprise a volume of Divine teaching on the fundamental verities of the Faith." Monthly and weekly texts, with poetry and prose, including twelve "Wayside Chimes" by F. R. H., add to the interest of the book. Blank pages are left for birthday signatures, and also for the "Home Register." The binding is richly gilt leatherette, introducing a view of Bethlehem as the background of the title. (London: "Home Words" Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.)

Our Church Portrait Gallery.



V. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER: VI. THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE: VII. THE VERY
REVEREND DEAN HOWSON: VIII. PREBENDARY CADMAN.

R. ANTHONY W. THOROLD was born at Hougham, in 1825, and was educated at Queen's College, Oxford. As Rector of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, and Vicar

of St. Pancras, twenty-seven years of metropolitan work eminently qualified him for the post to which he has been called, and which he now fills with so much satisfaction to the Diocese of Rochester. Prior to his nomination to the Bishopric in 1877, he held the offices of rural dean, Canon of York, and examining chaplain to the Archbishop of York.

The population of the Diocese of Rochester is at the very least 1,500,000. It includes the largest area of the Metropolis; the area north of the Thames covering 50 square miles, whilst the area south covers 68. But the Bishop's organizing powers could hardly be excelled: and his missionary zeal has already prompted strenuous efforts to reach the masses, hitherto "as sheep having no shepherd." He has identified himself with the Temperance movement, and says he finds total abstinence very helpful in doing hard work. Recently, addressing a large assembly of the clergy, he closed with the earnest and thrilling words: "You may not all adopt the plan I have adopted, total abstinence; you may not all adopt *that*, but in God's Name either adopt that or find a better one."

Dr. Thorold has always taken a deep interest in educational progress. He was elected on the first School Board for London in 1870. His addresses to the young at confirmations are affectionately earnest and strikingly practical. None can hear him without feeling how helpful to early piety these seasons, rightly improved, must be. Bishop Thorold happily possesses a special fitness for this important work. May he long be spared to exhibit the spirit of the great Pastor and Bishop of Souls in "feeding lambs of the flock."

The Bishop of Carlisle (Dr. Harvey Goodwin) was born at King's Lynn, in 1818. He was educated at Cambridge, and was a prizeman of his college. After being Dean of Ely for ten years, Dr. Goodwin was, upon the death of Bishop Waldegrave, appointed to the see of Carlisle. The untiring activity which has characterized his work in the north has resulted in greatly extending our Church's influence, particularly among artisans. Few public men excel the Bishop in his marked success upon the platform. His address at the Working Men's meeting at the Church Congress at Leicester may be mentioned as an example of his tact and judgment in dealing with popular questions.

The Dean of Chester, the Very Rev. J. S. Howson, D.D., was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took high honours and prizes. For over fifteen years he was connected with the Liverpool College, first as Mathematical Master and subsequently as Principal. His marked success as a teacher is well known. The Liverpool Ladies' College may be said almost to owe its origin and present high position to his active exertions.

After holding the vicarage of Wisbech about a year, he was, in 1867, appointed to the Deanery of Chester. He found the venerable cathedral in a most dilapidated condition, and at once organized, and, after ten years' unceasing labour carried out, a scheme of complete restoration.

Dr. Howson is the author of various lectures and sermons, and is well-known as joint author with the late Rev. W. J. Conybeare, of "The Life and Lessons of St. Paul." He is also a most impressive preacher.

The Rev. Prebendary Cadman has laboured for nearly forty years in Metropolitan parishes. After spending two years at St. George's, Bloomsbury, he became minister of Park Street Chapel, Chelsea, where he remained until he was promoted to the rectory of St. George the Martyr, Southwark. In this large parish he worked for seven years, and his earnest, faithful ministry attracted to the



**THE RIGHT REV. ANTHONY W. THOROLD, D.D.,
BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.**



**THE RIGHT REV. HARVEY GOODWIN, D.D.,
BISHOP OF CARLISLE.**



**THE VERY REV. J. S. HOWSON, D.D.,
DEAN OF CHESTER.**



**THE REV. PREBENDARY CADMAN, M.A.,
RECTOR OF HOLY TRINITY, MARYLEBONE.**

From Photographs by E. A. Walker, Regent Street.

OUR CHURCH PORTRAIT GALLERY.

venerable edifice one of the largest congregations south of the Thames. About twenty years since he became rector of Holy Trinity, Marylebone. Of his successful ministry in this parish it is needless to speak. Ages

for Christian work of all kinds abound and flourish under his wise direction. He is universally esteemed throughout the diocese, and holds a high place in the affections of his parishioners.
M. N.

Thomas Cooper

FROM SCEPTICISM TO CHRISTIANITY: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

CHAPTER II

A NOBLE-HEARTED MOTHER.



HE love of nature early developed itself in his search after wild flowers. But books were his main delight. "The Pilgrim's Progress" was my book of books: Bunyan was always new." In

1816, on leaving the Free School, he was placed in a day-school kept by one John Briggs, and here his love of reading found freer scope. "Enfield's Speaker," "Mavor's British Plutarch," "Goldsmith's Histories of England, Greece, and Rome," "Robinson Crusoe," and other famous old books, opened a new world to him. Shakspeare, Dryden, and Otway, "Cook's Voyages," and "The Scottish Chiefs," also fell into his hands, and were eagerly devoured.

In his fourteen year he appears to have been strongly impressed with the necessity of repentance and forgiveness of sin. "I could read nothing but the Bible, and would get into secret places twenty times in a day, to pray for the pardon of my sins." The lack of judicious guidance at this season had a most injurious result. He was exhorted by those with whom he became associated, to "act faith" and so secure pardon. He tried to do this, and for a day or two believed he had received it; but feeling conscious of fresh sin, this repeated "acting of faith" perplexed him. It was, in fact, "will faith," and not Gospel faith, to which he was trusting. He says, "We were told to 'believe'; but I understood the teaching to mean that we were to believe ourselves into the persuasion that we were forgiven; and I could not avoid

the conviction that this was *not* receiving pardon by the witness of the Holy Spirit—but *pardonng ourselves*."

The result was, that, shrinking from the practice of "will faith," and rebelling against the advice not to read any book but the Bible, unless it was a truly religious book, he allowed his "impressions" to pass away.

Being now fifteen years old, the question of future occupation became an important one, and caused no little perplexity. Persons who too readily passed judgment and imputed motives, charged Thomas with the sin of unnecessarily burdening his mother—that is to say, they "looked bitter things" at him, while they freely "told their minds" to the anxious widow. The poor lad himself wished to become a painter, but his desires were vain. Would he not do for a clerk? Merchants required premiums, and the family exchequer was empty. Then the sea offered an opening, but after a very brief taste of its hardships was relinquished. He went to Hull to become cabin-boy on board a brig. He says: "I was on board nine days, while they were loading with corn and other merchandise. The coarse language, the cursing and swearing, and brutality, I witnessed day after day, not only on board the brig, but on the other vessels that were crowded around us, rendered me so wretched that I told the master of the vessel I wished to go home. He told me, in profane terms, that I might go, for I should never be fit to be a sailor."

Returning home, his position was more uneasy than ever; and at length, although much against his mother's wish, he was placed with a shoemaker. She yielded her consent, saying, "The Lord's will be done! I don't think He intends thee to spend thy life



THE STORY OF THE MONTH.

FEBRUARY gets its name from the Roman title *Februarius*, a word derived from *februo*, to purify; because the Romans at this season celebrated certain rites of purification. Can we do better than begin February with the prayer:

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow"?

February has been said to come in like a sturdy country maiden, with a tinge of the red hard winter apple on her healthy cheek, making her way bravely against wind, sleet, and snow, and drawing nearer at every step to the "Land of Flowers." This is certainly very prettily expressed: and before the month is past, amid the din and jar of the busy streets of London, we may hope to hear the pleasant cry of "Come, buy my pretty primroses." The crocus, the snowdrop, and "the daisy's-eye" (daisy),—

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower."

also herald the approach of Spring: whilst the farmer is busy sowing, repairing, and planting in preparation for the coming months. The alder-trees put forth their flower-buds; the hazel produces its long flowers; and about the end of the month the currant and gooseberry bushes begin to show their leaves.

Valentine's Day must not be forgotten. The origin of the observance of the day is lost in obscurity: but some have said it arose from a notion that this was the day on which the birds selected their mates. Charles, Duke of Orleans, who was taken captive at the battle of Agincourt, certainly wrote a charming valentine, based on this pleasant fancy:—

"Each little bird, this tide, doth choose her loved peer,
Which constantly abide in wedlock all the year,
As nature is their guide: so may we two be true
This year, nor change for new, as turtles coupled were."

C. A. H. B.

at shoemaking. I have kept thee at school, and worked hard to get thee bread and to let thee have thy own wish in learning, and never imagined that thou wast to be a shoemaker. But the Lord's will be done! He'll bring it all right in time."

The noble-hearted mother's unsparing and unselfish devotion to her boy, and her simple expression of trust in the "Lord's will," exercised an influence for good which is touchingly recognised on a succeeding page of the Autobiography. Mr Cooper writes:—

"My dear mother died on the 1st of August (her birthday) in this year (1841), being seventy-one years of age. I went over to Gainsborough to bury her, in the churchyard so well known to me from the days of childhood:—

" 'No gilded verse
Tells how she toiled to win her child a crust,
And, fasting, still toiled on: no rhymes rehearse
How tenderly she strove to be the nurse
Of truth and nobleness in her loved boy,
Spite of his rags.' "

(To be continued.)

The Crile's Farewell.

(See Illustration, Page 43.)



H! fare thee well, my bonnie Jean!

Though-sad our parting be,
Nor time, nor absence, e'er can

One tender thought from thee. [wean
When far away, on some bright isle,

Thou shalt not be forgot;

I'll think of home, and thy dear smile,

To cheer my lonely lot.

The wimplin' burn and flowery braes,

Each well-remembered scene,

Will 'mind me of those happy days

When wandering with my Jean.

Oh! coldly gleam our northern skies,

And we, my love, are poor;

To seek what labour here denies,

I leave my native shore.

Thou'lt ply thy busy wheel all day,

With grief too great to speak,

And none the burning tears will stay

That fall adown thy cheek.

Yet wheresoe'er my footsteps roam,

Through every changing scene,

Though boundless seas between us foam,

I'll love thee still, my Jean!

Farewell to Scotland's sea-girt shore,

Farewell, my bosom's pride!

How sweet, when every toil is o'er,

To claim thee for my bride.

Again this heart shall throb to thine,

With pulse yet fond and true;

The joys we shared in auld lang syne

Our meeting will renew.

Then breathe a prayer when I'm away,

That, through each changeful scene,

Our Father's love may crown each day,

And bless me with my Jean.

A. LINLEY.

Sir Humphry Davy's "Greatest Discovery."



SIR HUMPHRY DAVY was once asked to give a list of his great discoveries. He mentioned one discovery, and another, and added, "But the greatest of all my discoveries is Michael Faraday." He was a poor boy in his employment, whom he

encouraged, and who became one of the great men of our day. He who discovers a good mind hidden under deep poverty, and helps it, is among the greatest of modern discoverers. Every Christian worker among the poor may hope to make this splendid discovery.



THE EXILE'S FAREWELL.

[See page 42.]

Modern Hymn Writers: "SPECIMEN-GLASSES" FOR THE KING'S MINSTRELS.

BY THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

(Second Series.)

I. HYMNS BY CHARITIE
LEES SMITH, AND MARY
BOWLY.



"OW there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit." We do not look for cedars among the beds of lilies. We do not ask for masculine grandeur and concentrated force from the handmaids of the Lord. But we expect, and we find, gifts not less precious, and power not less real, though of a different kind.

I have often been struck with the fact that the soft and apparently far less powerful tones of a harp are more penetrating, and vibrate to greater distances in the open air, than those of other instruments which overpower them when near. A simple flute often reaches both ear and soul with a peculiar thrill, through all the dazzling sounds of a great orchestra. These seem the nearest analogies to good hymns by lady writers. They have a harp-like soul-penetration and a flute-like individuality beyond others. They are

"Tender in their strength,
And in their very tenderness are strong."

Our first Hymn, by a clergyman's daughter, Charitie Lees Smith, was written in the flush and fervour of coming "out of darkness into marvellous light," during the great awakenings of 1859-60 in Ireland,—the very first chord of a newly-strung harp. It is no great wonder that thousands, who know nothing about its origin, should have instinctively caught it up as the true expression of their own feelings at the same great crisis, whenever and wherever occurring.

ASPIRATION.

Oh, for the robes of whiteness!
Oh, for the tearless eyes!
Oh, for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies!

Oh, for the no more weeping
Within that land of love,
The endless joy of keeping
The bridal feast above!

Oh, for the bliss of flying,
My risen Lord to meet!
Oh, for the rest of lying
For ever at His feet!

Oh, for the hour of seeing
My Saviour face to face!
The hope of ever being
In that sweet meeting-place!

Jesus! Thou King of Glory,
I soon shall dwell with Thee;
I soon shall sing the story
Of Thy great love to me.

Meanwhile, my thoughts shall enter
E'en now before Thy throne,
That all my love may centre
In Thee, and Thee alone.

Calmer, riper, and maturer are the hymns of Mary Bowly. They are not the hymns of a young Christian, but evidently of one who has found "grace for grace," and gone "from strength to strength;" whose faith is buttressed by knowledge, and whose confidence and joy have been not merely tested but deepened by experience. Theirs is the glow which succeeds to the flame, the daylight which follows the dawn-flush. They are not a mere outflow of poetical fervour and fancy, but every line, generally speaking, contains some distinct reality of Scripture truth or Christian experience. Take for instance a Hymn fitly adapted for the opening of a New Year, entitled:—

"IT IS WELL."

Through the love of God our Saviour,
All will be well;
Free and changeless is His favour:
All, all is well!
Precious is the blood that healed us;
Perfect is the grace that sealed us;
Strong the hand stretched out to shield us
All must be well!

Though we pass through tribulation,
All will be well ;
Ours is such a full salvation,
All, all is well !
Happy, still in God confiding,
Fruitful, if in Christ abiding,
Holy, through the Spirit's guiding :
All must be well !

We expect a bright to-morrow,
All will be well ;
Faith can sing through days of sorrow,
All, all is well !
On our Father's love relying,
Jesus every need supplying,
Both in living and in dying,
All must be well !

Equally rich in Scriptural teaching is the following:—

DIVINE LOVE.

Holy Father ! we address Thee—
Loved in Thy beloved Son ;
Holy Son of God, we bless Thee,
Boundless grace hath made us one ;
Holy Spirit, aid our songs,
This glad work to Thee belongs.

Wondrous was Thy love, O Father !
Wondrous Thine, O Son of God !
Vast the love that bruised and wounded,
Vast the love that bore the rod ;
Holy Spirit, still reveal,
How those stripes alone can heal.

Gracious Father ! Thy good pleasure
Is to love us as Thy Son :
Meting out the self-same measure,
Since Thou seest us as one.
Blessèd Jesus ! loved are we,
As the Father loveth Thee.

Hallelujah ! we are hastening
To our Father's house above ;
By the way our souls are tasting
Rich and everlasting love ;
In Jehovah is our boast,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

The bright assurance of faith expressed in these hymns is the simple absolute rest of the soul in the infinite and absolute love of the Father in His Son Jesus Christ. It is the simple taking of those wonderful words as absolutely true—"Thou hast loved them, as Thou hast loved Me."

England's Church :

NOTES AND TESTIMONIES.

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

II. THE PRIME MINISTER ON THE NATIONAL CHURCH.



IN a speech delivered in the House of Commons, on the 16th of May, 1873, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone (then also Prime Minister) said:—"The Church of England has not only been a part of the history of this country, but a part so vital, entering so profoundly into the entire life and action of the country, that the severing of the two would leave nothing behind but a bleeding and lacerated mass. Take the Church of England out of the history of England, and the history of

England becomes a chaos without order, without life, and without meaning."

III. THE NATIONAL CHURCH AND THE THRONE.

As long as the Church of England is the Established Church, no Roman Catholic, subject to the "foreign jurisdiction" of the Pope (Article XXXVII.), can ever sit on the Throne of England ; but with the destruction of the Establishment this safeguard of the nation's security, and our civil and religious liberty, would at once be done away with. The Prince Consort once said:—"The maintenance of the Church of the land is as important to the country as that of its constitution or its Throne."



Fables for YOU.

BY ELEANOR B. PROSSER.

(Second Series.)



I. WHERE TO BLAME.

HE bow was drawn, and the arrow sped on its way. Many and eager were the glances that followed it.

"It has gone beside the mark," cried one.

"It is buried in the turf beyond," cried another. And it was drawn out and thrown aside contemptuously.

"You are unjust, friends," said the arrow. "The blame of missing the mark does not rest with me, but with the careless and unskilful hand that sent me forth. Give me another chance, with a steady hand and practised eye, and you will see if I do not speak the truth."

II. VALUED WHEN LOST.

"I'm sorry poor Tuppy is gone," said the dun cow to a heifer who was grazing beside her.

"Yes, he was harmless enough," said the heifer, carelessly moving off as he spoke to a tuft of grass that looked greener than the rest.

"Where's Tuppy gone?" asked the grey mare, who had just been turned into the field.

"I don't know," said the cow; "but he hasn't been here to-day, and I'm told he's not coming back, poor fellow."

"Dear me!" said an old blind horse, coming up at the moment, "I hope, ma'am, you are not speaking of Tuppy."

"Yes, I was," said the cow. "I was just saying how I should miss him, quiet as he was; many a tender mouthful of grass has he left for me, because he said his teeth were better than mine and he could manage thistles; perhaps you can tell us where he's

gone, and if it's true that he's not coming back."

"Indeed, ma'am, I only wish I knew; but I never heard that he was gone till you mentioned it, and truly sorry I shall be to lose him if it is so. Many's the time he has lifted the latch of the gate for me, when I couldn't manage it myself and wanted to take a stroll in the lane; he was always willing to do a good turn for any one, though he didn't get much by it. I only wish I'd known he was going—but it's too late now."

"I'm afraid it is," murmured the cow, as she lay down quietly to chew the cud. "Poor Tuppy, it's a pity we didn't think more of him when he was with us!"

III. PROMISES MAKE FRIENDS;
PERFORMANCE KEEPS THEM.

"WHAT a kind-hearted fellow Rover is," said a fox-terrier to a spaniel, who was lazily catching flies as they settled on his nose.

"So I've heard many people say," remarked the spaniel.

"But surely you must know it for yourself. You have been here a good while, haven't you?"

IV. COMPROMISE NOT REFORM.

"SEE how nice and firm the roads are now," said the frost to the snow; "every one says it's quite a pleasure to walk. That's all *my* doing, you know! When you had your turn last week, people were all shivering in the house."

"Very likely," said the snow; "but please to remember that you've only covered up the mud, and when you're gone you'll leave the roads worse than you found them."

The Young Folks' Page.

V. THE USE OF THE ALPHABET.



FORMER Duke of Argyll, walking in his garden one night, saw a Latin copy of a work on mathematics lying on the grass. Thinking it had been brought from his library, he called some one to carry it back.

"It belongs to me, your grace," said the gardener's son, stepping up. "Yours!" cried the Duke; "do you understand geometry and Latin?" "I know a little of them," answered the lad, modestly.

The Duke, having a taste for the sciences, began to talk with the young student, and was astonished at the clearness and intelligence of his answers. "But how came you to know so much?" asked the Duke. "One of the servants taught me to read," answered the lad; "one does not need to know anything more than the twenty-six letters in order to learn everything else one wishes."

But the Duke wanted to know more about it, and in reply to his questioner the young gardener continued his story. "After I learned to read, the masons came to work on your grace's house. I noticed the architect used a rule and compass, and made a great many calculations. What was the meaning and use of that? I asked; and they told me of a science called arithmetic. I bought an arithmetic, and studied it through. They then told me there was another science called geometry. I bought the books and learned geometry. Then I found there were better books about these sciences in Latin. I bought a dictionary, and learned Latin. I heard there were still better ones in French, and I am learning French. It seems to me we may learn everything when we know the twenty-six letters of the alphabet."

Yes, the alphabet is, in fact, the ladder to every science. But how many boys are contented to waste their time at the first two or three rounds, not having pluck or perseverance enough to climb higher! Up, up, up, if you want to know more and see clearer, and take a high post of usefulness in the world. And if you are a poor boy, and need a little friendly encouragement to help you on, be sure, if you have a will to climb, you will find the way, just as the gardener's son found it afterwards in the help and encouragement given him by the Duke of Argyll.

VI. THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep;
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter,
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence;
For the stoutest held his breath;
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with Death.

So thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers:
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Is not God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer;
And we anchored safe in harbour
When the moon was shining clear.

VII. HELP ANOTHER, HELP YOURSELF.

A mouse once, as the fable runs, waked the sleeping lion. Down came the great paw upon the trembling intruder. But the lion generously forgave and set the captive free. Another day the mouse finds the lion roaring and plunging in the net. The grateful little creature rushes to the rescue, nibbles the cords, and saves the lion's life. The surest way to injure yourself is to injure the weak; and none is so strong but that he may sorely need some day the love and help of the weakest.

The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.,

FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER; EDITOR OF "THE FARMER," ETC.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. WHAT prophet describes very fully the attire and ornaments of Jewish women?
2. Where is mention made of something still better than the best?
3. What tribe of Israel was noted for the possession of practical wisdom in difficult circumstances?
4. Who is said in the Old Testament to have preached from a pulpit?
5. Name two instances in which unbelief seems to have hindered miracles.
6. Can you prove that the Virgin Mary was one who searched the Scriptures?
7. Who was the inventor of wind and stringed instruments?
8. How many women are mentioned by name in the Bible from the creation till two thousand years after?

9. What is the last record in Scripture respecting the Virgin Mary?
10. Where is the word "needlework" first mentioned in the Bible?

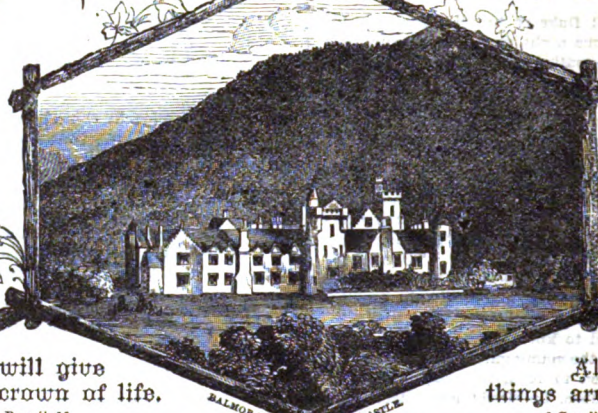
ANSWERS (See JANUARY No., p. 23).

- I. Gideon (Judges vi. 15); Saul (1 Sam. ix. 2, x. II. See 2 Sam. xi. 14. III. Ezek. xiv. 21—Noah, Daniel, and Job. IV. The destruction of Amalek (Exod. xvii. 14). V. Ps. lxxviii. 24, 25—"The corn of heaven," and "Angels' food." VI. Gal. iv. 29. VII. Twice (St. Mark vii. 6 and xv. 28). VIII. Mark xiii. 35—At even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing. IX. Ps. xxii. 16—"They pierced my hands and my feet." X. A lamb or a kid (Exod. xii. 5). XI. 1 Peter i. 3. XII. John v. (John the Baptist) ver. 32, 33; (3) His own works, ver. 36; (3) The Father, ver. 37; (4) The Scripture, ver. 39.

LIGHT
FAITH
GRACE
HOME

JOY
PEACE
REJOICE
HOPE
LOVE

PRECIOUS PROMISES.



I will give
you a crown of life.

Rev. ii. 10.

311
things are yours.

I Cor. iii. 21.

- | | | |
|---|----|---|
| 1 | Tu | I will give them an heart to know Me. Jer. xiv. 7. |
| 2 | W | PURIFICATION V. MARY. From this day will I bless [you. Hag. ii. 19. |
| 3 | Th | I will put My Spirit within you. Ezek. xxxvi. 27. |
| 4 | F | I will instruct thee and teach thee. Ps. xxxii. 8. |
| 5 | S | I... will keep thee from the hour of temptation. |
| 6 | S | 5th S. aft. Epiph. I will give you rest. Matt. xi. 28. |
| 7 | M | All these things shall be added unto you. Matt. vi. 33. |

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 8 | Tu | All spiritual blessings... in Christ. Eph. i. 3. |
| 9 | W | My people shall never be ashamed. Joel ii. 27. [41. |
| 10 | Th | I will rejoice over them to do them good. Jer. xxxii. |
| 11 | F | I will restore health unto thee. Jer. xxx. 17. [21. |
| 12 | S | He shall save His people from their sins. Matt. i. |
| 13 | S | Septuagesima S. My God shall supply all your need. Phil. iv. 19. [shortly. Prov. xvi. 20. |
| 14 | M | The God of Peace shall bruise Satan under your feet |

ALL THE PROMISES OF GOD IN HIM ARE YEA...

AND AMEN.

He shall
appear to your joy.

Isa. lxx. 5.

Not one
thing hath failed.

Josh. xxiii. 14

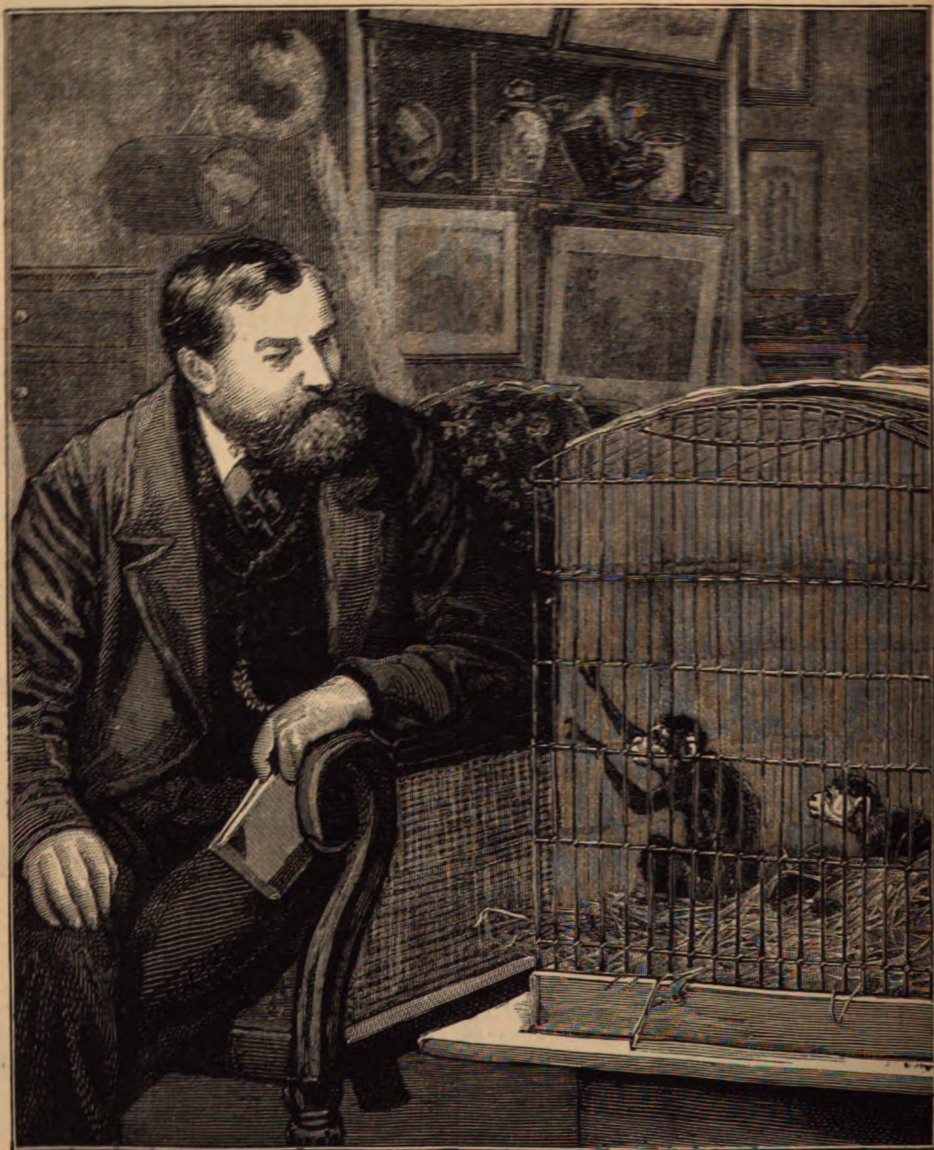
- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 15 | Tu | I will not remember thy sins. Isa. xlii. 25. |
| 16 | W | By one man sin entered into the world. Rom. v. 12. |
| 17 | Th | He will abundantly pardon. Isa. lv. 7. [xxxiii. 8. |
| 18 | F | I will cleanse them from all their iniquity. Jer. |
| 19 | S | I will ransom them from the power of the grave. [Hos. xiii. 14. |
| 20 | S | Sexagesima S. My grace is sufficient for thee. 2 Cor. |
| 21 | M | A bruised reed shall He not break. Isa. xlii. 3. [xii. 9. |

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 22 | Tu | God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. |
| 23 | W | I will bless thee... and thou shalt be a blessing. |
| 24 | Th | St. MATTHIAS. Certainly I will be with thee. Exod. |
| 25 | F | There shall be no more death. Rev. xxi. 4. [iii. 12. |
| 26 | S | He that overcometh shall inherit all things. |
| 27 | S | Quinquagesima S. I will not leave you comfort- [less. John xiv. 18. |
| 28 | M | I will pardon all their iniquities. Jer. xxxiii. 8. |

REST and be silent! For, faithfully listening,
Patiently waiting, thine eyes shall behold
Pearls in the waters of quietness glistening,
Treasures of promise that He shall unfold.
Rest and be silent! for Jesus is here,
Calming and stilling each ripple of fear.

A splendour that illumines
Abysses of the Past,
And marvels of the Future,
Sublime and bright and vast;
While o'er our tiny Present
A flood of light is cast.—F. R. H.

What to Seek for.—“What we must seek for, is more power in the consciousness of Christ's redeeming love; more simple dependence upon His merits for the pardon of all our sins; more conformity to Him, that we may be dead with Him, that we may rise with Him, that we may sit with Him in heavenly places, that we may be with Him when He comes again in His glory.”—The last utterances of the late Canon Auriel.
The Divine Plan.—“God will have us acknowledge that we can do nothing for ourselves, before He will do all things for us and in us.”—The Forgotten Truth.



From a Photograph by S. A. WALKER, 230, Regent Street.]

THE LATE MR. FRANK BUCKLAND "AT HOME."

"He used to say, 'I always make it a rule to observe and learn wherever I go.' In one of his books he writes: 'We can hardly walk along London streets—and certainly not along the hedgerows and fields of the country, or the wave-marked shore of the ocean—without finding almost at every step something or other worthy of observation.'"—See Page 51.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

The late Mr. Frank Buckland :

"THE GAIN OF AN OBSERVING EYE."

BY THE EDITOR.



VERYBODY ought to have and might have "an observing eye": but we fear the possession is comparatively a rare one. The late Mr. Frank Buckland was eminently a man with an observing eye.

He used to say, "I always make it a rule to observe and learn wherever I go." In one of his books he writes: "We can hardly walk along London streets—and certainly not along the hedgerows and fields of the country, or the wave-marked shore of the ocean—without finding almost at every step something or other worthy of observation."

And he well understood the gain of an observing eye. He knew, and was himself an illustration of the fact, that the man who possesses it will always be an interesting companion. At the same time he will be able to enjoy his own society: for he will have resources in himself for the mind to dwell upon with pleasure when nothing else claims his attention. In the first volume of his charming work on "The Curiosities of Natural History," Mr. Buckland says on this point:—

"There is nothing so wearisome, or so

destructive to the human mind, as the disease called 'Nothing to do.' There is always and everywhere something to be done. There are no two places in this world exactly alike in their products, animal, vegetable, or mineral, and the objects you do not find in one place you will find in another. If the eyes be instructed and trained to observe what is brought before their gaze, the mind is employed, and the feeling of weariness passes off. One fact follows another; a new observation may be tacked on to an old observation; the result being not only pleasure in discovery, but pleasure in recollecting and recording."

Mr. Buckland was the eldest son of Dr. Buckland, Dean of Westminster. He inherited from his father, who was a very learned man, a strong taste for physical science and natural history: but beyond this, home influence proved the moving power of his future useful and devoted life. One of his works is thus dedicated: "A Slight Tribute to the Memory of My dear Mother, for whose early instruction and parental care I owe a debt of gratitude I can never repay;" and on another page we read: "To my excellent Father and Mother I owe a good education, the most valuable legacy a son can inherit."

* We hope next month to give a paper by Mr. Buckland, in which he tells the story of one of his pet monkeys. Our illustration is engraved from a photograph from Mr. Samuel A. Walker's collection of "Portraits at Home" (280, Regent Street).

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He was educated at Winchester College, and then at Christ Church, Oxford, gaining a high position as a student. He then studied medicine, and became House-Surgeon to St. George's Hospital. Natural history however soon absorbed his mind and attention, and about the year 1863 he gave himself wholly to it.

No one has done more to popularize the subject of fishery cultivation and preservation, not only in England, but throughout the civilized world. His advice was sought by the Governments of Russia, Germany, France, America, etc., as well as by our colonies. His efforts for the introduction of salmon and trout into the Australian and New Zealand waters are well known.* Several medals and presentations were conferred on him by distinguished Societies, and in 1867 he was appointed Inspector of Salmon Fisheries for England and Wales. He established, at his own expense, the "Museum of Economic Fish Culture," at the Royal Horticultural Gardens; which alone entitles him to national gratitude; for there can be no doubt that the culture of fish, in recent years, resulting from his influence, has materially added to the supply

of this cheap and most nutritious food. But since his death, this national debt has been increased by the fact that, according to his will, this celebrated, unique, and most valuable museum is bequeathed to the nation; and in addition, a sum of £5,000 will, on the decease of Mrs. Buckland, be available for the purpose of founding a professorship in connection with the museum.

It should be added that Mr. Buckland was a student of the Word of God as well as a student of His works. He had no sympathy with those who would reject God's Word for human theories and speculations. With him science was, before all things, the handmaid of religion; in all the moving mechanism of the world, he directly traced the hand of the Deity, and nothing was more abhorrent to his reverent mind than those theories of so-called science which dispense with a Creator and a Ruler. He was devout and practical. Thus he says: "I do not think too much can be written about the ever-various and beautiful works of the great Creator," and then he adds, as expressing the benevolent purpose of his life, "I hope by my endeavours to reduce my investigations to practice for the good of my fellowmen."

"Blot out our Sins of Old:"

A HYMN FOR LENT.

BY THE REV. GODFREY THRING, B.A., AUTHOR OF "HYMNS AND SACRED LYRICS."



LOT out our sins of old,
When erst we went astray,
When, Father, from Thy fold
We wandered far away;
O King of Heaven,
To Thee we cry,
Ere yet we die,
To be forgiven.

In this our hour of need,
In hope we fly to Thee;
Sow in our hearts the seed
Of bright eternity;
O Lord, we pray,
As morning dew,
Our strength renew
From day to day.

O God, by day, by night,
We lowly bend the knee,
Again at dawn of light,
In deep humility,
Our voices raise,
For sins forgiven,
And hopes of Heaven,
In prayer and praise.
Blot out our sins gone by,
Blot out our sins to-day,
And others ere we die;
And give us, while we pray,
Undying faith
In Christ, to see
The victory
O'er sin and death.

* *The Fireside* for March (London: Home Words Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings) contains a graphic and amusing narrative by Mr. Buckland of his successful effort to convey by railway transit a fine live salmon from Worcester to the Zoological Gardens. The difficulty of the supply of water put the Naturalist's inventiveness to the severest test. The sketch is accompanied by a finely engraved illustration.

Old Umbrellas; or, Nobody Cares.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE UPWARD GAZE," "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM,"
"SUN, MOON, AND STARS," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

DOWN ON THE BEACH.



MBROSE KEYN could not go out upon his rambles next day. He was overpowered by drowsy weakness, and made no effort to leave his bed. When Clarrie spoke to him he opened

his eyes and smiled, but he shut them again immediately, and did not seem to wish for the trouble of speech.

"I can't make him out," Martha said in a vexed sort of way. "It don't seem natural; I can't think why ever he lies there."

"He hasn't ate any breakfast," said Clarrie, gravely taking up her share of the family burden. She was learning to carry weights early, poor little maiden.

"He's in want of some'at better than dry bread," said Martha, "but he can't have it. And I don't see how we're to get dry bread either, if he falls ill. Things get worse and worse."

"Mother's nearly done the last bit of work," said Clarrie. "Haven't you, mother?"

Marina answered with her habitual "Yes."

"Mother's worked so hard," said Clarrie: "It's two whole days before the time."

"Then we shan't get payment for that yet," said Martha. "I never knew Mr. Green pay a minute sooner than work is due."

"Shan't I take it back to-day?" asked Clarrie. "There's some money owing from last time."

"Oh yes, you can take it back,—and he'll pay *that*. But he won't give you a penny more than he's obliged till the day after to-morrow."

Clarrie stood silently looking at Marina's thin fingers, steadily stitching. A stranger, seeing for the first time that passive silent pale woman, would have found it difficult to picture her as stirred by strong emotion. Clarrie in childish fashion recollected the

preceding evening, and puzzled vaguely over the contrast. Martha meanwhile moved about the room, dusting and putting things in order. She was exceedingly neat in her ways. The old man lay quietly with half-shut eyes, breathing hard in a wearied sort of way, and paying no heed to what went on about him.

A rap at the door called for a sharp "Come in" from Martha. A man entered, fresh-complexioned, and wearing a good-tempered expression.

"Good-morning," he said cheerfully.

"Morning," said Martha curtly.

"I'm come for the rent, missis," he said.

"That's easy guessed," said Martha.

"You're a punctual man."

"Well, I don't wish to be pressing—specially with poor folks like yourselves. But business is business, and I'm a poor man too."

"You don't look as if you'd got to the brink of starvation yet," said Martha.

"Don't want to either—very particular. But it's hand to mouth sort of living, after all. Nine children, and wife ill, and half my lodgers behind with their rent. You're uncommon regular with yours, missis."

"I've got to disappoint you to-day," said Martha. "I'm two and ninepence halfpenny short. Oh yes, we're regular—till now, and that isn't our fault either. It's rent first, and food second. Some folks 'll put the food first and the rent second."

The man looked from her to Keyn without speaking. Martha brought a little brown bag, and counted out the money contained therein,—a half-crown, and a small silver coin or two, and some coppers.

"That's all I've got. When more comes in you'll get the rest. It ain't my will to be behind-hand."

"No, I know that." He took the money, and held it uneasily. "What's wrong with your old man to-day?"

"How should I know? He isn't as he ought to be—that's plain."

"He's not ill, eh?"

"Maybe so—maybe no. He ain't well."

Her curtness baffled the man's kindly-meant questions. A word would have made him return part of the rent for present necessities, but that word Martha was too proud to speak. He hesitated, looked at the money in his hand, glanced dubiously once more at Keyn, said "Good-day," and took himself off. Marina worked on steadily, never lifting her eyes. A few hours more of such perseverance would suffice to complete the task in hand.

There was nothing to be done indoors, and Clarrie felt somewhat at a loss without her usual occupation of following her grandfather. Dry bread formed the mid-day meal,—not too much of that either. Clarrie ate her little share uncomplainingly, and then slipped out of the house for a stroll down to the beach. Sometimes Martha objected to such a proceeding, but this day the move met with no opposition: only Marina whispered; "Come back soon to take the work," and the child answered, "Yes, mother."

Clarrie made her way slowly to the shingles, and there took shelter in the lee of a big boat tilted half over. It had been a rough night, and the waves came rolling up still, large lazy billows, following one upon another and curling over each in turn, with slow dignity.

The waves had always a charm for Clarrie, as for so many people, though she scarcely knew why. Sometimes, in happier days, she had liked to frisk along the foamy margin of the water, picking up bits of sea-weed, and especially delighted when a larger breaker than usual rushed round her ankles, despite her efforts to escape. But Clarrie had grown of late into a care-burdened little woman, and hunger does not bring about a frolicsome mood: so she only lay patiently on the stones, watching wistfully the heaving of the green and brown ocean.

"What a quiet child!" a voice said suddenly. "Such a grave pair of eyes. What are you doing, you funny little mite!"

Clarrie felt anything rather than funny. She raised herself quickly, gazing back at the speaker. There were not so very many cars between them in age,—only some four

or five probably. Clarrie's small figure gave her the appearance of being younger than she really was, but her face might have belonged to almost any period in life.

The two were a contrast. One sat upon the shingle, with her faded though not ragged print frock failing to cover the outstretched little boots, and her old hat falling back upon her shoulders. The other stood, slender and upright, a lady-like girl in neatly fitting brown holland, with a shady hat and a fringed silk parasol. She was not pretty, but her pleasant face bore some promise of becoming pretty in time. Who would have guessed the two to be nearly related? Who would have imagined that the mother of the one was first cousin to the other? Yet so it was—only neither had the faintest suspicion of the fact.

"What are you doing?" asked the young lady again.

"I'm looking at the waves please, Miss," said Clarrie.

"Just what I have been doing," said Minnie Clive. "What do the waves say to you, when they dash and splash like this?"

Clarrie had no answer ready. She was not distinctly conscious of anything that the waves said.

"They speak to me," said Minnie Clive, her eyes suddenly softening and her voice deepening. "Shall I tell you what they say?"

Clarrie was too shy to invite the confidence, but her involuntary glance in the young lady's face was eloquent. Down sat Minnie Clive on the shingle.

"Tell me your name first, little girl."

"Clarrie," was the answer.

"Clarrie! Clara I suppose. Clarrie what? But never mind—Clarrie will do," continued the impulsive girl. "Now Clarrie, I'll tell you what the waves say. They are very grand and powerful and beautiful. But the waves did not make themselves; they were made by God. And I know, when I look on them, that the God who made them so beautiful must be Himself far more beautiful; and the God who made them so powerful and strong must be Himself far more mighty. And then the waves seem to whisper to me that the same God is my Father; and that if

He could make the great ocean, it must be such a little easy thing for Him to take care of *me*. I wonder if you love God, Clarrie."

"He don't take care of us," said Clarrie.

"Doesn't He? How is that? Do you often ask Him?"

Clarrie could not say that she did. Her ideas on such subjects were extremely vague. She offered no reply to the question.

"Now, you mind," said Minnie Clive, "you mind this, Clarrie,—God *does* take care of you. If He did not you could never have lived at all till now. But perhaps He is not taking all the care that He would like to take, just because He wants to make you think about Him and go to Him for whatever you need."

Then there was a pause.

"Are you often down here?" asked Minnie Clive.

"Sometimes," said Clarrie. "When grandfather don't want me."

"Who is your grandfather, and what does he do?"

"He goes about mending umbrellas," said Clarrie. "About in the streets."

"If I break my parasol I shall look out for him," said Minnie playfully. "I must go now, for I see my uncle coming. But I'll meet you here again some day, Clarrie. Mind you listen to what the waves say,—and mind you always ask God for what you want."

Minnie rose and went off, not waiting for a response. Had she waited she would have seen a puzzled look on her companion's face. Clarrie made no attempt to detain her, however, or to seek fuller explanation. She found her feet slowly, and went home,—arriving not too soon.

"So there you are at last. I began to think you'd gone and got into mischief," said Martha. "The work's done, and you might have started before now if you hadn't loitered. Now be sure you take it careful, and don't let it drop in the mud. And you've got to have four and sixpence paid you. Tell Mr. Green we're in need, and hope he won't keep us waiting,—and ask him for more work. And don't you go and lose the money by the way. See you don't. And tell him half the money's due for last time.

Make him understand that, and he'll pay half if he won't pay the whole. Mind you're careful."

Clarrie listened to directions with due attention, and lifted the heavy bundle in her slender arms. Of late, her grandmother's increasing infirmities and her mother's frequent suffering had made it needful that Clarrie should be the messenger on such occasions.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. GREEN.

"Eh? What? Mrs. Bean, did you say? Speak up,—I'm a little hard of hearing. Speak up, my dear," said a very short, very stout, and very red-faced man, owner of a good-sized shop in a certain back street; the windows of the shop being full of cheap ticketed goods. Clarrie had timidly pushed open the swing door, and stood facing him. "Mrs. Bean! Don't know anything about Mrs. Bean. Must be a mistake. No, nor Mrs. Lean either. You'd better go somewhere else."

Clarrie was not startled by this reception, being used to the manner of it. Mr. Green never recognised any face that he had not seen at least a dozen times; and Marina Keyn had worked for him only during a few weeks.

"Mrs. Keyn, please sir," said Clarrie, trying to raise her voice. "And I've brought the skirts home, please,—and, please sir, could mother be paid?"

"Could what?"

"Could mother be paid, please sir, 'cause grandfather is ill and we're run short. Mother is Mrs. Keyn, please sir."

"Keyn! skirts! Oh ah, to be sure. Promised 'em by to-day, eh?"

"No, sir,—by the day after to-morrow."

"Eh? I'm a little deaf," said Mr. Green, putting his ear down.

"She promised them by the day after to-morrow, sir," spoke out the timid little maiden. "But she's got them done, and, please sir, could mother be paid?"

"Ha, ha,—always in a hurry for that," said stout Mr. Green, rubbing his hands together, as if it were not at all a bad joke. "Always

in a hurry for that. But business is business, and agreements are agreements. I always keep mine—always—stick to 'em like a limpet to the rock, and don't budge for anything nor anybody. Day after to-morrow was the time fixed: Day after to-morrow you can come again. Good afternoon."

Clarrie was dismayed. Her heart rose into her throat, and tears filled her eyes. She could only get out one beseeching, "Please!"

"Eh, what? How now! Tears? Why, it isn't the day. An agreement's an agreement," said Mr. Green. "Make a bargain and stick to it. That's *my* rule, and it's a good rule too."

"Please—" said Clarrie, "Please—"

"Hay? Speak up. I'm not the grand Turk,—you're in no danger of being eaten. Everybody's got a right to speak up in this country. Hey? What's it all about?"

"Grandfather 's ill," said Clarrie, dropping two tears "And we haven't got any money at all,—and grandmother can't pay all the rent—"

Mr. Green listened with a touch of impatience. "Yes, yes, yes,—that's always the tale, my dear. Sometimes it's father ill, and sometimes it's mother. Sometimes it's twelve children, and sometimes it's a cripple. I don't know what the world's a coming to: no, that I don't. Well, well, give me your mother's work, and let's see how it's done. Humph,—fair—pretty fair. I've got better hands than she—ever so much better. But she can't help that, of course. She does her best I don't doubt,—always give folks the credit of that, you know. Well, well—well, well—I don't like changing—it isn't my way. Make a rule and stick to it,—that's what I say. But I suppose—just for this once—well, how much is it? Two and threepence, eh? She don't get so much done as many do. Slow hand—very slow. Yes, it was to be two and threepence."

"It's four and sixpence, please sir," said Clarrie. "Mother didn't have the two and threepence last time, 'cause you wasn't here, and they said she was to wait till we brought back these."

"Don't like *that* way of managing. It's worse than any," said Mr. Green, with a

frown, and he walked straight away to the back of the shop, leaving the child standing near the door. Clarrie could hear his voice first asking questions, then giving somebody a sound rating. The "somebody" was invisible, and made no reply. Mr. Green came back, redder in the face than ever.

"There!" he said. "Here's your four and sixpence. And you remember—another time you needn't put off till the next batch of work's done. I don't care who says it,—you needn't put off. Just you wait or call again. There's a penny for your own self, to get lollypops with. Now you go along."

Clarrie's thanks, if subdued in tone, were hearty. "Stop," said Mr. Green, as she was turning away, "don't your mother want some more work?"

Clarrie had actually forgotten. She was soon on her journey homeward, bearing a new bundle about as big as the last. The money had been by Mr. Green's advice packed safely away inside the bundle: so her mind was at rest about it.

But the walk back seemed very long. Clarrie's feet lagged increasingly. She had passed street after street, yet many streets lay before her.

"Knives and scissors to grind? Knives and scissors to grind? Any knives and scissors to grind to-day?"

How sharply and cheerily the sound broke upon her ears. Clarrie lifted her head, and saw the grave man pushing the grinding-machine, and the boy with empty sleeves walking blithely at his side. Somebody at a window signed to them to stop, and a servant came out with knives to be sharpened. The man placed himself in position, and soon a blade was whirring against the rapidly revolving wheel. Clarrie stood listening, on the other side of the way, and suddenly Willie caught sight of her. He was by her side in a moment.

"Why, you're that very same little girl," he cried. "You're Clarrie, ain't you?" Clarrie nodded. "And I've told mother all about you, and she'll like to see you ever so. Why haven't you never been?"

"I haven't been nowhere," said Clarrie. "Only down on the beach. Grandfather can't go out."

"He looked bad that day. I say, you've got a bundle 'most as big as yourself. I wish I had an arm, and I'd help you carry it."

"It's work for mother," said Clarrie.

"You'll come,—eh?" said Willie, looking at her with his bright eyes. "Mother'd like to see you. Mind!"

"I'll come," responded Clarrie.

"What a poor little thin mite of a morsel you are!" said Willie compassionately. "Why, you haven't got no flesh at all on your little bones."

Clarrie was resting her bundle on a step. She felt in no hurry to make a fresh start.

"Willie," she said wistfully, "I'd like to ask you something. Was it God Almighty as made you give us that bread?"

Willie seemed taken aback by the question. He stared hard at Clarrie.

"Grandfather wasn't sure," added Clarrie, and a serious expression came over Willie's face.

"Yes, it *was*," he said with much emphasis.

"If God hadn't made me and mate want to help you, we wouldn't have thought of such a thing—not we."

"Grandmother says nobody cares," remarked Clarrie, reverting to oft-heard words.

"Cares about what?"

"Why, when we're hungry," said Clarrie.

"I suppose mate and I cared," said Willie, with quickness. "And mother always cares. And God cares more than anybody. Don't your grandmother know that?"

Clarrie shook her head.

"Why, one 'ud take her for a born heathen," said Willie.

"What's a heathen?" inquired Clarrie.

"A fellow as prays to wooden idols, 'cause he don't know any better. There's mate a' beckoning to me."

"Grandmother don't pray to wooden idols," said Clarrie. "I don't know what wooden idols are, but she hasn't got none. Only she says nobody cares—and grandfather he says God Almighty won't forsake His creatures."

"Well, your grandfather's got the best of the matter. You come and see mother, and she'll tell you more. I mustn't stop now. Mate wants to go on. Mind you come to mother."

Clarrie watched him bounding away, and resumed her own walk. The little interview had cheered her up, and she felt better able to proceed: but the tired feeling soon came back, and the brief glow gave place to renewed sleepiness. The day was very warm, and the burden in her arms seemed to grow heavier each minute. Clarrie stood still and went on again, stood still and started anew, and finally came to a hopeless pause. Back, arms, and legs were aching past endurance, and her head swam, and her eyes refused to keep open. It was a very quiet side-street through which she was passing, and the temptation to take a little rest proved irresistible.

"Just one moment," pleaded the child to herself. She sat down on the lowest step of a small house, outside the door, placed her bundle on the step above, clasped her arms round it, laid her weary little head upon it, and remembered no more.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DARK WALK.

"Move on," said a policeman's gruff voice.

"What are you doing here? Move on!"

A dazzling flash from the policeman's lantern brought Clarrie with a start to her feet. She was utterly bewildered. How she had come there, and what had brought her into such a position, she had not at the moment the faintest idea. Terror-stricken and quaking she stood before the awful figure of the big policeman. It was almost dark, and the blue glimmer of a star overhead contrasted with the yellow glare of a neighbouring gas-lamp.

"Who are you? What's your name?" asked the man.

Clarrie gathered up all her energies and fled. She had not the faintest doubt that his intention was there and then to haul her off to prison. Like a hunted hare, panting for breath, quivering in every muscle, she rushed wildly through street after street, giving little heed to her course, but instinctively taking the right direction.

More than one policeman tried to stop her, thereby adding to her overpowering alarm:

more than one boy shouted after her, and even gave chase: but her terror-winged steps distanced them all.

Street after street was passed, and she never slackened in her speed. Once she rushed against a stout old gentleman, treading on his gouty toes and almost upsetting his equilibrium. He seized her by the shoulder and gave her a little shake, with an indignant remark about, "these wild girls!" but she broke from him to pursue her way, and two more turns brought her to the court where she lived.

"Clarrie!!" Martha said, as she dashed in. "What on earth have you been after? Some mischief, I'll be bound! What's the matter?"

For Clarrie stood with eyes wide and fixed, her breath coming in hard sobs, each struggling up with pain and difficulty from the little heaving chest. "Why, you've been having a race," said Martha, greatly displeased. "Naughty girl that you are!"

"What has happened, Clarrie?" asked Marina's softer voice.

"O mother! O mother!"

It was all Clarrie could say. Breath served no further, and at that moment a recollection had come to her which filled her with horror. She grew white to the lips, and dire dismay crept into her open eyes.

"O mother!"

Martha went to her side, took her arm, and gave her a shake.

"Now, Clarrie, no nonsense! Have it out this minute. What have you been and done?"

"O mother,—it's gone," said Clarrie, in an agony.

"Not the money!" said Martha, for Marina sat looking, but made no response. "Not the money, Clarrie! You don't mean you've gone and lost that! Speak out this minute, child. Give me the four and sixpence. Do you hear? Give it me, or I'll——"

"It's gone," said Clarrie. "O mother, it's all gone."

Clarrie gasped and struggled for breath to cry in her dire distress, and the sobs came slowly with a grating sound. Marina made one quick movement, as if she would have liked to start forward and defend her child, —only she did not. Martha's face darkened,

and a scowl crept over it. She took Clarrie in both hands, and shook her fiercely.

"You dare, Clarrie! You dare to tell me it's gone! You naughty, wicked, shameful girl you! And we a starving for the want of it. You're a disgrace to your mother and all of us. I've a mind to turn you out of doors, and never set eyes on you again. You naughty, wicked child you!"

The words were uttered in a tremulous passion which lessened their force, but to Clarrie they sounded terrible; and the violent shake accompanying nearly took away all remnants of breath and sense. The moment Martha's hands released her she dropped to the ground, the room and all it contained seeming to whirl and darken. Martha's fury lessened, and Keyn sat up slowly on his bed.

"What are you after with the child, Patty? D'you want to kill her?"

"She ain't in no danger of being killed," said Martha curtly, yet with a touch of shamefacedness. "Get up, Clarrie."

But Clarrie lay still. Martha pulled her up with a jerk, and set her on her feet,—a dazed white child, with fixed eyes and panting breath.

"Now Clarrie, you stand and just listen to me."

A command easy to give but not easy to obey. Clarrie staggered and clutched at the air for support, with a frightened moan of—"O mother!"—and the next instant Marina's arms were folded round her.

"Now, Marrie, I'm not going to have her petted and cosseted for being a naughty girl."

"She can't stand," was Marina's response to this.

"Then you just set her on a chair and let her alone."

Marina found it not possible to obey the injunction. Clarrie broke into a convulsion of childish crying, and clung to her mother with all her force. Martha tried to pull them asunder, but had to give it up. Marina stood quite still with a dewy softness in her large black eyes, as she held the trembling weeping child. Keyn sat looking at them sorrowfully.

"Don't you worry her," he said. "I shouldn't wonder but she couldn't help it.

Things 'll come right somehow. It's no manner of use to fret."

"Clarrie's got to tell us where the money's gone," said Martha. "We're wasting a deal of time, doing nothing. And there's the work too,—why hasn't she brought that?"

"She'll tell now," said Keyn encouragingly. "She'll tell now, like a good girl. Eh, Clarrie?—how was it?"

The facts of the case were not easily obtained. Clarrie could no more cease sobbing than a river can cease flowing, and her recollections were bewildered. She only knew she had had the bundle with the money safely packed inside; and she knew she had been very sleepy, and had sat down just for a moment to rest. The next event of which she had been conscious was the policeman speaking in a gruff voice, and she had run straight home as fast as possible, frightened alike at him and at the darkness. But the thought of the bundle had never occurred to her, until her eyes fell upon her mother's face.

"Was it by you when you woke?" asked Marina.

Clarrie did not know. She had at the moment of awaking utterly forgotten its existence. It might or might not have been.

"Depend upon it, it was stolen while she was asleep," said Martha. "The policeman would have told her to take it along with her if it had been there."

"You're not sure," said Keyn. "She went off so quick,—and he mightn't have seen in the dark."

"I couldn't be more sure," said Martha shortly. But Marina rose, and took down an old bonnet from a peg.

"What are you after now?" asked Martha.

"I'm going to the place, to see for myself. If the bundle is there, it won't be left till the morning."

"It won't be left till now," said Martha. "And you're not fit to walk—more than a baby."

"I'll manage," responded Marina. "Clarrie must tell me where she sat down."

"O mother, I'll come and show you. I'd a deal rather," said Clarrie, fearing indeed to face anew the big policeman, but dreading yet more to be left behind with her grandmother. "I'll show you where it was."

Some demurring took place, and then the two started together. Marina had walked little for years past, partly on account of the suffering involved by her lameness, partly on account of her nervous shrinking from observation. This evening excursion was a great effort to her. She did not limp greatly, but her movements were slow and laboured. Clarrie looked pitifully up from time to time into the patient face by her side, realizing the results of her own heedlessness. The time that it had taken her to rush home was not a quarter of the time that it took them now to walk back to the spot,—but the spot at length was reached.

Martha and Marina's fears proved too true. No bundle, alas, was to be seen.

WAYSIDE CHIMES.

BY THE REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, M.A., VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, HAMPSTEAD.

III. THE PASSION OF JESUS.

THE GARDEN.



RESTLING in agony,
Wrestling alone;
Weary for human love,
Finding none.

While over Olivet
Sleeps the moonlight,
Whose is that broken prayer
Troubling night?

What are those drops of blood
Falling like rain?
Wrung from that heart of Thine,
Man of pain?

Anguish unspeakable
Writ on Thy brow,—
Suppliant Sufferer,
Who art Thou?

Hark, in thy bosom's depths
Speaks He to thee,

"Child of My dying love,
Follow Me.

"Shall I not drink the cup
My Father gave?—
Drink it, when drinking it
Thee will save?

"Buffeted, spitted on,
Loaded with scorn,
Smitten, scourged, purple-robed,
Crowned with thorns:

"Onward to Golgotha;
There I must die;
All for the love of thee:
It is I."

THE SEVEN WORDS UPON THE CROSS.

NAILLED to the bitter wood;
Never a groan:
Bearing our guilt and sin,
Not His own.

Sun of my soul, canst Thou
Suffer eclipse?
What words are those from Thy
Quivering lips?

"Father, forgive them," the
Crucified prays:
And Him the Father hears—
Hears always.

Listen, the dying thief
For mercy sighs:
Calmly He promises
Paradise.

Two from His pierced feet
Cannot depart—
Listen, He speaks and knits
Heart to heart.

Darkness wraps earth and sky:
Night at midday:
Moments like centuries
Pass away.

Hark, through the gloom is heard
One dreadful cry—
"Thou hast forsaken Me,
Father, why?"

Oh that abandonment!
Oh death accursed!
What means that plaint of woe—
That "I thirst"?

Hark, "It is finished." Thy
Warfare is done;
Death and hell grappled with;
Victory won.

"Father, I breathe to Thee
That Thou hast given."
Now is there peace betwixt
Earth and heaven.

THE APPEAL.

"CHILD of My agonies,
Bought with My blood,
Ransomed from Satan's thrall,
Saved for God;

"Come to Me, weary one,
Come to My breast:
Here in My bleeding wounds
Hide and rest.

"Come to My Father's feet,
Come without fear:—
I am thy Advocate,
Always near.

"Drink of the Spirit's grace,
All things are thine:
I am thy heritage,
Thou art Mine."

THE RESPONSE.

YEA, Lord, I give myself
Wholly to Thee:
Only Thy priceless love
Give Thou me.

All I have, all I am,
Body and soul,
Nothing refuse I Thee;
Take the whole.

Only abide with me,
Lord, to the end;
Jesus, Emmanuel,
Saviour, Friend.

And when Thy time is come,
Let me adore
Thee in Thy home of light
Evermore.

"Have we Repented?" A Question for Lent.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME,"
"THE BEST WISH," ETC.



If we have repented, our approach to God has been characterized by FAITH IN HIS BEING.

We have come to God, believing that He is (Heb. xi. 6). The man who has not repented, may kneel in God's presence and exclaim, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" but "God is not in all his thoughts." It is easy to feel the influence of the eye of man resting upon us; but it requires an act of faith, spiritual faith, to realize the existence of God—the simple truth, "Thou art." It is easy to say, "I believe in God." Thousands of unbelievers say this. And the formality of the profession is evident, because they never repent. The true penitent acts under the conviction, "Thou God seest me."

If we have repented, our confessions of sin have been TRUTHFUL.

We have felt that we were dealing with an Omniscient Spirit, "from whom no secrets are hid." We have desired to make no reservation. This is not natural. Man labours to hide himself from his brother man. He labours to hide himself from himself. Greater still is his folly: he whispers to his troubled conscience, "God hath forgotten; He hideth His Face; He will never see it." Our first parents "hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God;" and when summoned from their hiding-place, they feared to make a full confession. This was natural to man fallen. It is natural still. But the lip that Grace hath touched with a live coal from the altar where the Great High Priest has made an all-sufficient Atonement will not shrink from unfolding the history of every secret sin.

If we have repented, we have HUMBLLED ourselves before God.

Truthful confession cannot but be accompanied with humility. Thoughts of vanity, pride, and self-sufficiency, indicate ignorance, at least, of our real character. Did man know himself, he would, like Job, "abhor himself, and repent in dust and ashes;" like Isaiah, he would exclaim, "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips: . . . for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts." It is the spiritual eye alone that can see "the King, the Lord of Hosts;" and he who sees will contend with Paul for the right he claimed to describe himself as "the chief of sinners."

But especially, if we have repented, our earnest plea has been for MERCY—MERCY FOR MERCY'S SAKE.

This was emphatically the plea of the Prodigal Son in the Parable. "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

Repentance has its progressive stages. In its first stage the penitent is always at a loss to understand how the free, sovereign grace of God pardons sin "without money and without price." He is strongly disposed to the doctrine of Penance. Coming to himself in the far country, he is prone to regard the Gospel invitation as a call from God to consult about coming to terms,—terms on which pardon may be hoped for,—whereas the terms are already settled. His language is, "Am I not to repent *before* I approach my heavenly Father, in the Name of Christ? Am I not to prepare myself for coming? Am I not to weep more, and feel more, and lie a little lower and longer in the dust?"

This experience the Prodigal shared. He resolved before he set out on his journey home to entreat his father to make him as one of his "hired servants." He felt that was all he was justified in expecting even from his father. Between hope and fear he travelled on till the meeting took place. "His father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." Now it was, when the warm heart of the father was throbbing against the penitent heart of the son,—when child and parent were locked in mutual embrace,—the meditated confession, the sorrow for sin which had been welling up from the depths of his soul all the way home, found utterance. We notice the omission of the clause, which doubt and misgiving had induced him to frame,—*"Make me as one of thy hired servants."* This could form no part of a plea for Mercy for Mercy's sake, addressed to one who had given such proofs that he delighted in mercy. Forgiveness is sealed without a moment's delay; all the forfeited privileges of sonship are restored; and now we behold Repentance in its last stage, manifesting itself as *sorrow for sin pardoned*. With tenfold meaning attaching to the words, the Prodigal pours forth his whole soul in the touching accents, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

The "earthly story" should guard every spiritual prodigal against resting in the first stage of Repentance. We are to expect the pardon of sin, not as the reward of Merit, not as the result of Discipline, but simply as the act of MERCY. Mercy is the door through which the penitent must pass. God's great act of Mercy, in the gift of His dear Son, has thrown open the door. The door was shut. "Cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way, kept the way of the tree of life" (Gen. iii. 24). No man could open the

door. No claim to enter could be established. Grace hath overcome the difficulty. Grace points the sinner to Jesus, "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," through whom "access" may be found to the Father. Grace proclaims a new commandment,—*"This is His commandment, That we should believe on the Name of His Son Jesus Christ"* (1 St. John iii. 23). Blessed are they that do this commandment; they have "right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city" (Rev. xxii. 14). Grace meets every fear with a "Fear not!" Grace tells us all things are FOR us—an Almighty Father, an Almighty Saviour, an Almighty Spirit! Cleaving to the Cross of Christ, the sinner looks to the mercy-seat; and Mercy descends to meet him, with the gracious words upon her lips, "As many as received Him, to them gave He power,"—right, privilege,—*"to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His Name"* (St. John i. 12). "Beloved, now are we the sons of God."

"The Sons of God!" This is the privilege of the pardoned penitent, who pleads for "Mercy for Mercy's sake." Is it not a marvel of Grace? When the Danish missionaries in India were translating a Catechism, with some of the converted natives by their side, they came to a part where it was spoken of as the privilege of Christians to be made the sons of God. One of the natives, startled at so bold a saying, as he thought it, exclaimed earnestly:—"It is too much,—let us rather translate it, '*They shall be permitted to kiss His feet.*'" Truly it is wonderful. Angels may well desire to look into these things. But not more wonderful than true! The earthly story evidently bears this heavenly spiritual meaning. The parent, who has been injured and grieved by an erring child, finds no difficulty, no hindrance, to prevent a full and free pardon and restoration of his penitent offspring to his affec-

tions. He rejoices to make it known. So, if we draw near the mercy-seat of our Heavenly Father, all things will plead for us. If, with a lively faith in Christ's merits, we ask for "Mercy for Mercy's sake," a witness we cannot doubt, the witness of the Spirit of God, bearing witness with our spirits, that we are the children of God, will assure us our sins, which are many, are all forgiven, and in realizing this assurance love will be kindled, whilst Repentance will be deepened.

Bunyan tells of his Pilgrim, when he lost his burden at the Cross, "He looked and looked again, even till the springs that were in his head sent the waters down his cheeks." This is Repentance: tears of joy:—"as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing:"—the spirit filled with pleasing grief and

mournful joy. Repentance itself becomes a privilege. It is a holy sorrow: and since holiness is another word for happiness, it is a holy joy. It is a holy sorrow, because the sin we lament and condemn has been *our own*. It is a holy joy, because the sin has been *pardoned*.

"I shall not live long in the world," said an aged saint of God, "and I am preparing to bid adieu to many things I like, and to many persons whom I love: but there is one thing to which I must bid adieu in the world, to which my heart clings, and to part with it will cause me as deep, perhaps a deeper sorrow, than anything else I can experience: and that is, to bid an eternal adieu to *sweet and blessed Penitence!*"

Let our question for Lent be this, "*Have we Repented?*"



Our Church Portrait Gallery.

THE Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Fraser, is one of the most active and energetic members of the Episcopal bench. He has an appetite for hard work which never seems satisfied, even in a diocese which includes one of the busiest and most crowded centres of English commercial life.

The Bishop was born at Prestbury, near Cheltenham, in 1818, and educated at Shrewsbury. He gained a fellowship at Oxford, and remained there till 1847, when he became rector of the small parish of Cholderton, Wiltshire. After thirteen years he went to Upton Nervet, Berkshire, another small village. During these years of rural life he took great interest in educational questions, acted as a commissioner, and exercised considerable influence on the Government measures adopted. In 1870 he was made Bishop of Manchester; and during the ten years since that date he has consecrated nearly ninety churches, ordained 300 clergymen, and confirmed more than 100,000 catechumens.

An item of autobiography fell from the Bishop in a recent speech, which will interest our readers. The Bishop said that his father, who was a man of active mind, had invested his means in iron and stone mining in the Forest of Dean district; but most of what he had was lost, and he died soon afterwards leaving a family of seven. At this period he (the speaker) was fourteen years of age. His mother was a woman of sound sense, and one who would do anything for her children. She said: "I cannot give these lads of mine a large fortune; but, by denying myself a bit and living quietly, I can give them all a good education." She did so, and he did not understand how she managed it. By God's providence, he had that mother still spared to him. She was now paralysed, speechless, and helpless, but every day when he went into her room and looked on her sweet face, he thought gratefully of all he owed to her, of what he was, and of what he had been enabled to do."

The Rev. John Edward Blakeney, D.D., was ordained in 1849 by the Bishop of Ripon. After three years work in the neighbourhood of Bradford, he removed to Christ Church,

Cloughton. His labours here were widely appreciated, and in 1860, when he became incumbent of St. Paul's, Sheffield, he was presented with valuable testimonials in recognition of "his soundness in the faith, his ability as a preacher, his activity as a pastor, his kindness to the poor and young, and his sincerity as a friend."

For nearly seventeen years Mr. Blakeney worked with great zeal in St. Paul's Parish, freeing the church from debt, thoroughly restoring the building, and organizing various meetings and agencies for the purpose of influencing the people. The handsome schools and club-rooms, erected at a cost of about £5000, without a grant from any Society, formed a noble result of his activity.

In 1877, upon the elevation of Dr. Rowley Hill to the see of Sodor and Man, Dr. Blakeney was promoted to the vicarage of Sheffield. The appointment gave great satisfaction to his townsmen, who showed their gratification in a very substantial manner. Dr. Blakeney is an Hon. Canon of York, and also holds the office of Rural Dean. It is worthy of note that during his ministry at St. Paul's he raised upwards of £27,000 for various parochial objects.

The Dean of Ripon, the Very Rev. W. R. Fremantle, D.D., was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, where he gained a fellowship in 1831. After spending a few years at Swanbourne, Pitchcott, and Godalming, he took charge of West Street Chapel, in the Seven Dials, London, where he worked with intense ardour among the poorest of the poor. In 1841 he was appointed Rector of

Middle and East Claydon, and some time afterwards became an Honorary Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, and Rural Dean, in which capacities he exercised an important influence. The Church Missionary Society, the Bible Society, and the Jews' Society, found in Canon Fremantle a warm supporter, and he has frequently visited different parts of the country to advocate their claims. He is an eloquent preacher and speaker.

In 1876 he was promoted to the Deanery of Ripon, where his energetic labours have won the affection of all with whom he has been brought into contact. Dr. Fremantle has published several works, the best known of which are "Memoirs of Spencer Thornton," "Eastern Churches," and "From Athens to Rome."

The Rev. Henry Baker Tristram, LL.D., F.R.S., Canon of Durham, is the author of several deeply interesting volumes on the manners and customs of Bible lands. He is an ardent student of natural history, and has done much to popularise the science. His "Natural History of the Bible," "Bible Places; or, The Topography of the Holy Land," "Land of Israel," and "Winter Ride in Palestine," are the fruit of his repeated journeys in the Holy Land. But Canon Tristram is not only a distinguished author. He is also a zealous worker in the diocese of Durham, where he holds the offices of Rural Dean and Secretary of the Church Missionary Society: and it should be added that he has materially promoted the interests and prosperity of Durham College, in which he takes the deepest interest.

The Bible.



HERE are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion; no orations equal to those of the prophets; and no politics like those which the Scriptures teach.—*Milton*.

Trust and Obedience.



WHEN we cannot see our way,
Let us trust and still obey;
He Who bids us forward go,
Will not fail the way to show.

Look for the Sunlight.



YOU will excuse me, if I ask you to look out for the sunlight the Lord sends into your days," said a deep thinker; and very needful is the precept. We are so apt to note the dark days, rather than those more common days of sunshine. And it is one of the distinguishing characteristics of a Christian that he abounds in *thanksgivings*.



**RIGHT REV. DR. JAMES FRASER,
BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.**



**THE REV. CANON BLAKENEY, D.D.,
VICAR OF SHEFFIELD.**



**THE VERY REV. W. R. FREMANTLE, D.D.
DEAN OF RIPON.**



**THE REV. H. B. TRISTRAM, LL.D., F.R.S.,
CANON OF DURHAM.**

From Photographs by E. A. Walker, Regent Street.

OUR CHURCH PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Thomas Cooper :

FROM SCEPTICISM TO CHRISTIANITY: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.



CHAPTER III.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

HILE toiling at the "art, craft, and mystery of shoemaking," Thomas Cooper began in earnest that intellectual life which finds solace in books: and his experience shows how much enjoyment the humblest artisan may command by simply substituting pleasures which are refined and economical for those which are gross and costly. "To the end of my short shoemaker's life, I could never earn more than about ten shillings weekly," he tells us. "But what glorious years were those years of self-denial and earnest mental toil, from the age of nearly nineteen to nearly three-and-twenty, that I sat and worked in that corner of my poor mother's lowly home! How I wish I could begin life anew, just at the end of them, and spend the after years more wisely!"

When he had discovered that knowledge is power, there was some danger of his gaining mental strength on the one hand while he degenerated into a mere worshipper of intellect on the other. He became acquainted with a young man whose tastes were similar to his own, and the two devoted all the time they could secure to literary studies. To his rustic neighbours Mr. Cooper now presented a singular spectacle. They thought, with some reason, that a youth who earned less than two shillings a day at making shoes should talk like other shoemakers; but the speech of their strange neighbour was in accordance with the standard rules of pronunciation. He went straight forward, however, without regarding the criticisms of those who failed to understand him.

His energy and determination in the pursuit of knowledge became truly extraordinary. He had read in *Drew's Imperial Magazine* an account of the life of Dr. Samuel Lee, Pro-

fessor of Hebrew in the University of Cambridge, and a scholar, it was said, in more than a dozen languages. Lee had been apprenticed to a carpenter at eleven years old, had bought Buddiman's "Latin Rudiments" on an old bookstall for a trifle, and learnt the whole book by heart. He had stepped on, from "Corderius's Colloquies" to Cæsar, and from Cæsar to Virgil; and had learnt to read Greek, Hebrew, and Syriac, all from self-tuition, by the time he was five or six-and-twenty. Yet he was ignorant of English grammar and arithmetic!

"I said in my heart, 'If one man can teach himself a language, another can.' I thought it possible that by the time I reached the age of twenty-four I might be able to master the elements of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French; might get well through Euclid, and through a course of algebra; might commit the entire 'Paradise Lost,' and seven of the best plays of Shakspeare, to memory: and might read a large and solid course of history and of religious evidences; and be well acquainted also with the current literature of the day."

He began to carry out his resolves: Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and French grammars were alike mainly committed to memory. At breakfast and dinner his eyes were always on a book; and during work he was repeating audibly declensions and conjugations, rules of syntax, or propositions of Euclid. He thoroughly mastered Cæsar "*De Bello Gallico*." "I found myself able to read page after page, with scarcely more than a glance, now and then, at the dictionary. I remember well my first triumphant feeling of this kind. I sat on Pingle Hill; it was about five in the morning; the sun shone brightly; and as I lifted my eyes from the classic page of the great conqueror of the Gauls and Helvetians, and they fell on the mouldering pile called the 'Old Hall'—part of which had been a stronghold of John of Gaunt, and of one of the barons in the reign of Stephen—I said to



THE STORY OF THE MONTH.



MARCH, dedicated by Romulus to *Mars*, the fabulous god of war, was the first month of the Roman year, which had at first but ten months. Numa, the second Roman king, added January and February to the calendar, thus

making twelve.

March has been well described as Nature's Old Forester, going through the woods and dotting the trees with green, to mark out the spots where the future leaves are to be hung. The days are lengthening, and the cottagers begin to talk about the healthy look of the up-coming peas, and the promise of a dish of early spinach.

Violets impregnate the March winds with their fragrance; and but for thus betraying themselves, the places where they nestle together would not always be found. The flowers of grace in "the

garden of the Lord" are always retiring; but their sweetness, like the Saviour's presence, "cannot be hid." Daisies are also now in bloom. "The daisy is such a wanderer," says a quaint old writer, "that it must have been one of the first flowers that strayed and grew outside the garden of Eden." Great was Chaucer's love for these little "stars of the earth." He tells us how he rose early in the morning, and went out again in the evening, to see the "day's eye" open and shut, and that he often lay down on his side to watch it unfold. To him too it spake of the great Easter festival, and he penned some sweet thoughts suggested by the daisy's "resurrection."

Among our Saxon forefathers, March bore the name of *Lenet-monat*,—that is, length-month,—in reference to the lengthening of the day at this season,—the origin also of the term Lent.

C. A. H. B.

myself, 'I have made a greater conquest, without the aid of a living teacher, than the proudest warrior ever made—for I have conquered and entered into the possession of a new mind.' And *that* seems to me the truest expression, when you find you can read a language you could not read before."

Virgil's "Æneid" followed; Euclid, and historical and other reading, affording change, but no rest. The standard poets were almost committed to memory, and the list of books read is perfectly startling. "I said to myself daily, 'I am educating my ear and my mind. and I shall be ripe for my true work in time.'"



Fables for YOU.

BY ELEANOR B. PROSSER.

V. COUNT THE COST.



"**WEEP,**" said Bustle, a lively terrier, to a handsome black retriever who lived next door; "I wish you'd do me a favour. I'll do as much for you when you want it."

"All right," said Sweep; "what is it?"

"Well," said Bustle, "I made a little mistake yesterday—quite an accident, you understand—and ate my week's supper all

at once. It wasn't my fault; Cock left it on the sink, and of course I thought it was meant for one meal; but she was as cross as a bear when she found it out, and declared I should go without for the rest of the week."

"That's awkward," said Sweep; "this is only Tuesday."

"Exactly so," said Bustle. "Of course it's out of the question that I can starve for four days; but she's as obstinate as a mule, and when she says a thing, she'll

stick to it. So, as my principles won't allow me to steal, I want you to lend me a bone or two to-day, and I'll pay you back next week."

"Ah!" said Sweep thoughtfully, "and how shall you manage for the next four days?"

"Oh, I haven't thought about that yet," said Bustle.

"Just so," said Sweep; "but I'm sure you'll agree with me, my boy, that it's a pity you *didn't* think about it a little sooner. I'm very sorry for you—very; but you

see, if I lent you a few bones to-day, you'd be just as badly off to-morrow, and I couldn't possibly do it again."

"No, I suppose not," said Bustle doubtfully.

"And I think," said Sweep, as he turned towards his kennel, "that perhaps you'll be less likely to repeat that little mistake you spoke of if you suffer for it this time, my dear boy; I never did like a 'feast and a fast' myself, and I don't think you'll be disposed to try it again."

The Ploughman.

(See Illustration, Page 70.)



HERE'S high and low, there's
rich and poor,
There's trades and crafts
enow, man,

But east and west, his trade's the best,
That kens to guide the plough, man.

Then, come, well speed, my plough-
man lad,

And hey my merry ploughman;
Of all the trades that I do ken,
Commend me to the ploughman.

His dreams are sweet upon his bed,
His cares are light and few, man;

His mother's blessing's on his head,
That tends her well, the ploughman.

The lark so sweet, that starts to meet
The morning fresh and new, man;
Blithe though she be, as blithe is he
That sings as sweet, the ploughman.

All fresh and gay, at dawn of day
Their labours they renew, man;
God bless the seed, and bless the soil,
And prosper, aye, the ploughman.
Then, come, well speed, etc.
BARONESS NAIRNE.

England's Church.

NOTES AND TESTIMONIES

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

IV. ENGLAND'S PRAYER-BOOK.

ROBERT HALL'S testimony to the value of the Prayer-Book is well known. The following testimony, borne by the Rev. W. Kirkus, LL.B., Principal of the Independent College at Hackney, is equally clear and decided.

"There is no book, excepting the Bible, from which I have derived so much benefit as from the Book of Common Prayer. It seems to me, perhaps, the very gravest of the misfortunes almost inseparable from

my position as a Dissenter, that I am unable to make constant use of it in public worship. Yet perhaps this misfortune should hardly be called inseparable from the position of a Dissenter. The Book of Common Prayer belongs to every Englishman. It is still the test of orthodoxy; and has done more than any other book to preserve the majority of sober-minded men from infidelity on the one hand, and fanaticism on the other."



THE PLOUGHMAN.

All fresh and gay, at dawn of day
Their labours they renew, man;

God bless the seed, and bless the soil,
And prosper, ay, the ploughman.

[See page 66.]

The Young Folks' Page.

VIII. BEGIN AS SAMUEL BEGAN.



BEGIN young, begin fair. I know very well that the greatest sinners may be saved when they are old; but oh, how many drawbacks they have. I am sure that those who have had the happiest and most fruitful lives usually began the

service of Christ betimes, like Samuel. A postmaster told me lately that he could send a telegraphic message by taking time, but that he could never learn to receive one quickly enough. Only those who learn the art in youth can learn it well. And the Christian service is like the telegraphic service. The highest success belongs only to those who begin as Samuel began. They are seven times blessed whose hearts in youth and always reply to the speaking God:—"Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

"O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy Word;
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart that waits,
Where in Thy house Thou art,
Or watches at Thy gates;
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet un murmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death:
That I may read, with child-like eyes,
Truths that are hidden from the wise."
—REV. J. WELLS.

IX. THE "CHICHESTER" BOYS.

THE *Chichester* is one of the training ships for poor lads, who are intended to serve in the mercantile marine. The Earl of Shaftesbury is a chief supporter of these training ships, and is beloved by all the boys. Not long

since, speaking in the House of Lords, the noble Earl said:—

"A short time ago the master of a vessel came to report to the office of the Society interested in these ships. The Committee, he said, ought to know the character of the lads sent out from the *Chichester*. 'He was,' he said, 'off the Cape in a terrible gale of wind. The crew were at their wits' end, and were thoroughly demoralised. He feared much to leave the helm; but it was necessary: so helpless were the men. He called to a 'Chichester' lad—a boy of sixteen—and gave him the rudder; and, by God's blessing,' said he, 'that boy brought us through.' What more could be wanted? That lad was born in the gutter. What could he have done more, had he been born in the Mansion House?"

X. THE GIFT OF GRATITUDE.

A FRIEND of poor children lately died in America. On the day of his death a little Italian flower girl brought him her offering of grateful love: it was the finest flower in her basket. A sweeter smelling flower earth had not for him: it was a part of the promised blessing for the bed of languishing of him who considereth the poor. That flower was worth more than all that genius and wealth could have given to the dying man.

XI. ANGELS' WORK.

CHILDREN often sing, "I would I were an angel." Well, it is a part of angels' work to cheer and save the outcast.

"For men on earth no work can be
More angel-like than this."

XII. JOSEPH'S RELIGION.

JOSEPH's religion overcame all obstacles because there was real life in it. The other day I slackened my step opposite a garden to notice the crocuses raising their slender heads amid the heavy gravel on the walk. The tender plants, having real life, forced their way through the hard earth and conquered the very stones. So the heavenly plant of Joseph's piety displayed all its beauty and gave out its sweet odours in the wicked palaces of Potiphar and Pharaoh.

The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.,

FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER; EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," ETC.

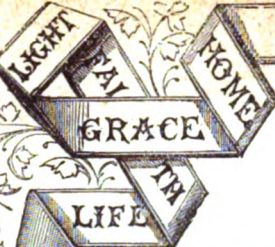
BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. NAME a prophet who was stoned to death.
2. What city is called in several places "The city of palm-trees"?
3. Where do we find the first mention of the art of spinning and weaving?
4. Where is David called "the sweet Psalmist of Israel"?
5. What were the words especially enjoined to be written on the door-posts by the Israelites?
6. What tree did our Lord name as a sign of the approach of summer?
7. How did St. Paul inculcate industry?

8. Prove from our Lord's words the importance of little things.
9. What two miracles were performed to pay a debt?
10. Can you prove that St. Paul had visited Philippi when he wrote the Epistle to the Philippians?
11. What prayer sets forth the safest and happiest circumstances of life?

ANSWERS (See FEBRUARY No., page 47).

- I. Isaiah iii. 18-24. II. 1 Cor. xii. 31. III. Issachar (1 Chron. xii. 32.) IV. Ezra (Neh. viii. 4.) V. Matt. xiii. 58; xvii. 20. VI. Her song, called *The Magnificat*, contains many references to the Scriptures (see Luke l. 46; 1 Sam. ii. 1-10; Gen. xxx. 18; Ps. ciii. 1; xcvi. 1; lxxxix. 10). VII. Jubal (Gen. iv. 21). VIII. Six: Eve, Adam, Zillah, Sarah, Hagar, Milcah. IX. Acts i. 14. X. Judges v. 30.



ALL HAVE SINNED.



There
shall be a fountain
opened . . . for sin. Zech. xiii. 1.

Thou
hast healed me.
Ps. xxi. 2.

1	Tu	All unrighteousness is sin. 1 Jn. v. 17. [Hos. xiv. 4.
2	W	FIRST DAY OF LENT. I will heal their backsliding.
3	Th	Death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.
4	F	Whatsoever is not of faith is sin. Rom. xiv. 23.
5	S	The thought of foolishness is sin. Prov. xxiv. 9.
6	S	1st S. in Lent. Sin is the transgression of the Law.
7	M	The righteous God trieth the hearts. Ps. vii. 9. [v. 12.
8	Tu	Sin entered into the world, and death by sin. Rom.

9	W	The soul that sinneth, it shall die. Ezek. xviii. 4.
10	Th	The sting of death is sin. 1 Cor. xv. 56. [Isa. i. 5.
11	F	The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint.
12	S	Thou hast destroyed thyself. Hosea xiii. 9.
13	S	2nd S. in Lent. The wages of sin is death. Rom. vi.
14	M	Woe unto us, that we have sinned! Lam. v. 16. [23.
15	Tu	If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves.
16	W	All we like sheep have gone astray. Isa. liii. 6.

I
HAVE GONE
ASTRAY LIKE A LOST

Christ
died for the ungodly.
Rom. v. 6.

SHEEP.
Ps. cxix. 176.

I thank
God through
Jesus Christ, our Lord. Rom.
vii. 25.

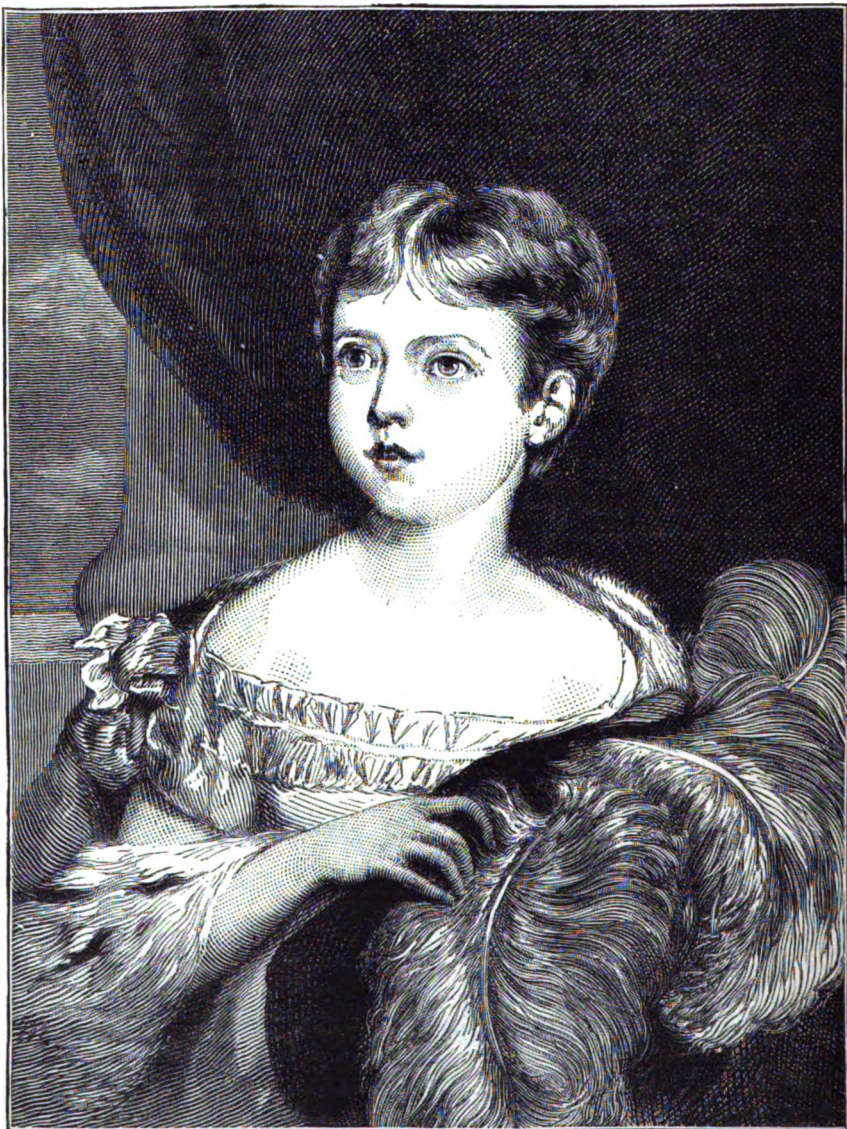
17	Th	We have turned every one to his own way. Isa. liiii. 6.
18	F	We are all as an unclean thing. Isa. lxiv. 6. [xiv. 3.
19	S	There is none that doeth good, no, not one. Ps.
20	S	3rd S. in Lent. All have sinned. Rom. iii. 23.
21	M	All the world . . . guilty before God. Rom. iii. 19.
22	Tu	In me (that is, in my flesh,) dwelleth no good thing.
23	W	I am a sinful man, O Lord. Luke v. 8. [Rom. vii. 18.
24	Th	How should man be just with God? Job ix. 2.

25	F	ANN. V. MARY. LADY DAY. Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned. Ps. li. 4. [Job xiv. 4.
26	S	Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean?
27	S	4th S. in Lent. Father, I have sinned. Luke xv. 21.
28	M	God be merciful to me a sinner. Luke xviii. 13.
29	Tu	We have redemption through His blood. Eph. i. 7.
30	W	I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord.
31	Th	Cleanse Thou me from secret faults. Ps. xix. 12.

I KNOW the crimson stain of sin,
Defiling all, without, within;
But now rejoicingly I know
That He has washed it white as snow:
I praise Him for the cleansing tide,
Because I know that Jesus died.

I know the helpless, hopeless plaint,
"The whole head sick, the whole heart faint;"
But now I trust His touch of grace,
That meets so perfectly my case:
So tenderly, so truly deals!
Because I know that Jesus heals.—F. R. H.

Conviction of Sin.—"Shrink not from the convincing work of the Spirit, humbling you in the dust of self-abasement for sins in thought, in word, and deed—sins more in number than the hairs of your head: and you will not long be a stranger to the testifying work of the Spirit, 'taking of the things of Christ' and 'showing them to you;' till at length He bears witness with your spirit that you are, in the sweet sense of adopting grace, reconciled to God—your place of privilege the child's place, crying 'Abba Father.'"—The Forgotten Truth.



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AT THE AGE OF TEN.

BY PERMISSION, FROM THE PICTURE BY WM. FOWLER.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

"Exult, O Bright Heaven!"

AN EASTER SONG.

(A HYMN OF THE 13TH CENTURY, TRANSLATED BY THE REV. A. R. THOMPSON, D.D.)



EXULT, O bright heaven,
Laugh, dewy-lipped air,
From morn until even
Be joy everywhere!

Where swept the dark tempest
Stands up the tall palm,
And steals through its fair crest
A radiance calm.

Come forth, O sweet spring-tide,
Come forth, ye fair flowers;
On every bright hillside
Be beautiful bowers,—

Blue violets tender
With red roses bold,
And white lilies slender
Amid marigold.

Exult, O ye mountains;
Ye valleys, reply;
Ring back, hills and fountains,
The jubilant cry.
All hail! He is Risen,
And comes as He said,
Triumphant from prison,
Alive from the dead.

Royalty at Home.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from page 5.)

II. THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.—A PICTURE AT KENSINGTON.—"I WILL BE GOOD."—
BEGINNING TO REIGN.



PERHAPS before we tell our readers something about the early life of the Prince of Wales and the Princess Royal, it may be as well to say a few words about the early life of our be-

loved Queen.

Queen Victoria was born in the year 1819, in the month of May, the only child

of George III.'s fourth son, the Duke of Kent. Prince Albert was born in August of the same year. We read in Her Majesty's own journal (June 23rd, 1840), that the Prince, "when he was a child of three years old, was told by his nurse that he should marry the Queen, and that when he first thought of marrying at all, he always thought of her." Side by side with this entry, we may place the simple and touching

words in which the Duchess of Coburg wrote to the Duchess of Kent about England's little "blossom of May":—

"The rays of the sun are scorching at the height to which she may one day attain. It is only by the blessing of God that all the fine qualities He has put into her soul can be kept pure and untarnished. May God bless and protect our little darling."

Now let me give you a word-picture of the Princess Victoria at about the age of nine. It is drawn by the pen of Charles Knight, who did very much to help forward the education of the people at that time by his numerous publications. In his *Passages of a Working Life*, he says:—

"In the early morning, when the sun was scarcely high enough to have dried up the dews of Kensington's green alleys, as I passed along the broad central walk, I saw a group on the lawn before the palace, which, to my mind, was a vision of exquisite loveliness.

"The Duchess of Kent, and her daughter, whose years then numbered nine, are breakfasting in the open air—a single page attending upon them at a respectful distance—the matron looking on with eyes of love, whilst the 'fair, soft English face' is bright with smiles. The world of fashion is not yet astir. Clerks and mechanics, passing onward to their occupation, are few; and they exhibit nothing of that vulgar curiosity which I think is more commonly found in the class of the merely rich than in the ranks below them in the world's estimation.

"What a beautiful characteristic it seemed to me of the training of this Royal girl, that she should not have been taught to shrink from the public eye—that she should not have been burdened with a premature conception of her probable high destiny—that she should enjoy the freedom and simplicity of a child's nature—that she should not be restrained when she

starts up from the breakfast-table and runs to gather a flower in the adjoining parterre—that her merry laugh should be as fearless as the notes of the thrush in the groves around her.

"I passed on and blessed her; and I thank God that I have lived to see the golden fruits of such training."

About three years later it was thought well that the Princess should be told that by-and-by she would probably be the Queen of England. Her governess, in a letter addressed to the Queen herself, tells how this was done:—

"I said to the Duchess of Kent that your Majesty ought to know your place in the succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Mr. Davys (the Queen's instructor, afterward Bishop of Peterborough) was gone, the Princess Victoria opened, as usual, the book again, and seeing the additional paper, said, 'I never saw that before.' 'It was not thought necessary you should, Princess,' I answered. 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, madam,' I said. After some moments the Princess resumed: 'Now, many a child would boast; but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendour, but there is more responsibility.' The Princess, having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying, 'I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn even Latin. My cousins Augusta and Mary never did; but you told me Latin is the foundation of English grammar, and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished; but I understand all better now;' and the Princess gave me her hand, repeating, 'I will be good!'"

The Princess could certainly have said nothing more becoming; and when we read that on the margin of this letter written by her governess, the Queen wrote,

"I cried much on learning it," we may well regard the touching incident as no uncertain promise of the position Her Majesty has ever held in the hearts of her loyal and devoted subjects.

One more picture presents the Queen receiving the announcement of her succession to the throne. William IV. expired about midnight, at Windsor Castle. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with other peers and high functionaries of the kingdom, were in attendance. As soon as the "sceptre had departed" with the last breath of the King, the Archbishop quitted Windsor Castle, and made his way, with all possible speed, to Kensington Palace, the residence at the time of the Princess, already, by the law of succession, Queen Victoria. He arrived very early, announced himself, and requested an immediate interview with the Princess.

She hastily attired herself, and met the venerable Primate in her ante-room. He informed her of the demise of King William IV., and formally announced to her that she was, in law and right, successor to the deceased monarch.

The sovereignty of the most powerful nation of the earth lay at the feet of a girl of eighteen. She was Queen of the only realm, in fact, of history, "on which the sun never sets." She was deeply agitated at the "formidable announcement, so fraught with blessings or calamity." The first words she was able to utter were these:—"I ask your prayers in my behalf."

They knelt down together; and Victoria inaugurated her reign, like the young king of Israel in the olden time, by asking from the Most High, who ruleth in the kingdoms of men, "an understanding heart to judge so great a people."

Old Umbrellas; or, Nobody Cares.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE UPWARD GAZE," "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM," "SUN, MOON, AND STARS," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

MINNIE CLIVE AGAIN.



MARINA did not give up hastily. She rang at the house-door, late though it was, and asked whether anything had been seen of a bundle of work lying on the steps. The servant was civil but could give no information. "Children had no business to sit on the steps at all," she said. "It was a great annoyance. If she had seen the child, she would have woke her up and sent her away, but she had been busy in the back of the house. No doubt the bundle had been stolen."

Marina felt that there was indeed no doubt. Meeting a policeman at the end of the street, she spoke to him,—Clarrie shrinking behind her in fear. But it was not the same man who

had aroused Clarrie; and though he promised to make inquiries, he could give little hope that the lost bundle would ever be found again.

"There's nothing more to be done. We must go home," said Marina.

They meant to take the shortest cut, but the next street proved crowded and noisy. Marina, scarcely less timid than her little companion, could not resolve to pass through it. She turned down towards the Parade, and presently they found themselves there, walking along the pavement close to the houses, with the dark heaving sea on their left showing beyond the rows of lamps.

"I can't think what ever we shall do. And I don't know what grandmother will say," sighed Clarrie.

"She didn't expect anything else," said Marina.

"But she will be angry. If it wasn't for that, I wish we were home. I am so tired," murmured Clarrie.

"Yes, but you must keep on. I couldn't carry you."

"Mother," said Clarrie suddenly,—“it was just about here that the kind young lady talked to me—down on the beach. You know, don't you? about the waves. I told you. It was just near here. Why, mother,—there she is!” exclaimed Clarrie joyously, forgetting her fatigue. “I wonder if she lives here.”

Marina looked up, following the direction of Clarrie's lifted eyes and outstretched fingers. She stood suddenly still under a gas-lamp, leaning against it. Clarrie had started forward a pace, and the gaslight fell full upon her raised face.

A few yards in front of them, a house facing the Parade had a balcony outside the bow window of the drawing-room. In this balcony stood a young girl in a light muslin dress, and beside her was a gentle-looking lady. It was a still evening, and the voices sounded distinctly.

“Now, aunt, was not I right? Don't you call this worth looking at! Such a lovely evening?”

“Yes, it is very pleasant,” a clear sad tone answered. “You will take cold in this night air, Minnie, with no shawl.”

“It is as warm as June to-night. But I will come in directly. Just look at that woman with the little girl under the lamp. I wonder what they are standing still for.”

“The child seems to find you an attraction, Minnie.”

“She has a nice little face of her own. They don't look like mere beggars. Is the woman ill, I wonder? She is shockingly pale, aunt. Now I think of it, that is the very same little girl that I spoke to on the shore to-day. I noticed her pretty blue eyes.”

“Mother, the young lady is beckoning to us. Come, mother,” said Clarrie eagerly.

Marina neither moved nor spoke in answer. She might have been changed into a statue, she stood so absolutely still. Clarrie went timidly forward a few paces; and the young lady leant over the balcony.

“Is anything the matter?” she said. “Is that woman ill, little girl?”

“Mother's lame,” said Clarrie.

“Are you the little girl I saw on the

beach? I thought so. What are you doing out here?”

Clarrie would have liked to explain all, but somehow words failed at the moment. Her throat swelled, and tears filled her eyes.

“It is late, and your mother looks tired,” said the young lady, thinking Clarrie did not like to be questioned. “You had better get home quickly now,—but if you will come to see me some other day, I will give you a picture-book. Ask for the young lady in the drawing-room. There is sixpence to get yourself some buns with.”

The sixpence fell into Clarrie's opened hand, and the ladies disappeared within the window. Clarrie went back to her mother. “I've got sixpence,” she said, “and it's for me to get buns with. Mother, I'm so hungry.”

Silence answered her. “Mother,” said Clarrie in fear. “Mother, do come.”

She pulled her mother's arm, and Marina seemed suddenly to wake up.

“Yes, I'm coming,—I'm coming,” she said, with an indescribable wail of pain in the voice, while the lamplight shone upon a wan face of utter misery. “I'm coming, Clarrie.”

“Mother, aren't you ill?” said Clarrie. “Mayn't we get something to eat, and then you'll be better. The young lady gave me sixpence.”

Marina made again no reply. She took hold of Clarrie's shoulder as if for support, and began walking steadily homewards. Clarrie's efforts to gain attention were vain. Marina's shut lips did not again uncloze till they entered their room, and she sank upon a chair.

“You have just done for yourself,—as I knew you would,” said Martha. “No good, of course. The bundle wasn't there.”

It was Clarrie who said,—“No,”—for Marina seemed lost in her own thoughts, and paid no attention.

“Just as I said,” observed Martha, seeming to find a consolation in her own foresight. “Well, you'll have to go the first thing to-morrow morning and tell Mr. Green. There's nothing else to be done. Like as not he'll think we've pawned the work.”

“There was a young lady gave me six-

pence," said Clarrie, and Martha took it immediately.

"I'll get a loaf of bread," she said, after a moment's consideration. "We can't get along without a bit of something,—that's clear."

And they had a slice each for supper. Marina put hers aside dreamily, and could not or would not eat. "I don't know what's come over her, except she's ill with walking," Martha said in perplexity. "You'd best go off to bed and sleep, Marrie."

Marina obeyed, taking Clarrie with her. No word was spoken by the way, only when they reached the little garret Clarrie asked fearfully, concerning the uppermost thought in her mind,—*"Mother, must I do that?"*

"Do what?" asked Marina.

"Must I go—and tell—tell Mr. Green—to-morrow?"

"You'll do what your grandmother says, Clarrie."

That settled the question, and Clarrie knew it. She lay awake long under a weight of nameless terror. And all the time that she so lay, she could hear sounds of smothered weeping and sobbing from her mother. Clarrie did not dare to ask why.

CHAPTER X.

THE INTERVIEW.

"Now you mind! You're to speak out plain and clear, and tell him everything, just exactly as it happened. Don't you look frightened and down in the mouth, or he'll take you for guilty, as sure as anything."

This was rather rash advice of Martha's. A bold look by no means as a rule implies innocence. However there was little fear of Clarrie managing to look too bold.

"I'm wondering if I couldn't manage to go along with her," said Keyn. "My legs have got a bit more strength in them to-day."

"You just lie still," responded Martha. "If you're fit to go anywhere, you'll go and do a bit of work. And Marrie's so bad with last night she can't hardly get downstairs. No, no,—Clarrie's got to brew as she has baked."

Clarrie's hopes had risen for a moment, only to sink again. She made no protest, however, and set out uncomplainingly upon her long walk, the expected end of which filled her heart with dread. She knew the thing had to be done.

It was a fresh breezy spring morning, and a few little girls were out with their nurse-maids, walking blithely or running merrily about. Clarrie looked at them with a kind of gentle wonder. She had no inclination whatever to run herself. The more slowly she could have walked the better. But her grandmother had told her "not to dawdle," and Clarrie did not dawdle,—though she had no spirit to get over the ground rapidly.

The shop was reached at length, and Clarrie with pale cheeks and sinking heart went slowly in.

"Mr. Green won't be here for an hour and more. You'd best come again," said the man to whom she put her first timid inquiry, and he turned away.

Clarrie left the shop quickly, relieved and yet frightened at the reprieve: for the longer she waited the more difficult it would be to speak. She had had strict injunctions to tell no one but Mr. Green himself, for Martha knew Mr. Green to be a man of a kind and generous disposition. Any putting off of the evil moment was welcome to Clarrie, yet she would fain have had it over.

She wandered listlessly along the street, noting without much interest how folks were beginning their day's work, how door-steps were being scrubbed, how shop-windows were being arranged. Then it came into her head that Willie and his mother lived near here. She could not quite make up her mind to the bold step of paying the visit Willie had asked, but she bent her steps in the right direction, with a vague hope of meeting Willie somehow. Nor did her hope prove false.

Yes,—there was the tall red house, which Willie had described to her, with a blackened scar all down its front, telling of a fire in the past. And there was the window with neat muslin blinds, and a row of flower-pots outside, the plants looking green and fresh and well watered, though not yet bearing blossoms. And there—yes, there was Willie

Watkins himself, with his bright face, looking over the plants.

The two empty jacket sleeves made a flourish out of the window, and Willie's clear tones shouted,—

"I say! if it isn't that very same little gal! Come along."

Before Clarrie had made up her mind whether to enter or to run away, Willie had rushed downstairs, and was in the court.

"Come along! Come along, I say. Come to mother," cried Willie, nodding his head in vigorous welcome, since he had it not in his power to grasp her hand. "Come along, little gal. Whatever are you after at this time in the morning, all alone here? Come along."

Clarrie went along obediently. She followed him through a dark passage, and up some flights of creaking stairs, and along another shorter passage into a room.

It was a beautifully neat room. If the furniture was scanty, it showed no dust; and if the breakfast-table bore food plain in kind, there was no lack as to quantity. The muslin-blinds and the flower-pots had a particularly respectable appearance.

Willie's mother just matched with the muslin-blinds and the flower-pots. She was neither so young-looking nor so handsome as Clarrie's mother, but she had a smiling pleasant face, and her brown dress was a very pattern of tidiness. She came to meet Clarrie, put a hand on each shoulder, and straightway gave her a kiss.

"Why, what a poor little starved morsel," said she. "It's a good thing we are late at breakfast for once. Sit down, child, and have some bread and butter."

Clarrie had no objections to offer. She had had her breakfast of dry bread, but she was hungry still, and the bread and butter looked tempting. Not even anxiety about Mr. Green could dull her childish appetite, sharpened by the morning air. Mrs. Watkins cut her a substantial slice.

"How came you to be here, child, at this time of day?" she asked. "It's a long way from your home."

"That's just what I want to know," chimed in Willie, with great interest. "Ain't she a mite of a child, mother? And she's got no-

body but her grandfather and grandmother and her mother that's lame."

"Is your father dead?" asked Mrs. Watkins; and Clarrie nodded.

"So-is mine," said Willie softly, with a glance at his mother's face. "She's got nobody but them three to take care of her, has she, mother?"

"I think she has," said Mrs. Watkins. "Somebody else too, Willie."

"Oh, I know," said Willie. "There's God. But she don't know about Him—not one bit."

"Hasn't your mother taught you about God, Clarrie?" asked Mrs. Watkins.

"No," said Clarrie. "Grandfather's taught me to read a bit, but mother don't teach me."

"What is your grandfather?"

"He mends 'brellas and parasols," said Clarrie. "He used to have a shop and plenty of money."

"Willie told me he mended umbrellas;—I had forgotten. And your father, child,—what was he?"

Clarrie shook her head thoughtfully. "Mother don't say nothing," she observed slowly, wrinkling her brows. "Grandfather, he told me, once, father wouldn't mend 'brellas, and father was clever and wanted to draw pictures. Grandmother says he oughtn't to have married mother,—when grandmother's cross, you know. She isn't always cross. Sometimes she's kind."

"Is your grandmother very old?"

Clarrie did not know. "Grandmother couldn't walk far," she said.

"Suppose you stay here a little while this morning, Clarrie," said Mrs. Watkins, looking pityingly at her.

"I'd like to, ever so," responded Clarrie, her face shading over. "But I've got to be at Mr. Green's, and they said he would be an hour and more. And mother told me I was to go straight back. And maybe he'll be very angry,—and maybe he'll have me taken up and sent to —"

Clarrie's bread and butter dropped on the table, and Clarrie burst into tears. Mrs. Watkins drew the child within her kind arms, and with eager seconding from Willie asked what had happened. So then the whole story came out. Mother and son listened gravely.

"I shouldn't think Mr. Green would be very very angry, should you, mother?" asked Willie in a dubious tone.

"I don't know," Mrs. Watkins answered. "I don't know what sort of a man he is, nor whether he knows Clarrie and her mother to be honest. That makes all the difference."

"Mother has worked for him four times," said Clarrie. "But he hasn't seen her, 'cause she can't walk so far."

"I hope he will not be very angry," said Mrs. Watkins thoughtfully. "But he will want to be paid for the worth of the things lost."

"Tisn't to be expected he'd let 'em off that," said Willie, with a shrewd air. "Tell you what, mother,—I'll go right round with her to the shop, and I'll speak up for her. Mate won't mind. I'll go and speak, and Mr. Green's sure to be good to me, you know, 'cause I've got no arms, and folks are always sorry."

There was something touching in the boy's cheeriness under his great calamity, and the mother's eyes were full, as she answered—

"Well, that isn't a bad notion either. So you shall, if you like."

Clarrie felt that this would indeed be a help. Her face lost suddenly half its look of care.

"And I'll tell him I knows you for as honest a little gal as ever lived," said Willie.

"Don't you tell him more than you really and truly do know," said Mrs. Watkins. "Clarrie's got such an honest little face of her own, it'll speak for her. Seems to me he can't well doubt. But it's well she should have a friend by her side."

And then Mrs. Watkins sat looking down upon the tear-stained, care-lined little face, while Willie rushed away to speak to his "mate."

It was an hour yet before Mr. Green could be found, and that hour proved no wasted time to Clarrie. Mrs. Watkins made the child finish her breakfast. Then she took her on her knee, and talked simply and sweetly about her Father in heaven, about the love of Jesus, about the gentle Spirit whom God would send into her heart if she would pray for Him. A good deal was said also about the comfort of being able to trust God's tender

care in time of trouble. Clarrie learnt some lessons in that hour, not likely to be soon forgotten. She listened attentively, not understanding all, and asking few questions, but taking in clearly certain leading thoughts. Then time was up, and she started on her errand with Willie Watkins for her champion.

"Hey! Hallo! What's the matter? Why, you poor chap, you!" said Mr. Green, in a tone of profound compassion. "What is it you've got to say? Speak up,—I'm a little hard of hearing. You *poor* chap!"

For in front of short stout red-faced Mr. Green, stood a bright-looking boy, with two empty jacket sleeves; and behind the boy, grasping at one of the said sleeves for protection, was a trembling child, whose eyes were already overflowing.

"Morning, Mr. Green," said Willie boldly "You don't know nothing of me, but I'm the boy that calls—'Knives and scissors to grind,'—and I'm come to speak a word for this little gal here. She's in trouble, and she's a friend of mine."

"Now you don't *mean* to say you've lost *both* your arms," said Mr. Green, with deep interest. "You don't *mean*!! You're sure it isn't a swindle? Not *both*?"

Mr. Green approached Willie, and felt him carefully all down on both sides, to see whether there might not be at least one arm tucked away beneath the jacket, to awaken pity on false pretences.

"It's genu-ine, it is!" said Mr. Green compassionately. "There's no doubt about the matter whatsoever. No, there's no doubt. It's genu-ine. He hasn't got one arm—not one single arm. How came it about, lad?"

"Run over by an engine," said Willie promptly. "'Twasn't anybody's fault."

"And you can't do one single thing to help yourself?"

"I'd like mother to hear you say that!" responded Willie, with good-humoured indignation. "Not help myself! Why, haven't I got my toes still? What's to hinder me from using them, I wonder?"

"Toes!" said Mr. Green.

Willie cleverly kicked off his boots, worked the stocking off his right leg by means of his

left foot, and began to show a succession of performances. He had an object in all this. The greater Mr. Green's interest in him, the better for Clarrie.

"Well, I never!" said Mr. Green, as Willie daintily lifted a pin with his toes and offered it to him. "Well, I never did—"

"Howsomever all this isn't to the point," said Willie, suddenly standing upright on one bare and one stockinged foot, and assuming a business-like air. "I've brought you a little gal that's in dreadful trouble, Mr. Green, and nobody in all the world can help her except you your own self."

"Eh? What is it, my dear?" asked Mr. Green, bending over her with a most benevolent expression.

"Please—" said Clarrie. "Please, sir—" and a third time she began a tremulous,—"Please—" but could get no farther.

"She's awful frightened," said Willie. "She's afraid you'll take her for a great thief, and clap her into prison. As honest a little gal as ever breathed. Cheer up, Clarrie," and Willie gave her an encouraging little shove. "Don't you be afraid. Why, Mr. Green's as kind—why he's as kind a man as you'd wish to see."

"Please—" said Clarrie, bracing herself up with a strong effort, and wringing her fingers together. "Oh please, Mr. Green, I'm Clarrie, and mother is Mrs. Keyn who works for you. And I've done a bad dreadful thing." Clarrie stopped anew, and her face worked all over, while Mr. Green stood gazing at her in perplexity. The notion of "a great thief" and of "a bad dreadful thing," seemed utterly out of place in connection with this trembling little creature.

"Yes, yes, I remember," said Mr. Green, after a fruitless pause. "Your mother's Mrs. Keyn, and I paid you yesterday, and you took off a supply of fresh work. Yes, I remember,—quite well. What's happened to you, my dear? Speak up. Don't be afraid."

"There now, Clarrie, don't Mr. Green himself tell you not to be afraid?" said Willie. "Not as it's much good to say that to a child that's in a mortal fright. Fact is, Mr. Green, she was tired and sleepy and half-starved, and the bundle was 'most too

big for her bits of arms. I saw her with it, and didn't I wish I had an arm and I'd have helped her carry it! And she sat down on a doorstep, and never woke till after dark, and the policeman woke her, and she scampered off in a fright, and never thought no more of the bundle,—if 'twas there, and I've my doubts but it was stolen while she was asleep."

"I'm so very very sorry," faltered Clarrie.

"Yes, she's awful sorry,—no mistake about that," said Willie. "And she's come right away to tell you, like an honest gal as she is."

CHAPTER XL

THROUGH ONE TROUBLE.

MR. GREEN looked severely at Clarrie.

"That's a pretty tale now,—a very pretty tale. I'll be bound she took her four and sixpence out of the parcel before she lost it."

"Well, that *would* have been an uncommon wise action on her part," said Willie coolly. "But she ain't got wits equal to you nor me, master, and she didn't do nothing of the kind. She'd have been a deal more sensible if she had."

"How am I to know she didn't?" asked Mr. Green.

"Ah, that's it!" responded Willie. "That's just the very thing. How are you to know she didn't make away with the bundle, all a purpose,—took it to a shop, maybe, and sold it, and had a grand supper after? Only she hasn't got the look of one who's been over-eating," added Willie, with an air of profound consideration. "And 'tisn't the usual custom with thieves to go and tell of their doings and cry over 'em,—leastways not in my experience."

"I never did see such a boy in all my life," said Mr. Green. "No, never."

Willie took this as a compliment.

"It's a bad business; it's a very bad business," said Mr. Green, thrusting his two hands into his pockets. "Tell the truth—don't exactly know *what* to do. Can't afford to lose all that. Ten shillings' worth of bare material,

if it's a penny; I'll say eight shillings,—and that's putting it low,—very low."

"Eight shillings is an awful lot," said Willie. "Couldn't you put it a little lower? She's such a small girl, and she's got no father, and her mother's lame, and her grandfather and grandmother's old, and seen better days."

"Well, well, well,—" said Mr. Green.

"If Clarrie's father was alive, it would be different, wouldn't it?" said Willie, pursuing his advantage. "Or if Clarrie was a big strong girl, instead of being such a morsel of skin and bone. Eight shillings,—and there's four and sixpence lost to begin with,—and there's all the time to be spent in working to pay you back, and no money to fall back upon. It sounds bad, don't it?—leastways, for poor folks, living hand to mouth."

"Well, well, well,—" said Mr. Green, very huskily.

"It don't mean starvation, maybe,—no, I dare say not," said Willie. "They'll just have to scrape along somehow,—and it's a mercy it isn't winter coming. But the old man's been took bad,—sort of a fit out-of-doors, for want of food. Mate and I we saw him, and lots of other people too."

"Well, well," repeated Mr. Green, clearing his throat. "Yes,—to be sure—old man ill, and mother a cripple, and father dead. Well, well, I'll say five shillings,—not a penny less. That'll be a loss, but it don't matter. I'll say five shillings. And mind you,—there's no particular hurry about paying. I'll give your mother time. Shouldn't wonder but you'll be glad to take her some more work, hey?" Mr. Green felt free by this time to allow the benevolent expression to creep back to his face. "Hey, my dear? Mother'll like some more work to do? Yes, yes, I'll give it you. But mind you don't go and sleep again in the day-time,—mind you don't. 'Tisn't a good plan,—not by any manner of means. I'll give you another parcel,—just taking your word for it all, you know,—and I'll step round some day to see your mother. Yes, I'll do that. Not that I don't believe you,—oh, no,—but it's best to be sure, quite sure."

Clarrie had no objection whatever, since

there was nothing to conceal. Her face beamed with gratitude, as her arms once more felt the weight of a big bundle.

"Too heavy, eh?" asked Mr. Green.

"Oh no," said Clarrie joyfully.

Mr. Green pulled out his purse.

"Here, child,—maybe your mother is short of cash. I'll send her a shilling—in advance, mind. It'll have to be stopped out of next pay. There!"

Mr. Green stood rubbing his hands with a pleasant consciousness of having acted a generous part, while Clarrie helped Willie to put on his boots, and then went blithely off with him.

"Couldn't you come and see mother?" asked Willie. "But it'll make the way longer for you, and the work's heavy."

"And mother will wonder what's become of me," said Clarrie. "I'd best go straight back."

"And don't you forget all mother has been telling you," said Willie, a touch of soberness coming into his bright face. "Mind you be sure and remember."

Clarrie nodded a silent promise, and went off upon her solitary return-pilgrimage. It did not seem to her so long a walk as it had seemed the evening before. She had had a good breakfast, and she felt cheered and light-hearted.

"So there you are!" Martha said in an irritated tone when she entered. "I began to think you'd got into some fresh mischief or other. The time you've been gone!"

"I couldn't help it," said Clarrie. "Mr. Green was out, and I had to wait a whole hour and a half. I went to see Willie Watkins and his mother."

"Willie Watkins! What business had you to do that?" demanded Martha. "You just keep to your errand next time, and don't go nowhere that you haven't leave to go. Who's Willie Watkins, pray?"

"You're too sharp upon the child, Patty," said Keyn, who was up and dressed, though looking very feeble, and scarcely able to stand upright. "You're too sharp on her. Willie's a nice lad, and he helped us at a pinch, and I promised for Clarrie to go to his mother."

"You've got more work," said Martha. "What did Mr. Green say?"

"Willie came with me," said Clarrie. "I think Mr. Green would have been a deal more angry, but for him. Willie spoke up for me, so brave. And Mr. Green says we're to pay five shillings for the work, and there's no hurry; and he's given me a shilling in advance: and he says it'll be took out of next pay, and he means to come and see mother, and he thinks we're honest."

"Thinks we're honest! That's a fine pass to have come to," said Martha, in a mood to look on the dark side of things. She tossed her head contemptuously as she spoke. "Thinks we're honest! I hope *he's* honest, —charging five shillings for his trampery work!"

"It isn't much, Patty. I was afraid it would have been a deal more," said Keon.

"He said the work was worth ten, and he would charge it eight shillings," explained Clarrie. "But Willie asked him to make it lower, and then he said five. And he was so kind, grandfather."

"Yes, yes, Clarrie, things might have been a great deal worse," said the old man. "To-

morrow you and me 'll go out with the cart, and get some jobs again."

"Marrie don't seem much like doing of the work now it's come," said Martha sharply. "What's the use of sitting like that, I wonder! If you're ill, say so."

Marina made no answer. She had crept downstairs with difficulty soon after Clarrie's departure, and had remained ever since on a chair near the table, drooping forward listlessly, with a vacant gaze upon the ground, and an utterly spiritless air.

"Mother, is your side bad?" asked Clarrie.

Marina's "yes," told little. It was spoken with the air of one who did not care what happened to her, or who thought she did not. Martha opened the bundle, and gave her out some work. Marina took it, with downcast eyes, slipped on her thimble, and slowly, very slowly, began to draw her needle in and out. Martha's brow contracted, as she looked.

"We're not like to pay back the five shillings soon at *that* rate," she said. But Marina paid no attention to the remark.


(To be continued.)

Wayside Chimes.

BY THE REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, M.A., VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, HAMPSTEAD.

IV. "THINE FOR EVER."

(FOR THE CONFIRMATION SEASON.)

HINE—Thine for ever"—
blessed bond
That knits us, Lord, to
Thee:

May voice, and heart, and soul respond
Amen, so let it be.

When this world strikes its dulcet harp,
And earth our heaven appears,
Be "Thine for ever," clear and sharp,
God's trumpet in our ears.

When sin in pleasure's soft disguise
Would work us deadliest harm,
May "Thine for ever" from the skies
Steal down, and break the charm.

When Satan flings his fiery darts
Against our weary shield,
May "Thine for ever" in our hearts
Forbid us faint or yield.

Thine all along the flowery spring,
Along the summer prime,
Till autumn fades in welcoming
The silver frost of time.

"Thine, Thine for ever,"—body,
soul,
Henceforth devote to Thee,
While everlasting ages roll;
Amen, so let it be.





THE STORY OF THE MONTH.

IN a work entitled "The Twelve Months," published in 1661, April is described with a glow of language which recalls the Shakspearean era. The writer says:—

"The aged feel a kind of youth, and youth hath a spirit full of life and activity; the aged hairs refreshen, and the youthful cheeks are as red as a cherry. The lark and the lamb look up at the sun, and the labourer is abroad at the dawning of the day. It were a world to set down the worth of this month; for it is Heaven's blessing and the earth's comfort. It is the messenger of many pleasures, the farmer's profit and the labourer's harvest. In sum, there is much to be spoken of it; but, to avoid tediousness, I hold it, in all that I can see in it, the jewel of time and the joy of nature.

"Hail April, true Medea of the year,
That makest all things young and fresh appear :—
What praise, what thanks, what commendations due,
For all thy pearly drops of morning dew?
When we despair, thy seasonable showers
Comfort the corn, and cheer the drooping flowers;
As if thy charity could not but impart
A shower of tears to see us out of heart.
Sweet, I have penned thy praise, and here I bring it,
In confidence the birds themselves will sing it."

Proverbial wisdom too takes a kindly view of the flower-producing month. It asserts that—

"A cold April"

The rain is welcomed:—

"An April flood
Carries away the frog and his brood."

Or the more familiar,

"April showers
Make May flowers."

Nor is there any harm in the wind:—

"When April blows his horn,
It's good for man and corn."

The solitary cuckoo now startles and pleases the rambler in the woods, and the nightingale is heard in several southern counties. Towards the end of the month the swallow, the martin, the swift, the redstart, and other birds of passage return to us. Let us not forget the lesson taught by the lark and the nightingale.

"The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest:
And she who doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the night when all things rest:
In lark and nightingale we see
What honour hath humility."

The month derives its name from the Latin *aperio*, I open, as marking the time when the buds of the trees and flowers open. Our Saxon ancestors called it *Estermonth*, after their goddess *Eastre* or *Eoster*. The name *Easter* is still retained, and denotes to us the Resurrection month.

Our Church Portrait Gallery.



XIII. THE VERY REVEREND DEAN VAUGHAN : XIV. CANON HOARE : XV. THE
REV. F. F. GOE : XVI. CANON BELL.

HE Dean of Llandaff is best known as Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple. He was born at Leicester, in 1816, educated under Dr. Arnold, at Rugby, and highly distinguished himself at Cambridge, where he became a Fellow of Trinity. He held the Vicarage of St. Martin's, Leicester, for three years, and was then appointed Head Master of Harrow. Here he laboured for fifteen years, exercising a remarkable influence for good in the school. In 1851 he was appointed Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, and soon after he was offered the Bishopric of Rochester. He declined the offer, and a year later accepted the Vicarage of Doncaster. The grand old church—one of the largest and finest in England—was soon filled to overflowing; and his unceasing nine years' vigorous work literally re-organized the whole parish. His faithful protests against the evils of horse racing, his awakening and eloquent sermons, and his devoted interest in the well-being of his flock, were features of his ministry which will never be forgotten in Doncaster. As Dean of Llandaff, Dr. Vaughan exercises much influence in the promotion of Christian work in Wales; and in the numerous volumes of his sermons which have been so widely circulated, he may be truly said, like John Wesley, to have "the world for his parish." Our portrait is from a Photograph by Mr. S. A. Walker, of Regent Street.

The name of the Rev. Canon Hoare is closely associated with the Evangelical revival of religion which, in a true sense, has made the Church of England a power in the land. Mr. Hoare was Fifth Wrangler at Cambridge in the year 1834. His first curacy was at Pakefield, under the venerated and beloved Rev. Francis Cunningham, in whose steps he has closely walked. In 1846 he was appointed to the incumbency of St. John, Holloway, but in the following year he accepted the Vicarage of Christ Church, Rams-

gate. Here he remained till 1853, when he became Vicar of Holy Trinity, Tunbridge Wells.

Perhaps no clergyman in our Church has more thoroughly gained the affection of those amongst whom he has laboured than Canon Hoare. Simple, earnest, truly eloquent and tenderly persuasive, he has not only gathered crowded congregations, but, what is far more important, a spiritual influence manifestly pervades and characterizes the assembled worshippers, prompting them to take a self-denying interest in every Christian work.

Canon Hoare has frequently spoken at Church Congresses, and has published several well known works, amongst which we may mention two valuable treatises on *Redemption* and *Sanctification*. Our portrait is from a Photograph by Mr. H. J. Robinson, of Tunbridge Wells.

The Rev. Field Flowers Goe, M.A., rector of St. George's, Bloomsbury, holds a leading position amongst the London clergy. He is an eloquent preacher and speaker, and his organizing powers eminently fit him for the arduous duties of the important parish over which he presides.

He was born in 1832 at Louth. His grandfather, the Rev. B. Goe, was for many years Vicar of Boston. He was educated at King Edward's Grammar School, Louth, and took honours at Oxford. He was ordained in 1858, and in the same year became first Curate and then Vicar of Christ Church, Hull. In 1873 he was nominated by the Bishop of Durham to the Rectory of Sunderland. In each sphere of labour he gained the warmest affection of his parishioners, and his ministry was greatly blessed. In 1877 the Ex-Lord Chancellor appointed him to the Rectory of St. George's, Bloomsbury, where his zealous and devoted labours are thoroughly appreciated. Mr. Goe has taken a deep and practical interest in Mission services, and his position in the metropolis is the more valuable on this account. Our portrait is from a Photograph by Messrs. Elliott & Fry.

The Rev. Charles D. Bell, D.D., Rector



THE VERY REV. C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D.
DEAN OF LLANDAFF.



THE REV. CANON HOARE, M.A.,
VICAR OF TRINITY CHURCH, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.



THE REV. F. F. GOE, M.A.,
RECTOR OF BLOOMSBURY.



THE REV. CANON BELL, D.D.,
RECTOR OF CHELTENHAM.

OUR CHURCH PORTRAIT GALLERY.

of Cheltenham, and Hon. Canon of Carlisle, is widely known as the author of many valuable devotional and practical works. The Church of Christ at large has thus been made his debtor. Amongst these works are: "Night Scenes of the Bible and their Teachings," "Hills that bring Peace," "The Saintry Calling," "Angelic Beings and their Ministry," "Henry Martyn, a Biography;" and two volumes of poetry, "Voices from the Lakes," and "Songs in the Twilight." Another volume is in preparation, entitled, "The Christian Life, its Dangers and its Duties." Canon Bell has also contributed to magazine literature, as the readers of *The Fireside* and *Home Words*, will remember. His works are all characterized by deep thoughtfulness, practical pointedness, and experimental piety.

Canon Bell entered Trinity College, Dublin, as a Queen's Scholar; took honours in classics, and won three Vice-Chancellor's prizes for English verse. He was ordained in 1843, and held curacies under the Rev. C. J. Goodhart, at Reading, and the Rev. Thomas Vores, at Hastings. In 1854, he was appointed to St. John's Chapel, Hampstead; in 1861, he accepted the Vicarage of Ambleside, where he remained eleven years. Since his appointment, as Rector of Cheltenham, in 1872, the Old Parish Church has been restored, and a new church, St. Matthew's, built at a cost of about £20,000. Canon Bell is "a tower of strength" in our Church, and is equally beloved as a pastor and a preacher. Our portrait is from a Photograph by Mr. M. Bowness, Ambleside.

M. N.

The Rising Life: An Easter Motto.

BY THE REV. JAMES VAUGHAN, M.A., VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, BRIGHTON.

"Jesus saith unto him, 'Rise.'"—*St. John* v. 8.



WITE apart from the miracle, and quite apart from the context, I take this word "Rise" as our Easter Motto.

For this is what seems to me the most appropriate thing we can do, and the best practical use we can make of the season,—that every one of us, wherever we may stand at this moment in the spiritual scale, should resolve that he will, this Easter Day, go up one step higher.

For this is religion: a continual series of small progressions. We are pardoned for Christ's sake, perfectly and freely pardoned; but we become holy, and get to heaven, by thousands and thousands of little risings.

And here is the difference between grace and nature. Nature gravitates: everything goes down by the law and force of its being; the attractive principle is from beneath. In grace, the drawing is from above; and, by a stronger law than gravitation, the new creation goes upward,

upward, always upward. But by many steps or degrees.

Or, to speak more correctly, as we are taught on Easter Day, the Risen Head draws up the members; and just as we see the sun, as it traverses the heavens, making every little opening leaf and bud to point and grow towards itself, so Christ is gone up for this very purpose, that by His influences, shed upon us from that higher world, every thought, and feeling, and desire, and act, of every; Christian life should be one constant ascension.

Therefore, the Saviour's opening grave says, "Rise."

And if you say, "I wish it, but I cannot;" remember, Jesus never gives a command, but at the same moment, as at Bethesda, a virtue is going out of Him to enable the obedience—however else impossible. "The Spirit quickeneth." "God worketh in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure." "All things are possible to him that believeth."

And let me add this. It is well to have

days which gather floating feelings to a focus, and make a crisis in life. And such a day is this. May we not believe that God will give special grace this day for a spiritual resurrection. "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more will your Heavenly Father give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"

Now, it is not for me so much to suggest how, as to urge every one of you, to think of a way by which you could mark this Easter Day by some movement heavenward. Whether by a new life,—or by a recovery of something you have lost,—or by attaining, in an old way, a better level than you have yet reached—we all want raising. Where is the fulcrum? Let the lever be Truth, and the fulcrum be the Resurrection.

Perhaps some of us have never felt, as pardoned sinners, a true love to God in our hearts. Or, perhaps we have felt it, and lost it.

By the recurrence of this Anniversary, by the patience and mercy of God through another year, by the restlessness of your souls, by the secret impulses which at times are stirring within you,—I believe that as much as Christ said it at Bethesda, or at the grave of Lazarus, He is saying to you now, "Rise." "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee life."

Only, in that strange paradox, which there always is in these things, use the latent power which there is in your dead heart. Cherish and obey the thought God puts within you. Go forth to Him who calls. Do any little thing you like, as the language of obedience and consent:—a prayer, a confession, a resolve; and then ask the Spirit to seal it; and the resurrection is begun. There is life.

Others amongst us have fallen, and become spiritually depressed. The life which you once had is dulled, and

everything which is good lies buried,—buried under accumulations of neglects and sins. The very Christ in you seems dead. You cannot believe and pray as you used to do: nor lift yourself up out of the dust with which you feel your heart every moment more and more assimilating. This day was made for you. It is not for nothing that Easter and Easter thoughts have come round again. Accept them as God's command to your poor sunken soul—"Rise."

The Risen Christ, in His pity and in His power, is saying it. Do not say, "It is no use. I am too far gone." Cannot He who is quickening, at this season, all nature from the death of winter—He who quickened Himself—cannot He quicken you? And is not this the very day for Him to do it? I know it wants a miracle. This is the day for a miracle. Look for it. Believe it. Begin. "Rise."

But the message is to all, indiscriminately; for all need it. Your prayers have got very low: they want elevating. Look at your private devotions in your own room. Look at your way of reading the Bible. Look at your attendance at Church. Look at your Holy Communion. Are they what they ought to be? Is the Communion real? Is it not often very cold, and dull, and lifeless? At the best you are at a very low standard. Could you not raise the standard? Could you not put more reality into your prayers—more life into your study of God's Word—more frequency into your services—more vitality and depth and regularity into your Holy Communion?

Oh, how much nearer your conversation with heaven might be? What answers you might get! How much happier your soul might be!

Now try—try in the strength which God has promised to give to all who ask. Try to rise a little. Put more praise into your prayer: that makes prayer a loftier thing.

When you are next on your knees, hear a voice saying, "Rise."

It is a great God with whom you have to do. Set your faith to soar.

Perhaps you have got entangled. A wrong connection has drawn chains about you; and you are trammelled by a sin which you hate, but allow. You despise yourself for it; but you go on. Your better self cannot free itself; but Christ can make you free: and He waits to do it. It only wants the resolve, the prayer, the honest determination, the earnest casting of yourself upon God, and it is done. You will be free indeed. Your conscience will be so quiet. And you will be so happy when you can say, "The snare is broken, and I am delivered." Only "Rise."

It may seem a little matter to speak of, but let me put it to you, whether your everyday intercourse in your own family is what it ought to be? Is there not room to raise it? Could you not, with great advantage, lift the tone of conversation? Or could you not make your charities to bear a better proportion to your income whatever it is—for all are rich enough to give "the widow's mite"—and so bid love rise towards its fountain-head?

It would be a good Easter to us if every one would not let it pass without thinking what new enterprise he could take in hand for usefulness, for Christ. In your homes: amongst your neighbours: in the church: in schools: among the poor: is there nothing that you can undertake? no neglected duty? no mission? no work which is opening to you by God?

Think of it seriously now. Come out of that self-indulgence. Break that miserable, idle habit. Step out into a larger sphere. Live more for a purpose. Be a Christian indeed.

You are capable of much greater things.

You were not made for that dwarfed life, and for those paltry trifles. "Rise" to the measure of your capability. "Rise" to the greatnesses of the reality of your redeemed being, and your immortality. Be a great Christian. Here is scope for holy ambition. Be of the number of those who are "holy and humble in heart."

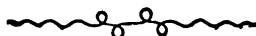
And remember there is a higher and a still higher life. The life that you imagine is higher than the life you are leading; but there is a higher life than you have yet imagined. To be higher is simply to be nearer Jesus. Let Him then be more to you. Cast yourself on Him more fully. Cement your union to Him with more seals. Keep closer to Him. Confess Christ more boldly in the world. Lean on Him more simply. Follow Him more lovingly. Converse with Him more intimately. Watch for Him more expectantly.

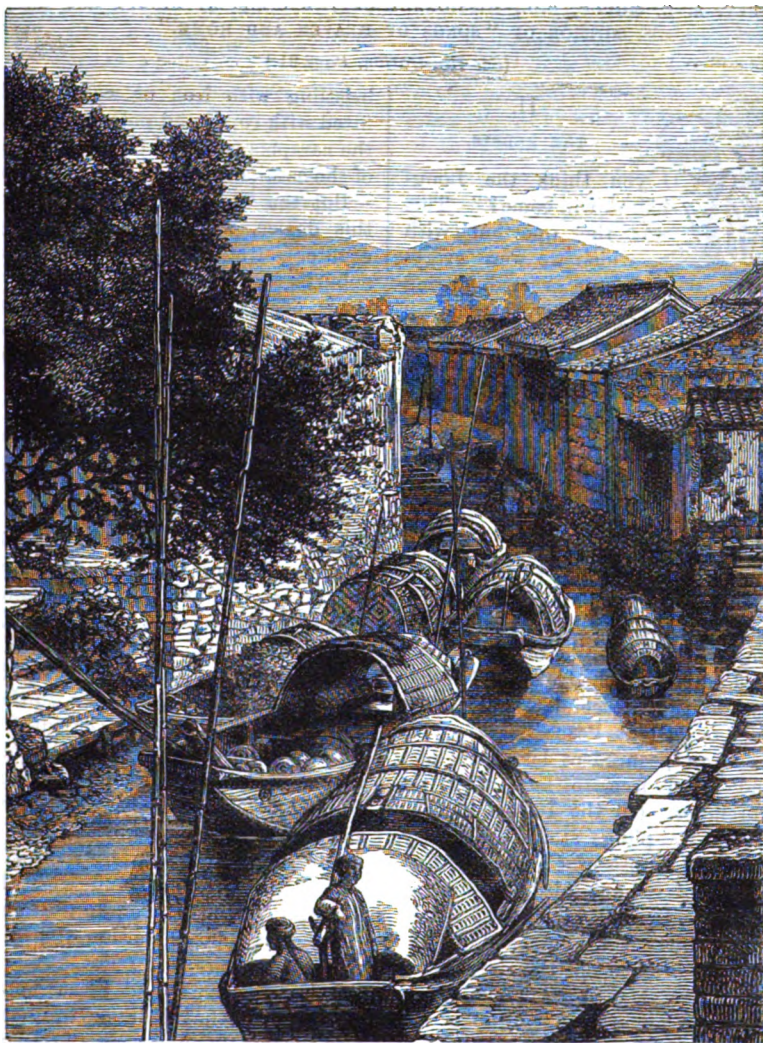
Then you cannot help but "rise": for you "rise" in the Risen One. Spiritually every believer was there this morning when the angel rolled away the stone, and said, "He is risen!" The believer is "in Him." It is his destiny: it is his necessity to "rise."

Jesus saith "Rise!" Rise above the world: above your lower appetites: above yourself: above your retrospects: above your hopes: above death: above the grave: above all sorrow, fear, and doubt, and sin: above the stars: above the angels: above principalities and powers: above all but Him.

And then at His feet—the highest, the holiest, the happiest place in the universe,—with Him, in Him, like Him, for ever and ever, you shall cast your crowns at His feet and crown Him Lord of all.

It is a wonderful ladder, and its top, who can see it? But what is wanting is, on this Easter Day, a step upward.





**TSZ'-K'I-MERCY STREAM: TWELVE MILES FROM
NINGPO.**

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAJOR WATSON.

Glimpses of China.

BY THE REV. A. E. MOULE, B.D., MISSIONARY OF THE C.M.S. AT NINGPO AND HANGCHOW;
AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF HEAVEN AND HOME."

(See Illustration, Page 91.)



II.

THE REBELS.

"Do you think the Long-haired will come?" This was the question with which we were everywhere greeted, during my first visit with my brother to the beautiful country round Ningpo in October.* The tea-shrubs were in flower, and from the mountain passes the plains below seemed one mass of yellow from the ripe harvest. But the Chang-mao were in Hangchow, the capital of the Chehkeang province, and were threatening Shaou-hying forty miles on the way to Ningpo.

"And will they come here?" asked the poor people as they gathered in their crops with trembling hands. They came, those dreaded foes. The great tide of devastation, murder, and rapine reached at last Ningpo, the "City of the Peaceful Wave." The "T'ai-p'ing" or "Great Peace" Dynasty, as the words mean, secured at last a sea-port town; and stood face to face with the dreaded foreigner. On the 10th of December, when the T'ai-p'ings stormed the city, we had our first glimpse of *Chinese fighting*. The great city of Ningpo, girded by a wall five miles in circuit, and varying in height from fifteen to thirty feet, is washed on two faces by the two branches of the river Yung, and on the other sides it is defended by a broad moat. When the Chang-mao had stormed Shaou-hying, and were known to be in full march for Ningpo, the city was placed in a state of *defence* according to Chinese ideas. Logs of wood, eight feet long,

bristling with iron or wooden spikes, and fitted with ropes and pulleys, were laid along the parapets ready to descend on the heads of the assailants.

But the T'ai-p'ings desecrating from afar this device, were quick and ready with a counter stratagem. They ransacked the suburbs for tables and mattresses; and with these over their heads, and trailing their scaling ladders by their sides, they swam the moat. Then, running under the wall, they received unhurt the heavy logs on the wadded tables, and instantly rushing out they planted their ladders and gained the summit of the wall, and the Imperialist garrison broke and fled in wild confusion.

My readers will not care to follow me beyond this glimpse at the Long-haired, to gaze on the horrors of wholesale massacre, or at best of flight and terror and dismay, which marked their course from Canton in the south to T'ien-tsin in the north.

After five months' possession of Ningpo, they precipitated hostilities with the English and French, and were driven out, though not till after a hard fight. In September, 1863, they swept down again on the Ningpo plain, 100,000 strong, and besieged the city. The siege was raised by Admiral Hope; the great hordes, falling back, were gradually driven out of the province, and with the fall of Nanking, chiefly through the genius and courage of Colonel Gordon, the whole movement collapsed.

It is a strange and mysterious history. The leader of the rebellion, Hung-sew-tseuen, was apparently an earnest Christian inquirer only thirty-two years ago, and with a band of followers formed a "Society of Worshipers of God." Just thirty years ago he took up

* Our illustration gives a view of Tsz'-k'i—Mercy Stream—which is some twelve miles from Ningpo, on a branch of the river whose tides flush the canals that penetrate its suburbs. The native boats are seen with their bamboo-woven roofs. One of these, with its roof in front closed with a mat woven in a pattern, is a passage-boat, such as those used by missionaries for itinerating. It becomes their inn and conveyance in one: bed, board, books, and all being contained in it, though its low roof does not permit them to stand up.

arms, and the little band of bold adventurers became a mighty conquering host. But Christianity is not, like Mahometanism, spread by the sword; and the regrets which some have expressed at the final failure of that which seemed to be at one time a Christian revolution, are probably ill-placed.

There is one great cause for regret, however, which, as we turn away from this glimpse of war, I will briefly notice, namely, the neglect of opportunities. The Tai-pings were iconoclasts. The idols were "utterly abolished" where the tide of conquest flowed. The faith of the people was shaken in their

old religions, and at the same time their gratitude was deep and warm towards the Christian powers which had delivered them from their oppressors. The missionaries were welcomed as fellow-countrymen of their deliverers. Now was the time to strike home in the peaceful wars of the Cross! But the crisis passed by without any effort on the part of the home Churches in any sense adequate to the great opportunity; and *such* an opportunity perhaps may never return. How terrible for open doors to slam to again! Many such stand now before the Church in all lands; and she cannot enter in for lack of money!

Anecdotes of Illustrious Abstainers.

COMPILED BY FREDERICK SHERLOCK, AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRIOUS ABSTAINERS."



IV. THOMAS EDWARD (THE SCOTCH NATURALIST).

WHEN rambling over the country in pursuit of his favourite natural history studies, Edward was often advised to take whisky to keep out the cold, but he always refused.

"I believe," he says, "that if I had indulged in drink, or even had I used it at all on these occasions, I could never have stood the cold, the wet, and other privations to which I was exposed. As for my food, it mainly consisted of good oatmeal cakes. It tasted very sweet, and was washed down with water from the nearest spring. Sometimes, when I could afford it, my wife boiled an egg or two, and these were my only luxuries. But as I have already said, *water was my only drink.*"

The Biography of Thomas Edward, by Dr. Smiles, ought to be in every Parish Library. It is published by Mr. Murray.

V. JOHN HOWARD.

HOWARD, the Prison Philanthropist, gives the following testimony in his journal:—

"Next to the free goodness and mercy of the Author of my being, temperance and cleanliness are my preservatives. Trusting

in Divine Providence, and believing myself to be in the way of my duty, I visit the most noxious cells; and while thus employed, I fear no evil."

VI. SIR HENRY THOMPSON, F.R.C.S.

WRITING to the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1873, the distinguished surgeon observes:—

"My main object is to express my opinion as a professional man, in relation to the habitual employment of fermented liquor as a beverage. But, if I ventured one step further, it would be to express a belief that there is no simple habit in this country which so much tends to deteriorate the qualities of the race, and so much disqualifies it for endurance in that competition which in the nature of things must exist, in which the prize of superiority must fall to the best and to the strongest."

VII. PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

THE United States has more than once elected a total abstainer to the high office of President. Abraham Lincoln's example and precept were heartily given for Total Abstinence. He was wont to say:—"Don't drink; don't smoke; don't chew; don't swear; don't gamble; don't lie; don't cheat. Love your fellow man; love truth; love virtue, and be happy."



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THE EDITOR.

LITTLE KEYS.

THE HEARTS, like doors, can open with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that they are these—
"I thank you, sir," and "if you please."

WILL'S, WONT'S, AND CANT'S.

THE HERE are three kinds of men in this world—the "Will's," the "Wont's," and the "Cant's." The former effect everything, the others oppose everything, and the latter fail in everything.

The Young Folks' Page.

XIII. THE TWO LITTLE LEAVES.

AN EASTER LESSON.



HERE was a little girl, five years old, and she had a sister who died. The poor little girl was exceedingly unhappy, and she used to go to her sister's grave, and sit there crying. One day she came to her mother and said, "Mother, I am so unhappy. Shall I ever see my sister again?" The mother said, "Yes, you will see her again. She will rise from the grave, and you will see her again by-and-by." The little girl said, "I cannot believe it. It seems so wonderful! Surely it cannot be true!"

Her mother opened her hand. In her hand was a little seed. She said, "Now, my dear, take that little seed, and go and put it in the ground; and go every day and see what happens." She went and sowed her little seed, and every day she went, and there was nothing, nothing! At last one morning she went,—it had been raining in the night, and she went very early, and there were little leaves, tips of two little leaves, just coming up out of the ground. The little girl saw it, and she was happy. She said, "That is just like my sister. She has been sown in the ground. She will come up again, like those two leaves."

She took great care of those two leaves. When she looked at them it comforted her; and it did more: for she prayed to God, and she gave her heart to Christ, and she grew up a real Christian. And all through those two little leaves, springing up from that little seed, which made her think of her sister.—*Rev. J. Vaughan.*

XIV. THE VIOLET'S WHISPER.

"Thy Father which seeth in secret, Himself shall reward thee openly."
—*Matt. vi. 4.*

VIOLET, violet, blue and sweet,
Nestling down by the old oak's feet,
Can it be, you are glad to grow,
Nobody near, your grace to know?
Whispered the violet, soft as air,
God can look at me anywhere. ANON.

XV. HOW GOOD IS DONE.

SOME are apt to fancy they are to do good only by a great and happy effort once in a while. "How long did you take to paint that picture for which you ask £100?" a gentleman once said to a famous painter. "Two days," he replied. "And do you expect £100 for the work of

two days?" "You forget," answered the painter, "that my whole life was a preparation for the work of these two days."

So a few words from the captive maid moved the household of Naaman; but it was her whole life that prepared her for speaking these few words at the right time, and in the right way. It was because she was so good that she did so much good so easily. Her fruit was like the fine fruit in your gardens, which owes something to every part of the tree, and to every day of the tree's life.—*Rev. J. Wells.*

XVI. THE LITTLE RED HEN.

Once a Mouse, a Frog, and a Little Red Hen
Together kept a house:

The Frog was the laziest of frogs,
And lazier still was the Mouse.

The work all fell on the little Red Hen,
Who had to get the wood,
And build the fire and scrub and cook,
And sometimes hunt for the food.

One day as she went scratching around,
She found a bag of rye:

Said she, "Now who will make some bread?"
Said the lazy Mouse, "Not I!"

"Nor I," croaked the Frog, as he dozed in the shade.
Red Hen made no reply,
But flew around with bowl and spoon,
And mixed and stirred the rye.

"Who'll make a fire to bake the bread?"
Said the Mouse again, "Not I!"
And, scarcely opening his sleepy eyes,
Frog made the same reply.

The little Red Hen said never a word,
But a roaring fire she made;
And, while the bread was baking brown,
"Who'll set the table?" she said.

"Not I!" said the sleepy Frog, with a yawn;
"Nor I," said the Mouse again.
So the table she set, and the bread put on.
"Who'll eat this bread?" said the Hen.

"I will!" cried the Frog, "And I!" squeaked the Mouse,
As they near the table drew.
"Not much you won't!" said the little Red Hen,
And away with the loaf she flew.

The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D.,

FORMERLY RECTOR OF ST. NICHOLAS', WORCESTER; EDITOR OF "THE FIRESIDE," ETC.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. WHO declined a courtier's life when he was young, and who declined it when he was old?
2. What is it which God made for man, the price of which is far more precious than jewels, and of which a great man could not find one in a thousand?
3. Why could not Abraham have the promised land at once?
4. Who refused to believe in the answer to prayer, though brought to him from heaven?
5. What child, besides our Lord, fled into Egypt to avoid being killed in a massacre of children, and returned to the land when the king died?
6. Does Daniel ever claim to have been inspired by the Holy Ghost?

7. Who wished to be neither rich nor poor, for fear that in the one case he should deny God, and in the other steal?
8. How did Jonah show his reverence for the Word and ordinances of God?
9. Give Scripture examples of like reverence.
10. What was Nehemiah especially eminent for?

ANSWERS (See MARCO No., p. 71).

- I. Zechariah (2 Chron. xxiv. 21).
- II. Jericho (Deut. xxxiv. 3; Judg. i. 16; 2 Chron. xxviii. 15).
- III. Exodus xxxv. 25, 26.
- IV. 2 Sam. xxi. 1.
- V. Deut. vi. 4, 5.
- VI. Matt. xxiv. 33.
- VII. By example and precept, 2 Thess. iii. 8-10.
- VIII. St. Luke xvi. 10.
- IX. 2 Kings iv. 1-7; Matt. xviii. 27.
- X. Phil. ii. 12.
- XI. Prov. xxx. 8, 9.

SUN.—1st day.
Rises 5.38. Sets 6.30.

APRIL.

MOON.—Full, 14th, m. 11.50.
New, 28th, m. 10.24.

LIGHT
FAITH
HOME
GRACE
IN
LIFE

JOY
PEACE
RE
LOVE

CHRIST, AND HIM CRUCIFIED.

Who His
own self bare our sins.

1 Pet. ii. 24.

The
precious blood of Christ.

1 Pet. i. 19.

1 F Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. Without shedding of blood is no remission. Heb. ix.
3 S 5th S. in Lent. Behold the Lamb of God. Jn. i. 36.
4 M Purchased with His own Blood. Acts xx. 28.
6 Tu Because I live, ye shall live also. John xiv. 19.
6 W In Christ shall all be made alive. 1 Cor. xv. 22.
7 Th The Lord our Righteousness. Jer. xxiii. 6.
8 F For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain. Phil. i. 21.

9 S Now is the day of salvation. 2 Cor. vi. 2.
10 S Palm S. Create in me a clean heart, O God. Ps. li. 10.
11 M Jesus Christ, and Him crucified. 1 Cor. ii. 2.
12 Tu In Whom we have redemption. Eph. i. 7. [Rom. vii.
13 W Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?
14 Th I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Rom.
15 F Good FRIDAY. A Lamb as it had been slain. Rev. v. 6.
16 S Able to save . . . to the uttermost. Heb. vii. 25.

HE
IS THE
PROPITIATION FOR
OUR SINS.

Who
loved me:
Gal. ii. 20.

And
gave Himself for me.
Gal. ii. 20.

17 S Easter Day. I am the Resurrection, and the Life. [John xi. 25.
18 M E. MOR. God hath given to us eternal life. 1 John v. 11.
19 Tu E. TUESDAY. And this life is in His Son. 1 John v. 11.
20 W Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Acts xvi. 31.
21 Th While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.
22 F Do we then make void the law through faith?
23 S God forbid: yea, we establish the law. Rom. iii. 31.

24 S 1st S. aft. Easter. Look unto Me, and be ye saved.
25 M St. MARK. Lord, increase our faith. Luke xvi. 5.
26 Tu God was manifest in the flesh. 1 Tim. iii. 16.
27 W The great God and our Saviour. Tit. ii. 13.
28 Th Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as [white as snow. Isa. i. 18.
29 F A new heart also will I give you. Ezek. xxxvi. 26.
30 S I will put My Spirit within you. Ezek. xxxvii. 27.

THINE was the chastisement, with no release,
That mine might be the peace;
The bruising and the cruel stripes were Thine,
That healing might be mine;
Thine was the sentence and the condemnation.
Mine the acquittal, and the full salvation.

Wounded for my transgression, stricken sore,
That I might "sin no more";
Weak, that I might be always strong in Thee,
Bound, that I might be free;
Acquaint with grief, that I might only know
Fullness of joy in everlasting flow.—F. E. H.

Divine Teaching.—"If Divine teaching be not sought and found, a man may go on from day to day, from year to year, down even to the grave, listening to the Gospel, and sometimes interested in it, without a broken heart for sin, without any real sense of his need of an Atoning Saviour and a Sanctifying Spirit. Our need is, to be 'taught of God.' Pray that He may write upon your heart His own 'glorious Gospel'—the Gospel of 'the blessed God'—so that you may experimentally say of Jesus, the sinner's Friend, 'He loved me, and gave Himself for me.'—The Forgotten Truth.

"THE DAY OF DAYS," Id. "HAND AND HEART," Id. "THE FIRESIDE," 6d.

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"DOGS, DOGS, DEAR OLD DOGS!"



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

“Dogs, Dogs, dear old Dogs!”



Dogs, dogs, dear old dogs,
Dogs of each sort and kind
I love from my heart, and they on their part
Return the love, I find.
Dogs, dogs, great big dogs, of noble air and mien,
That study your look—you're their kind of book;
They're trusty friends, I ween.
Dogs, dogs, queer little dogs,
That sit on their tails and beg!
Through long silken hair, with comical air,
They peer with a look so “gleg.”
Dogs, dogs, short-haired dogs,
With scarce a tail at all:
With their short-cropped ears—of these I have fears;
Do they bite after all?
Dogs, dogs, curly dogs,
Which find what you have lost:
Which give up their prey when you say them nay,
In praise they value most.
Dogs, dogs, wondrous dogs,
Which dying travellers find
In the deep snow-drift, and carefully lift
And carry them to their kind.
Dogs, dogs, loving dogs,
Ever true to the end;
Who can treat them ill, with cruel ill-will,
Deserves to have no friend.
Dogs, dogs, great big dogs, of noble air and mien,
That study your look—you're their kind of book;
They're trusty friends, I ween.

SENGA.



Old Umbrellas; or, Nobody Cares.

BY AGNES GIBBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE UPWARD GAZE," "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM,"
"SUN, MOON, AND STARS," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

THE YOUNG LADY.



T was well that Mr. Green had not pressed for hasty repayment of the five shillings, for there seemed little hope of its becoming speedily possible. With the utmost efforts of the Keyns they could only just manage to keep afloat. As Willie Watkins had truly said, the loss of four and sixpence was a serious matter to begin with, and the shilling kindly advanced by Mr. Green had to be taken out of the next payment. Keyn's earnings were fitful too: for the old man did not recover strength, and if he managed to go upon his rounds one day he often had to take to his bed on the following day. He was very uncomplaining, and struggled on when many another man would have given in. But after all, the most resolute will cannot master bodily weakness beyond a certain point; and there were some who noticed that day by day the old man seemed to grow more shrunken; that day by day his cheeks became more hollow; that day by day his step waxed more feeble. He knew it himself well enough.

Mr. Green had not been to see Clarrie's mother. He fully intended doing so, but like many busy people he put off the things which might be done "anytime" for the things which had to be done at once. Now and again Clarrie appeared with a supply of finished work, and each time she was greeted with—

"What! more done! That's right. Not been to sleep again upon a doorstep, eh? ha, ha, ha! No, no, you won't try that dodge twice, I'll be bound. Well, well, I'm coming to see your mother: I haven't forgotten. No hurry about the five shillings, you know."

A month passed, and matters did not improve. More and more seldom Keyn went out on his daily round; and more and more short grew the rounds when he did go out. The family was almost dependent on the

fruits of Marina's toil, with such little help as Martha's stiffened fingers and failing eyesight could give; and Marina's powers were unequal to the task imposed upon them.

Ever since the evening of her long walk in search of the lost work, she had become more than usually suffering, more than usually silent. Keyn did not understand her; neither did Martha; neither did Clarrie. She was like a person enduring a ceaseless pressure of heart-pain, and caring little for anything outside the region of her own thoughts. She worked because Martha made her work, but had she been left to herself she would have spent hours each day in passive idleness. Often, as she sat, the slowly-moving fingers would sink upon her lap, and the large sad eyes would be bent upon the ground in a kind of day-dream, from which Martha's voice usually roused her sharply with the query, "Well, what now?"

It was not Marina's way to speak in angry tones to her child, yet she had done so once in this past month. Clarrie had said, "Mother, when may I go to the nice young lady for the picture-book?" and Marina, whitening and trembling, had said harshly, "Never! Don't speak to me about it again." Clarrie thought her displeased, and did not venture to ask the question a second time. Had she been a few years older, she might more truly have put the word "sorrow" in the place of "displeasure."

Keyn was sitting on the foot of his bed one evening, looking grey and haggard, as he was wont to look after a day's outing. He had not brought home much money for a week past, and the frown in Martha's face was growing habitual. She had some reason for anxiety. How was the rent to be paid, unless Keyn could work? This question weighed upon her unceasingly; and Martha Keyn did not know the comfort of a heavenly Friend to lean upon. She bore all her burdens herself: so no wonder she found them heavy.

"Here's twice in five days you've been out," said Martha. "And you won't go to-morrow."

"No, I shan't go to-morrow," echoed the old man plaintively.

"Nor the next day after, as like as not," said Martha.

"It isn't my fault. I'd go if I could," said Keyn.

"And there's the rent," said Martha. "That's come round again, and not a sixpence laid by. And there's the five shillings."

"I wish we had somebody to give us lots of money," said Clarrie.

"A little 'ud do," said Keyn feebly. "Just to keep us from going down hill altogether. But there's nobody, Clarrie."

"No,—there's nobody," echoed Clarrie. "Mr. Green says he's coming, but he don't come. And Willie's mother isn't rich. And mother don't like me to go to the young lady."

Marina lifted her eyes for one reproachful glance at her child, and speedily lowered them again. "What young lady?" asked Martha.

"She spoke to me on the beach," said Clarrie, not loath to explain. "And they gave us sixpence out of the window, and the young lady told me to go for a picture-book, but mother says I mustn't."

"Where does the young lady live?"

"Down by the sea. I don't know she's there now," said Clarrie.

"When did she speak to you?"

Clarrie could give a definite answer. The sixpence had been given on the night of the lost parcel.

"A whole month! As like as not they've gone away from Brighton by this. If ever I knew a fool in all my days it's Marrie," said Martha, with suppressed anger. "To let go by a chance like that! Now you listen, Clarrie. Put on your hat this moment, and wash your hands if they ain't clean—"

Clarrie held out her ten fingers.

"And brush your hair," continued Martha, surveying the row. "And you go straight off, and ask for the young lady. I don't care what your mother says. You're to go this minute. Mind, you're not to beg, but if the

lady asks questions you can answer her. See you're quiet and civil."

Marina bent her head low over her work, and made no sound. Clarrie gave her one or two dubious looks, but received no glance in return. She was soon on her way, a somewhat troubled little maiden, conscious that she could not resist her grandmother's will, but unhappy in the knowledge that she was doing what her mother disliked.

The house was not difficult to find. Clarrie had greater difficulty in making up her mind to stand before the formidable big door, and to pull the bell-handle. A servant came, looking flushed and hurried. Clarrie said timidly,—*"Please may I see the young lady in the drawing-room?"*

"What young lady?"

"I don't know her name. She told me to come."

"If she had told you to come, she would have told you her name."

"She said I was to ask for the young lady in the drawing-room."

The servant hesitated. Clarrie had not precisely the look of a common beggar. Her frightened voice and downcast head were in her favour.

"What have you come for?"

"The young lady said she would give me a picture-book. It was a whole month ago," said Clarrie.

"Why didn't you come sooner?"

"Mother wouldn't let me."

"It's a queer sort of a story," said the girl; *"but Miss Olive is out now. She'll be back presently. You'd better come again, and I'll ask her if it's true."*

Clarrie wandered across the road, and stood about on the Parade, waiting. She had had a good deal of waiting, off and on, in her short life, and she was learning to endure the trial patiently,—for a trial it is, no doubt, at any time. She stood on the Parade, with her back against a lamp-post, keeping her eyes fixed upon the door of the house. So intent was her gaze, and so fixed her determination not to miss seeing the young lady arrive, that she did not notice who was passing near her. Presently a voice said quite close,—

"Why, this is the little girl I wanted to

find. Why have you never been to see me, little girl?"

And there was Miss Clive herself.

"Mother wouldn't let me, please," said Clarrie, bringing her eyes to Minnie Clive's face, and dropping a curtsy.

"Would she not?"

"No," said Clarrie, shaking her head. "But grandmother said I was to come."

"What a curious feeling of your mother's. Well,—come indoors, and you shall have the book."

Clarrie followed the young lady across the Parade, and into the house. The door stood on the latch, so no bell needed to be pulled. Minnie Clive just turned the handle and entered.

"Come," she said, "I am going to take you up to my own room."

CHAPTER XIII.

A WONDERFUL THING.

It was a very little room into which Minnie Clive led her companion, neatly fitted up with dimity curtains and a white-curtained bed. Clarrie looked with admiring eyes upon the pretty green carpet, the marble-topped washhand-stand, the pink-and-white toilet-table. It was quite a fairy-land of comfort, after the home to which she was accustomed. Several books lay upon the table, and on the mantel-piece stood a framed illumination. Clarrie did not know it by that name, but when once her eyes had found it, they remained fixed in a steady gaze, and her lips parted, and a glow came into her cheeks.

"Come and look closer," said Miss Clive, somewhat surprised that the child had not rather chosen for admiration one of the brightly-tinted pictures hanging on the walls.

But Clarrie knew again, as an old friend, the long card in its gilt frame: only when she had seen it or one like to it before, there had been no frame. She recognised immediately the gentle-faced Man in the little picture, with His crook and His sheep, and the words in blue above and in red below.

"You like this?" said Minnie.

"Oh! ever so," was the eager answer.

"Better than a picture-book?"

Clarrie looked at the blue volume on the table, touched by Miss Clive's outstretched hand, and then her gaze went back to the illumination.

"Please, Miss, I've seen it before," she said.

"When?"

"It was in a shop. Grandfather wouldn't stop to look."

"Do you know what it means?" asked Minnie, letting the picture-book alone. "Clarrie, that is Jesus, the kind Shepherd. Do you know Him?"

"Mother says she knowed Him once," said Clarrie quietly. "She don't now."

Another spectator had entered in the person of Mrs. Clive. Clarrie did not see her. She exchanged intelligent and somewhat surprised glances with Minnie, and sat down to listen.

"Then she must have grown tired of Him. He would never grow tired of her," said Minnie. "He never changes or gives up those who love Him. Why does not your mother care about Him now?"

"Mother didn't say that," returned Clarrie slowly. "Mother said He was a long way off now,—and she said she couldn't tell me about Him. Mother cried so, and she said she *would* have her own way, and she gave Him up and her mother too,—and she does want her mother so. And she said maybe I'd be naughty to her some day, like she was to her mother."

"Don't—" said Minnie. "Be sure you don't, Clarrie. Always be a good girl to your mother. I dare say you help her now in her work as much as you can?"

"Mother says I don't sew strong enough yet. I go with grandfather mostly, mending 'brellas. But he's been so weak he can't walk much, and mother's got a deal of pain in her side."

"Your mother is lame, isn't she? What made her so?"

"She tumbled down stone steps," said Clarrie. "It was when I was a baby,—and me in her arms,—and she wouldn't let me be hurt, and in saving me she got her leg all twisted under her. Grandmother says she'll be always lame."

"There doesn't seem one among you quite fit to take care of the rest—unless your grandmother."

"She can't walk far," said Clarrie. "She's getting old, and her hands and feet are so bad with the rheumatics."

"What made your grandfather take to mending umbrellas?"

"He had a 'brella shop," said Clarrie. "And he got poor, and father died, and we came to Brighton."

Minnie pointed to the illuminated card. "What a nice text for you there," she said,—"*'He careth for you!'* Do you remember telling me down on the beach that your grandmother said nobody cared for you, and I told you that God cared? I wonder if you remember?"

Clarrie nodded. The words had made an impression.

"But grandmother says every day we'll soon go to the workhouse," she said sadly.

"Well, you *might* have to go," thoughtfully answered Minnie. "It might be God's will. Some of His own children have had to go there sometimes, I suppose; and if God sende you, He can take care of you in the workhouse as well as out of it. But why don't you ask Him not to let you go? Do you ever pray?"

"I'm just trying," said Clarrie. "I asked mother if she wouldn't too, and she said she couldn't."

"Why?"

"She said she couldn't,—not unless she was to know her mother would forgive her. Mother did cry so."

"What is your mother's name, Clarrie?" asked Mrs. Olive, rising and coming forward. The child had not hitherto been aware of her presence. A look of agitation had come into her worn face, as from a sudden thought flashing into her mind, and she spoke the words hurriedly. "Your mother's name?" she repeated.

"Mother is Mrs. Keyn," said Clarrie.

"Her Christian name—and your father's?"

"Mother's name is Marina, and grandmother calls her 'Marrie,'" explained Clarrie. "And grandfather's name is Ambrose Keyn, and so was father's, only grandmother calls him 'Brose.'"

Clarrie wondered at the deep silence which fell upon her two companions. She could not understand it. Minnie turned pale and stood with parted lips, as if fearing to speak a word, and for a whole minute Mrs. Olive did not stir a single muscle. She might have been an image carved in stone.

"Aunt, perhaps it is only a mistake," said, Minnie, trembling.

Then the ice broke up. A strange low cry thrilled through the little room, and Mrs. Olive dropped upon her knees, with her face bowed low in her hands. "O my child—my Marina! O my God, I thank Thee," she said, amid convulsive sobs.

Clarrie was frightened, but a sign from Minnie kept her where she was. Minnie took her aunt's hand, and gently induced her to rise and sit upon a chair.

"What will uncle John say," she asked very low.

"He will forgive,—he must forgive—surely—after all these years."

Minnie had her doubts. "And if he does not," she said.

Mrs. Olive wept exceedingly for a minute.

"What are you going to do, aunt?"

"I must think—alone in my room. Keep the child here while I am gone."

She went away, sobbing as she walked. Minnie offered no explanation to the puzzled and alarmed Clarrie. She showed her the picture-book, and gave it into her keeping: then took down the illuminated text, that Clarrie might see it nearer. "Would you like this too for your own?" she asked in an absent way, as if scarcely aware of what she said. Clarrie could hardly believe her own senses. Then Minnie asked a few questions about the work done by Clarrie's mother, and the story of the lost bundle came out. Minnie's thoughts were so occupied that she scarcely took it all in, but the leading fact was clear, and she drew out her purse. "Five shillings, you said, did you not, Clarrie? Here are two half-crowns for you. That will set all right. Put them safely in your pocket."

Then Mrs. Olive came back, tearful but calm. "I am going to speak to your uncle, Minnie," she said. "I will take Clarrie with me."

"You would not like to go first and see Clarrie's mother," suggested Minnie; "just to make sure that there is no mistake."

"I don't think it would be right; not quite straightforward. I must have your uncle's leave. Write down Clarrie's direction first, Minnie, that I may be able to find them."

This done, she took Clarrie's hand and led her downstairs, walking quietly and patiently. In the drawing-room sat a gentleman whom Clarrie had seen before. She could not think where for a moment, but then a recollection flashed across her of the day when her grandfather was taken ill out of doors, and of the stander-by who had given Willie half-a-crown for them.

"John, such a wonderful thing has happened," said Mrs. Clive.

She came to the table, and stood there, still holding Clarrie's hand.

"Wonderful things are always happening, in a woman's estimation," said Mr. Clive.

"This is wonderful," said Mrs. Clive quietly with her quivering lips. "It is what I have prayed and longed for so many years. John, our child is found again."

"Minnie is our child," said Mr. Clive in short sharp tones.

"Yes, but our other—our own—our darling Marina—"

"Marina Clive was my child. Marina Keyn is nothing to me. She has forfeited our love. Who is this little beggar?"

"Our grandchild, John," said the lady, gently still, but very sadly, for she was losing hope.

Mr. Clive leant back and surveyed Clarrie from head to foot.

"I am much obliged! but speak for yourself, if you please. It is not exactly a desirable relationship."

"Poor Brose Keyn is dead, John."

Mr. Clive took up his pen.

"Will you please to send that child away? I have been long enough interrupted."

"I will take her home. And may I not carry Marina one word from you, even if you will not see her? Just one word? She is longing for our forgiveness."

"I forbid you to go there, and I forbid her to come here."

Mrs. Clive had feared this; but she shivered

under the prohibition, as if it had been all unlooked-for.

"Just this once,—only once," she said entreatingly. "One word with her, John! If you knew how I have been longing of late—"

"We will go on to Hastings to-morrow," said Mr. Clive.

Minnie had followed the two in, and stood looking with tears in her eyes at the drooping figure of Mrs. Clive. "Uncle, Clarrie is your own grandchild," she said.

"I beg to decline the honour," said Mr. Clive sarcastically. "I should be much obliged to you all, if you would allow me to finish my letters in time for the post."

He took up his pen, but put it down again, to look full with angry eyes at Clarrie. "Mind," he said harshly, "you are to leave the house at once, and not to come back. You understand? If I see you hanging about here again, I'll—I'll give you in charge of the police."

Of course he did not mean it, but Clarrie's terror was not lessened by this fact. "Go!" said Mr. Clive, pointing to the door, and she fled like a hare into the passage. Minnie pursued and detained her, until Mrs. Clive could come up. The poor lady looked very wan, though she tried to smile.

"Clarrie," she said, "I must not keep you now, because my husband is not willing, but I hope he may become willing soon that I should see your mother. Tell her that you have seen her mother, and that her mother quite forgives her, and loves her as much as ever: and tell her, Clarrie, that she must begin again to pray to God, because His love is more tender than even a mother's love, and He will forgive her if she asks Him. I am afraid we shall leave Brighton to-morrow, but I know where you live now; and soon,—very soon, perhaps—I shall be able to write or come. I must not do anything more now, because my husband would not like it. Good-bye, little Clarrie."

Mrs. Clive stooped down and kissed her, then turned away, weeping again.

"Now you go straight home," said Minnie, slipping two more half-crowns into the child's hand. "Be a good girl, Clarrie, and a comfort to your mother, and don't forget to pray

often to God. You have your picture-book and text safely. Now run away, or my uncle will be angry."

And Clarrie ran, as directed, losing no time on her way home.

"Well,—did you see the young lady?" asked Martha Keyn, as Clarrie burst into the room. "I suppose you did, as you've not come back empty-handed. What's that—a text? There's lots of things we want a deal more than smart paintings, as I could have told the young lady. And a picture-book!"

"And all this, grandmother," said Clarrie, laying down two half-crowns, and then pulling two more out of her pocket. "The first two she gave me was to pay back Mr. Green, and the other two just when I was coming away."

"What did she say to you?" asked Martha.

Now Clarrie had rushed home, with the full intention of pouring out all details the moment she arrived. But somehow, as she glanced at her mother's bowed head and pale face, a feeling came over her that she had better not. Child as she was, she had a sense that the mother's message of forgiveness ought to be given in quietness and alone, not in public, to be criticised by Martha Keyn. Clarrie was a quick child, and in that moment she made up her mind to say no more than was needful, till she could ask her mother's leave.

"What did the young lady say?" repeated Martha, pending the short hesitation. "Now you needn't pretend you don't remember. You've been gone, I don't know how long."

"She was out, and I had to wait," said Clarrie. "I went down near the shore, and she found me there. And she took me indoors, up to her room, and gave me the picture-book, and talked to me about the text. And the other lady came in too."

"Did you answer proper to their questions?" asked Martha, and Clarrie responded by a nod.

"Well, and have you got to go again?"

"No," said Clarrie promptly. "There was a gentleman, and he called me a little beggar. I didn't like him. And they're going away to-morrow. I heard him say they would."

"Well, it's a good thing you went to-day," said Martha, not noting how Marina trembled. "Anyway we've got something by it. Who's that? Come in."

A loud rap at the door had caused the last two utterances. Rap again. "Come in," called Martha; and a third time there was a rap. "See who it is, Clarrie," said old Keyn.

Clarrie obeyed, and behold—there stood stout Mr. Green, redder than ever in the face with his climb up the hill, and gasping audibly from the same cause. He pulled out a big yellow-striped handkerchief, gave his face a good mopping, patted Clarrie on the head, and looked round benignantly.

"I'm come—at last," he said, with returning breath.

"It's Mr. Green, mother," said Clarrie.

"Well, it's a good thing we've got the money to pay him," remarked Martha, unable to ascribe the visit to motives of pure benevolence.

"Which is your mother, my dear?" asked Mr. Green of Clarrie.

Clarrie pointed. "Mother's there," she said. "And that's grandfather and grandmother."

"Ah, to be sure, yes,—to be sure, yes,—to be sure,—both getting oldish—old man looks sickly too—to be sure—just as you told me."

Mr. Green dropped into a chair, smiled upon them all again, and finally fixed his gaze upon Marina.

(To be continued.)

BE PRAYERFUL



Be prayerful; ask, and thou shalt have strength equal to thy day; Prayer clasps the Hand that guides the world,—Oh, make it then thy stay;

Ask largely, and thy God will be
A Kingly Giver unto thee.—*Anon.*

DARK SHADOWS.



Let them darken the cages of birds when we wish to teach them to sing." For the same reason, it may be, God sends dark shadows over the hearts and homes of His people.

"Affliction is God's 'Hush!' bidding us be still and listen to Him."—*Oulross.*

Wayside Chimes.

BY THE REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, M.A., VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, HAMPSTEAD.

V. THE NIGHT VISION.

"Behold, I am with thee."—*Gen.* xxviii. 10-22.



EARY, worn, and lonely,
With my rude staff only,
Through the desert thorny
Went I on my journey.

But night fell, and danger
Compass'd me a stranger :
So to sleep I laid me,
Kept by Him who made me.

Then Heaven's gate unfolding,
I with awe beholding,
Open'd scenes of glory
Passing human story.

Lo, in tiers unending
Steps of light ascending,
Trodden by the angels
On their glad evangels ;

And above, in vision
Of supreme fruition,
Saw, or heard I rather,
God, my God and Father,

Saying, "Child, I love thee;
Loving, I will prove thee;
But will leave thee never :
Thou art Mine for ever."

So I woke ; and morning
Was the East adorning,
And that spot most lowly
Seem'd a temple holy.

Henceforth, true and tender
Be my heart's surrender ;
With His Presence o'er me,
Be what may before me.

Be the pathway dreary,
Be my footsteps weary,
Be no friend assistant,
Be my bourn far distant ;

Raiment, bread provided,
Home to glory guided,
With my Father only,
I no more am lonely.



Dangerous Maritime Adventure of the Queen.

It may be interesting to recall the fact that the Queen can look back upon at least one dangerous maritime adventure. Cruising off the Isle of Wight in the yacht *Emerald*, while she was yet the Princess Victoria, the breeze freshened into a gale, and before the vessel could get into Cowes roads the decks were swept fore and aft. The coming Queen, however, undauntedly remained a witness of the stirring scene. Suddenly a squall took the *Emerald* aback, and crack went the topmast immediately above the cap. The pilot, Mr. Saunders, quick as thought, sprang to where

the Princess was standing, and lifted her in his arms to a more safe position farther aft : the next moment crash came the topmast down just where the Queen had originally stationed herself.

But for the prompt action of Mr. Saunders the Queen would probably have lost her life. Indeed, Her Majesty long ago acknowledged that the escape was something to be thankful for. The pilot, at her instance, was promoted to be a master ; and when she became Queen of England he was early invited to Court. Moreover, at the death of Mr. Saunders some few years after, Her Majesty made considerable provision for his wife and family.



THE STORY OF THE MONTH.



MAY brings with her the brightness and promise of the year, the song of the nightingale, and the cuckoo's note. Flowers increase, and amongst them we have the graceful wood-sorrel—the true Irish shamrock—the trefoil leaves of which are heart-shaped, of a bright green, and form a true weather-glass, since they always shut up on the approach of rain. The hedges are covered with the beautiful and fragrant hawthorn, called May, in honour of the month. Buttercups abound, and make the fields one blaze of gold. No wonder the children sing,—

"Buttercups and daisies,
Oh, the pretty flowers."

But while there is a natural eagerness to hail May as a summer month—and from its position in the year it ought to be one—it is after all a spring month. The cold winds still prevail, and falls of snow are far from being unknown. There is often too much truth in the jesting saying, "May has set in with its usual severity." On this account proverbial wisdom warns us against being too eager to regard it as a time for light clothing:—

"Change not a clout,
Till May be out."

Other proverbs of the month run thus:—

"Be it weal or be it woe,
Beans blow before May doth go."

"A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay."

"The haddocks are good,
When dipped in May flood."

"Mist in May and heat in June,
Makes the harvest right soon."

The latest summer birds of passage arrive in the beginning of May, and the birds generally are busily employed in hatching and rearing their young. Towards the end of the month the bees come in swarms from their hives, to seek new abodes, and to gather the sweets of the garden and the fields. The cottage hive is a good investment, even if the only benefit were the lesson of industry which we may all learn from "The busy bee."

May is supposed to derive its name from *Maia*, the Roman goddess representing the *Earth*. To us the welcome month speaks of the opening hand of the great Benefactor, who "fillet all things living with plenteousness."

"Look around thee—look around!
Flowers in all the fields abound;
Every running stream is bright;
All the orchard trees are white,
And each small and waving shoot
Promises sweet flower and fruit.
Turn thine eyes to earth and heaven!
God for thee all good has given,
Taught the birds their melodies,
Clothed the earth, and cleared the skies,
For thy pleasure or thy food:—
Pour thy soul in gratitude!"—*Mary Howitt.*

C. A. H. B.



The Story of Jocko.

R. FRANK BUCKLAND, a sketch of whose life we gave in March, in his "Curiosities of Natural History" (London: R. Bentley & Son), tells innumerable stories of

his experiences as a Naturalist. Amongst them is the story of Jocko, which is certainly very amusing.

Jocko was a South American monkey. Mr. Buckland says, these American monkeys are thrice as intelligent as the Old World monkeys. Jocko's activity was something extraordinary. He knew well enough when the orders were given to take him to bed and move him from his comfortable corner under the fender; for he was a lazy fellow, and did not like going to bed early or getting up before eleven o'clock in the morning. When bed-time arrived, if not immediately secured before he was aware of his coming fate, he would cry like a naughty child; he was off like a bird, and catch him if you could; no art, no inducements, no devices, ever so cunningly used, would induce him to come within arm's length, and it was sometimes half an hour's work to get him at all.

Master Jack at length showed evident symptoms of consumption, and Mr. Buckland prescribed "cod liver oil." Jack was not disposed to take his medicine; and though it was placed openly before him, on the dining-room table, he refused it with symptoms of disgust and sundry tail-shakings.

"I then," writes Mr. Buckland, "poured a little into a saucer, and placed it in such a position that he should find it for himself, while I pretended to be reading and not to notice what was going on. The trap took; Jack sucked up the prescribed dose, making a face, not implying nausea, but rather high glee at his own cleverness.

"This 'deceit,' however, was after a time discovered by the artful creature, and one day I found my friend with his long tail and arms tightly coiled round the table lamp, and stealing the colza oil as it dropped down from the wick. He managed to get one of

his long spider-leg-like fingers through the brass-work of the lamp, and held it till a drop of oil fell on it; he then put it in his mouth and sucked off the oil like a child sucking sugar-candy. How he could manage to gaze at the intense light, which one would have thought would have hurt his eyes when so near the lighted wick, I know not. I fancy, however, that the light bothered him somewhat, for he used to frown dreadfully while he was waiting for the oil to drop on his finger. I placed colza oil before him; no, he would not touch it; but nevertheless he had no objection to it when he got it for himself from the lamp. He was certainly better and fatter for his medicine, and I really think it saved his life.

"Jack, too, had a marvellous propensity for picking things to pieces and smashing articles that came in his way; strange to say, he never tore a useless bit of paper, or broke a common or valueless bit of goods. One day he sneaked out of his cage, and had a good morning's work to himself, tearing off the leather and pulling out the lining of an old arm-chair. He was, after an hour or two, discovered in the act, and taken into custody to be duly chastised for his mischief. He cried murder when he saw preparations made to punish him; but at the same time he held out his hand, firmly closed upon something in it. His pickers and stealers were unclashed, and in the palm of his hand was discovered a half-sovereign, which he had most certainly found and picked out of the chair (an old second-hand one), and which probably had been buried in its lining for years. His proffered ransom got him off his punishment; but his investigations into the structure of watches, books, ink and ornament-stands, writing desks, MS. notes, etc., did not afterwards produce equally valuable discoveries. Nothing pleased Jack so much as to make his escape, Jack Sheppard fashion, from the wire cage in which he was kept by the kitchen fire. He would pick and pick, with his long skeleton-like fingers, till he found the staple loose. If anybody happened to look round at him while he was at work, he would drop instantly on the hay and

pretend to be asleep. When he managed to get the door unfastened, he would not bolt out in a moment, but push it open as gently and gradually as a burglar. He would then sneak out, and would carry his chain in a curl of his tail to prevent it rattling on the stones and the servants detecting his pranks. His object was to get to my room; and on looking up I frequently found my friend nestled inside the fender. He came into the room so quietly that I did not know he had escaped from his cage till he called my attention by a friendly chatter, as much as to say, 'I've got loose so cleverly, you really must not scold me for it.'

"When winter came on, I always had a coat made for him, which was sewed on at the back like a lady's stays, or he would not rest till he had unpicked the stitches and got it off. As it was sewed at the back he could not get at the stitches. Jack's tailor was the regimental tailor of the second Life Guards. When the tailor made him his first coat he made him the coat of a 'Troop Corporal Major,' putting the crown and four stripes on the right arm. Jack soon set to work and pulled off the crown, and then one by one the stripes. The coat was sent back to the tailor for repairs; and when it was returned we found that Jack had lost rank, for he had now only three stripes on his arm,

and was therefore a 'Full Corporal.' These he destroyed; and he was then reduced to two stripes, and made only a 'Lance-Corporal.' The punishment, however, did not take much effect on Jack, for he at once deliberately set to work to 'destroy his kit, contrary to the Mutiny Act.' All hopes of his reformation were then given over, and Jack was reduced with disgrace to 'Full Private,' with no stripes at all; and he remained full private the rest of his days."

We fear Jocko has some human imitators of his cunning and destructive tricks, who cannot plead Jocko's excuse. Such tricks in monkeys only show us nature's wonderful provision for their safety and guidance in their forest life, amongst animals armed more strongly than themselves; but in man endowed with moral responsibility, deceit and cunning and injury to others are marks of a degraded character which might well excite the contempt of monkeys, if monkeys had intelligence enough to display it.

Openness, candour, uprightness, straightforwardness, a determination to do nothing "on the sly," but always to "walk on the crown of the road," with no subterfuges or hypocrisies in thought, word, or deed, this is Christian manliness. Let us never lose our manliness by imitating the monkey.

Ascension-Day.

BY THE REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A., RECTOR OF LONDESBOROUGH, E. YORKS.



ASCENSION-DAY, the crown of Spring,

Thy praises let the woodlands ring,
Let music flow from every spray—
A mingled but harmonious lay—

Or soar aloft on the lark's wing.

Let opening blossoms incense fling,
And silky leaves their banners bring,

While mounting sap attests thy sway,
Ascension-day.

My soul, my glory, rise and sing,
Bursting the chains which bind and cling:

Still let me climb the Heavenward way—
Till, while I praise and work and pray,
'Tis *always*, through my Lord and King,
Ascension-day!

Our Church Portrait Gallery.



XVII. CANON ELLISON : XVIII. THE BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN : XIX. THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL : XX. THE REV. W. H. WRIGHT.

THE Rev. Henry John Ellison, M.A., took honours at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1835. After holding the Vicarage of All Souls', Brighton, for three years, he accepted the Vicarage of Edensor, Derbyshire. In 1855 he became Vicar of New Windsor. During twenty years of zealous labour there he restored the parish church at a cost of £6,000; secured the erection of All Souls' Church at a cost of £5,300, and built Industrial and National Schools at a cost of £6,000, besides throwing his interest into other important local movements. In 1873 he was appointed to an honorary canonry in Christ Church, Oxford.

Canon Ellison holds a distinguished position in the Church of England in connection with the Temperance movement. A founder, —one might almost say the founder—of the Church of England Temperance Society, he has remained its ohivalrous champion through evil report and keen criticism, and happily lives to see his labours crowned with a success far exceeding the most hopeful anticipations of those who were associated with him in the early history of the Society.

As the Chairman of the Executive Council he is still the earnest controlling leader of the movement; and we only echo the desire of thousands when we say, long may he be spared to direct the work which he loves so well.

In 1875 Canon Ellison was nominated a Queen's Chaplain, and presented by the Dean and Chapter of Windsor to the rectory of Great Hasely, in Oxfordshire. He is the author of an admirable series of sermons on "Married Life."

Bishop Rowley Hill is the only surviving son of the late Sir George Hill, Bart., of Londonderry. His first curacy was at Dover with the Rev. O. D. Marston. When Mr. Marston was appointed to the charge in London of St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square, Mr. Hill accompanied him, and shortly after

undertook the charge of St. Luke's, in the poorer part of the parish.

In 1867 he was appointed Vicar of Frant, in Kent, and three years later was promoted to St. Michael's, Chester Square. In this important parish Mr. Hill drew around him a large and influential congregation, ready to aid him in every good work. A new Vicarage was built, parish organizations were set on foot, and the affections of the people were warmly drawn towards him.

In 1873, Mr. Hill accepted the still more influential position of Vicar of Sheffield. He speedily won the confidence of his new parishioners by the open and straightforward way in which he commended Gospel truth to them; and during his short ministry of scarcely four years, he succeeded in collecting no less than about £60,000 for the purpose of Church Extension.

His nomination to the see of Sodor and Man was a fitting recognition of his labours in Sheffield. The Bishop has already accomplished a great work in his diocese. He is a powerful preacher, and a most able organizer. He is also the author of several well-known works. Recently he contributed a series of "Brief Sermons for Busy Readers" to *Hand and Heart*, since published under the title of "The Church at Home."

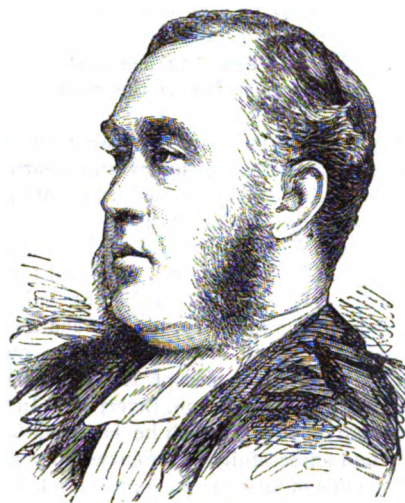
Dr. Ryle, the great Tract writer, has a world-wide fame. More than twelve millions of these silent but most effective and living messengers of Evangelical truth have gone forth, east, west, north and south. His larger works are equally popular.

A biographical sketch of Dr. Ryle's career has already been given in *Home Words*. His nomination to the see of Liverpool was felt by all to be a fitting acknowledgment of the distinguished services which, as a preacher, a pastor, and an author, he has rendered to the Church of England.

The welcome accorded to him has been as hearty as he could desire. The working classes, especially, have rallied round him. He addresses them, as he addresses all, in



**THE REV. CANON ELLISON, M.A.,
CHAPLAIN TO THE QUEEN.**



**THE RIGHT REV. DR. ROWLEY HILL,
BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.**



**RIGHT REV. DR. J. C. RYLE, M.A.,
BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.**



**THE REV. WILLIAM HENRY WRIGHT,
VICAR OF ST. PAUL'S, CHELTENHAM.**

OUR CHURCH PORTRAIT GALLERY.

plain, simple, earnest, eloquent words, urging home to the heart God's good news to sinful men. His first text, at the age of twenty-eight, was this: "I have something to say to thee." All who hear him feel that this text might well be regarded as the motto of his ministry.

May he long be spared to carry on, with the strength and energy and winning earnestness which have ever characterized him, his valued and devoted labours!

The Rev. William Henry Wright, Vicar of St. Paul's, Cheltenham, was educated for the medical profession. Relinquishing this for the work of the ministry, his first charge was St. James's Chapel, Jersey. This he soon resigned, in order to accept the Incumbency of Christ Church, Everton, Liverpool. In that large and populous parish he laboured faithfully and successfully for twenty-two years.

The evils of intemperance presented themselves so continually as an obstacle to religious progress, that Mr. Wright was led to

take an active part in the then unpopular Temperance movement. More than twenty years ago he formed, in connection with his parish, an association which was productive of lasting good, and still flourishes.

In the year 1870, at the earnest solicitation of his friend, the Rev. Dr. Walker, the late beloved and esteemed Rector of Cheltenham, he accepted his present cure; and here, as at Everton, his ministry has been much blessed. He has always taken the deepest interest in young men, very many of whom, dispersed over all parts of the world, trace their conversion instrumentally to his teaching. He is also thoroughly alive to the importance of utilizing the printing press as "the Church's lever." *Hand and Heart* and *Home Words* are widely circulated in St. Paul's parish. As a preacher he is able, earnest, and persuasive; as a pastor he holds a high place in the affections of his attached parishioners. Our portrait is from a photograph supplied by the County of Gloucester Studio, Cheltenham.

Lessons from the Book.

IV. THE ASCENSION PROMISE.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

"But wait for the promise of the Father."—*Acts i. 4.*



THE Sunday before Ascension-day is called Rogation or Asking Sunday, so the Sunday after the Ascension is called the Sunday of Expectation or Waiting Sunday. And this is most appropriate. We believe that our blessed Lord has ascended into Heaven, and that He is now at the right hand of the Father, and we look for some token of His love, some assurance that He ever liveth to make intercession for us. Thus were the disciples encouraged by Christ Himself on the eve of His Ascension. He told them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, "but wait for the promise of the Father."

Now what was that promise? We know the promise of the Son of God to

His people. St. John says, "This is the promise that He hath promised us, even eternal life." But what was the promise of the Father? What was that one thing of surpassing blessing which He held forth to His people, when His beloved Son should have passed to Heaven? St. Peter says, in his sermon on the day of Pentecost, "This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all are witnesses. Therefore, being by the right hand of God exalted, and having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath shed forth this which ye now see and hear." The Holy Spirit was the promise of the Father. And by His coming to dwell in our hearts we not only have the distinct assurance that Christ is in Heaven, and that He is interceding for us, but we have the assurance also of every other blessing. What we have to

wait for, then, as in thought and prayer we follow our ascended Lord, is the gift of the Holy Spirit, and all the many blessings which He comes to communicate. This will be our wisdom day by day. "Blessed is the man that heareth Me, watching daily at My gates, waiting at the posts of My doors."

Do I want joy and peace in my soul? I must look for them through the promised Spirit. "The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost."

Do I need to be instructed in the things of God? The Holy Ghost will teach me if I look to Him. "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My Name, He will teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

Do I lack the evidence so needful to con-

firm my Christian character? Am I in a measure barren and unfruitful in Christian graces? "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance."

Do I require to have doubts removed from my mind? Am I anxious to be established in the truth of God? "Howbeit when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth: for He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak; and He will show you things to come."

Thus it is that, as we wait for the promise of the Father, we shall find the Holy Spirit comes to meet our every want, to supply our every need. It will be with us, as with the good man of old, who was waiting for the consolation of Israel. We shall be led by the Holy Ghost as Simeon was, to see revealed to us the Lord's Christ. "Blessed are all they that wait for Him."

V. THE GIFT OF THE SPIRIT.

"How much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"—
St. Luke xi. 13.

COTTON MATHER, whose endeavours as a parent were highly blessed, says:—"Let my prayers for my children be daily, with constancy. Yea, by name let me mention each one of them every day before the Lord. I would importunately beg for all suitable blessings to be bestowed on them; that God would give them grace and give them glory, and withhold no good thing from them; that God would smile on their education and give His good angels charge over them and keep them from evil, that it may not grieve them; that when their father and mother forsake them, the Lord may take them up. With importunity I would plead that promise on their behalf: 'The Heavenly Father will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him.' Oh, happy children, if by asking I may obtain the Holy Spirit for them!"

"One of the first helps I received," says John Newton, just escaping from shipwreck, literal and spiritual—"one of the first helps I received, in consequence of a determination to examine the New Testament more carefully, was from Luke xi. 13. Here I found a Spirit spoken of who was to be communicated to those who ask. Upon this, I reasoned thus: If this Book be true, the promise in this passage must be true likewise. I have need of that very Spirit, by whom the whole was written, to understand it aright. God has engaged here to give that Spirit to those who ask. I must therefore pray for the Holy Ghost; and if it be of God, He will make good His own word."

God did make good His word to him, and He will make good His word to all who "ask."

Modern Hymn Writers:

"SPECIMEN-GLASSES" FOR THE KING'S MINSTRELS.

BY THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

(Second Series.)



II. HYMNS OF JOY.

H the rubbish calling itself poetry that Christian girls sing to Christian friends when asked to give pleasure by "a little music"!

"One can't very well sing just a *hymn*, you know!"

And why not? Just *try* singing "Rejoice in the Lord," and I am not anxious as to the result.

"But sacred music does not suit my voice," says my friend.

Very likely secular songs are a little more showy than sacred ones, but your object is not show or display. Besides, you are in the habit of singing the former, and that makes more difference than you would suppose till you have given the latter an equally fair trial.

Let us fairly balance the matter. Although the average of sacred music is really far superior to secular, we will suppose it to be merely equal. But then what have we in addition? First, the added value of the words, with the opportunity of winning and witnessing for Jesus by them. Secondly, the added power of heart and love and conscience all thrown into the scale when we are really "singing for Jesus," and which cannot fail to give truer and more touching expression than any singing-master can teach. And thirdly, and chiefly, we may expect and we find the actual help and power and presence of the Master Himself, and surely that outweighs all else.

One of the most experienced trainers of professional singers listened critically to a song rendered in this spirit. He paused and hesitated, and then said emphatically, "You have not much voice, but, *mark my words*, you will always be able to beat anybody with *four times your voice*." This anecdote may

give a little practical encouragement in the matter.

Now for a right joyous Spring and Easter call to rise up and rejoice. Only let it be sung, not read, sung with the heart and sung with the voice. It is from the gifted pen of Marianne Farningham Hearn.

REJOICE IN THE LORD.

Rejoice in the Lord! there is light in the dwelling,
And peace in the spirit, where Christ is the Guest;

And surely the chorus might always be swelling
Around the glad threshold which Jesus has blessed.

Rejoice in the Lord! He will scatter the sadness
That broods o'er the sanctified home of His friends;

And days as they pass will be radiant with gladness,
Where prayer from the family altar ascends.

Rejoice in the Lord! the fresh flowerets are springing
In fragrance and beauty to gladden thy way.

The Father of mercies His largess is flinging—
New tokens of love for each newly born day.

Rejoice in the Lord! He is tenderly leading
Each step that His wisdom requires thee to take;

And He will supply all the strength thou art needing,
Who loveth for ever and will not forsake.

Rejoice in the Lord! There is joy for thee ever,
If thou in thy lifetime belongest to Him;

A bond—all of love—which no change can e'er sever,
A sun o'er thy head which no storm-cloud can dim.

Rejoice in the Lord! He awaits thee in heaven,
With myriads who make His light service their choice;

And shortly the robe and the crown will be given
To thee! Then, believer, oh! always rejoice!

As a specimen of Hymns of joy and gladness for the young, one by Miss Threlfall,

originally written some years ago as a Whitsuntide Hymn for *Home Words*, has become in the fullest sense "a standard hymn." It is one of the brightest and most graceful hymns for the little ones that can adorn any collection.

"HOSANNA!"

Hosanna! loud hosanna!
The little children sang;
Through pillared court and temple
The lovely anthem rang;
To Jesus, who had blessed them,
Close folded to His breast,
The children sang their praises,
The simplest and the best.

From Olivet they followed,
'Mid that exultant crowd,
The victor palm-branch waving,
And shouting clear and loud;

Bright angels joined the chorus,
Beyond the cloudless sky—
"Hosanna in the highest:
Glory to God on high!"

Fair leaves of silvery olive
They strewed upon the ground,
Whilst Salem's circling mountains
Echoed the joyful sound:
The Lord of men and angels
Rode on in lowly state,
Nor scorned that little children
Should on His bidding wait.

"Hosanna in the highest!"
That ancient song we sing;
For Christ is our Redeemer,
The Lord of heaven our King.
Oh! may we ever praise Him,
With heart, and life, and voice,
And in His blissful presence,
Eternally rejoice!

Thomas Cooper:

FROM SCEPTICISM TO CHRISTIANITY: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

ILLNESS AND TRIAL.



HE extraordinary efforts made by Thomas Cooper to attain knowledge seriously over-strained his powers of physical endurance. Think of an ill-fed man rising at four a.m. to study Latin, at a time when firing was a luxury too expensive to be thought of. "I frequently swooned away," he says, "and fell along the floor when I tried to take my cup of oatmeal gruel at the end of my day's labour. . . . I needed better food than we could afford to buy, and often had to contend with the sense of faintness while I still plodded on with my double task of mind and body. But it was not till the summer of 1827, when I was about two months over two-and-twenty, that I felt my bodily strength, and with it my powers of mind, were really giving way. . . . Anything that required thinking brought on pain and nervous torment; and

I grew very sad, and often wept when alone."

An illness lasting for nine weeks followed, and his life was despaired of. The religious state of his mind at this time is touchingly referred to in his Autobiography. Although he had withdrawn from the public means of grace—chiefly to gain time for study on the Sunday—he had kept up the practice of retiring every day at noon for prayer, and prayed for light. Paley's "Evidences" had been almost committed to memory, and had often been a stay to his mind. But about two months before his illness a friend put into his hand the *Life of Henry Martyn*, the missionary. "Its effect, as might be expected, was very powerful upon my mind. The picture of one so perfect as a scholar and a man of refinement, and so fully convinced of the truth of religion—the brilliant short life of intense and devoted missionary labour, crowned with a death that was, almost literally, a martyrdom—took very strong hold of me. I said within myself, 'I ought to be ashamed to have a doubt, while Henry

Martyn believed;’ and resolved I would never dwell on a doubt in future, but pray instead.”

In this state of mind his sickness found him. But now came also the sickness of the heart. “Pray I did with all my feeble strength, for the conviction of sin was a heavy burden. Sin of the heart and mind, that is not outward, was my sin: but it was not the less sin for that.” Religious people came round him. The old counsel was given to “act faith” in order to secure a “sense of pardon.” But one counsellor, the curate of the parish church, “the pious and laborious Charles Hensley,” was far more successful in guiding his perplexed mind.

With returning health it was decided that he should try the profession of a school-master. His age was now twenty-three. He met with much encouragement; but manifestly aimed too high. The parents could not appreciate Latin, and the dull intellects of the boys presented difficulties which no efforts on the part of a master could surmount. His religious impressions remained; he even partook of the Lord’s Supper; but the struggle within was constant. He now again sought his former friends, and the old difficulty as to “pardon-ing himself instead of receiving the pardon of the Almighty,” was renewed. “No one,” he says, “who took the part of a spiritual director, said, ‘Have you got the witness of

the Spirit?’ I never heard such a question put to any penitent who professed to ‘find peace,’ in all my life; and I have been witness to scores of cases of professed deliverance from the burden of condemnation for sin.”

We must refer the reader to the Autobiography for the details of this stage of his religious experience. It will be found very instructive. The “will believe” resolve no doubt carries some a long way. It was so with Thomas Cooper. He seemed to himself to have obtained holiness of heart. But, as he remarks,—“The decline invariably sets in. I found that Wesley taught ‘sanctification,’ but I could never learn that Wesley himself professed to be sanctified.” At the end of about half a year, “the tension of the string of the will seemed at last to be more than he could sustain.” Under provocation from a disobedient boy in the school, he lost his temper, and “the holiness was lost.” “I wished,” he says, “I was in a corner to weep, for I was choking with tears, and felt heart-broken.” Effort after effort was made to regain the lost holiness: but in vain. Happy had it been if the simple testimony of the Word had brought its lesson to his heart,—“If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.”

(To be continued.)

Gold from the Mine.

MEN made men in God’s school are trained and hardened by discipline, trial, self-denial, opposition. A kite that has its own way, no one pulling the string, soon falls to the ground.”—*Anon.*

“Go where you will, your soul will find no rest but in Christ’s bosom. Inquire for Him, come to Him, and rest you on Christ the Son of God. I sought Him, and I found in Him all I can wish or want.”—*Rutherford.*

“We are like little children strayed from home; and God is now fetching us home; but we are ready to turn into any house, stay and play with everything in our way, and sit

down on every green bank, and much ado there is to get us home.”—*Baxter.*

“With a childlike trust I give my hand
To the mighty Friend at my side;
And the only thing that to Him I say,
As He takes it, is, ‘Hold me fast;’
Suffer me not to lose my way,
And bring me home at last.”

“How little of the sea can a child carry in his hand! As little do I take away of my great sea,—the boundless love of Christ.”—*Rutherford.*

England's Church.

NOTES AND TESTIMONIES

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

V. ASCENSION-DAY.



ASCENSION-DAY, as its name indicates, is appointed to celebrate the "receiving up" of Christ, "who is gone into Heaven, and is on the right hand of God, angels and authorities and powers being made subject unto Him" (St. Pet. iii. 22). Most appropriate proper Psalms are appointed for this day (Morning, viii., xv., xxi.; Evening, xxiv., xlvii., cviii.). The Lessons, too, are most suitably selected. The Morning Lessons are Dan. vii. 9 to 15, and Luke xxiv. from verse 44: the first recording Daniel's vision of God's kingdom and "the Ancient of days"; the second giving St. Luke's account of the Ascension. The Evening Lessons are 2 Kings ii. to v. 16—Elijah's ascension—and Heb. iv. The Epistle and Gospel give the testimony of the Acts and St. Mark's Gospel to the Ascension.

Thus the wisely appointed services of the Church impress upon us the grand facts that the day commemorates, and urge those practical duties that the facts involve. "It is pleasant to behold the rare beauty of the Church's offices; as on others, so on this day, how each part suits the other," and all blend into a holy harmony of monition and instruction. The Ascension-day has been kept as a holy festival from the earliest ages.—*Rev. Nevison Loraine.*

VI. WHAT THE PRAYER-BOOK DID.

THE Prayer-Book displaced the Mass. It restored the Sacrament of the Supper. It

abolished the enforced private and particular Confession to the priest; and substituted the general Confession to God, to be said by the priest himself in common with "all the people." For the inaudible mumbling of "mumpsimus," in an unknown tongue, by the priest alone; it substituted the articulate utterance, in "a loud voice," of the Lord's Prayer, in the language of the common people.

In a word, Divine Worship was now no longer a public spectacle; it was a solemn service. The priest was no longer sole, nor even chief performer: for the performance was no more. Service had superseded show: and in that service the people were participants. The spectators disappeared. The worshippers took their place.

And in all this, the Book was the standard and guide. In its Lectionary, in its selection of "Gospels" and "Epistles," it overflowed with the letter—as in its teaching, its thanksgiving, its supplication, it was saturated with the spirit—of the Bible.

The ultimate effect of all this is, of course, incalculable. But the immediate effect—in an age which heightened it by the striking contrasts presented on every side—is perhaps for us inconceivable. We need not wonder at the satisfaction with which an authority of the second year of Elizabeth, quoted by Strype, made his boast:—"Now a young child of ten years old can tell more of his duty towards God and man than a man of their bringing up can do in sixty or eighty years."—*Rev. Dr. Wainwright.*



BRIGHT FEET OF MAY.

TRIP along, bright feet of May,
Trip along from day to day;
Trip along in sun and showers,
Trip along and wake the flowers:

Trip along the breezy hills,
Trip beside the prattling rills.

Trip along when morning shines,
Trip along when day declines.
Trip along, when, in the night,
Moon and stars are sparkling bright;
Trip across the sunny sea,
Over cloudland, high and free.

Trip along the budding wood,
O'er the moorland solitude;
Trip through garden, field and brake,
Trip beside the gleaming lake;
Revel in the star-loved dew,
Drink the clear sky's summer blue.

Trip along, and, as you move,
Tell the springing earth of love;
Tell of love the sunlight free,
Tell of love the bounding sea—
The love of Him who gave to May
The sweetness of its smiling day.

HORATIUS BOWEN.

SPRING FLOWERS.

GATHERING violets white and blue,
Freshened with the early dew;
Gathering violets blue and white,
Opening to the morning light;
Through the upland, copse, and dell,
Oh how sweet the violets smell!

Spring is whispering through the trees,
Breathing fragrance on the breeze:
Come with me, oh, come with me,
Wandering over hill and lea,
Gathering violets white and blue,
Sparkling with the early dew!

Come and buy my flowers of Spring,
Beautiful as angel's wing;
Radiant in their rainbow hue,
Ever varying—ever new;
By our common Father given,
Fragrant with the smile of heaven.

Oh the joy of gathering flowers
From the woodland brooks and bowers!
Come and buy them, that I may
Hasten to the woods away,
Gathering violets white and blue,
Glittering with the morning dew!

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

The Young Folks' Page.

XVII. "IT COMES FROM ABOVE."

BY THE VERY REV. H. MARTIN HART, M.A., DEAN OF
DENVER, COLORADO.



HERE was once a little boy who had no mother, and his father was taken ill and was dying. Just before he died, he called his little son to him, and he said, "Peter, my dear little son, God is taking me away, and you will be left to work for yourself.

You'll be very poor; but whatever happens to you, whether good or bad, always think, 'It comes from above.' Everything comes from above!"

And so his father died, and little Peter went into the streets to try and get a living. It was very windy weather; and as he was passing some scaffolding, a plank blew down and struck him on the shoulder, and knocked him down. A gentleman kindly ran and helped him up, and Peter said, "It comes from above." "Yes," said the gentleman, "there's no doubt of it." Peter meant one thing, and the gentleman another. However, he was not hurt, and on he went. He had not gone very far before the high wind blew part of the roof of a house down into the street, and the slates fell on three men who were passing and killed them. If the plank had not fallen upon him and delayed him, he would have been just where the men were, and would have been killed too; so thought Peter, "It comes from above."

One day a gentleman sent him to carry a note; it was into the country, and as he was going he fell into a ditch and lost the letter; as he got up, covered with mud, and quite wet through, he said, "It comes from above." He went back and told the gentleman, who was very, very angry. A few days afterwards, the gentleman came to him and gave him three guineas: because if Peter had delivered the letter it would have done great harm, and now the gentleman was very glad it had been lost. So Peter said again, "It comes from above."

That little orphan boy has now grown into a man, and he is a rich manufacturer in Birmingham; and of all his wealth and prosperity he says, "It comes from above." He always loves to think everything that happens to him is "God's will," and therefore it must be right. Dear children, let us try to do as little Peter did; and believe that whatever comes to us, whether we like it or not, is the best for us because it is God's will; and when some-

thing befalls us which makes us feel sad, and cross, and unhappy, let us ask Him to make us cheerful and pleasant, and say, "Why should I be unhappy? Is it not God's will, and am I not to do God's will as the angels do it?"

XVIII. THE VOYAGERS.

Upon the shore of life we stand,
The ocean lies before;
And we would seek that better land
Where grief is known no more.

But, Lord, across life's stormy sea,
E'er yet we launch away,
Our trusting souls we lift to Thee;
Go with us, Lord, we pray.

Alone we dare not spread our sails
To brave the stormy deep;
Alone we dare not face the gales
That o'er the ocean sweep.

Alone we cannot steer our bark
Across the trackless main;
Amid the waters wild and dark
Our skill were all in vain.

O then be Thou our Pilot, Lord,
To guide us in our way;
And speak, when storms arise, the word
Which winds and waves obey.

ARX.

XIX. SPARKS.

"A small spark kindles a great flame," said the Flint to the Steel, which it struck.

"Where there is the Tinder to catch it, and the Fuel to foster it," replied the Steel.

"That's it," observed the Flint; "but it's the Spark that kindles the Fire."

"True," said the Steel; "but, once caught, it needs restraint; or there's no knowing how far it may spread, or where it may end."

"No, there's no knowing, as you say," replied the Flint. "The largest fire that ever consumed a city had the smallest beginning; and the greatest explosion was begun with the tiniest spark."

The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. WHAT was there in the first Temple which was not in the second? and what was in the second which had been in the first?
2. Were there any other cities destroyed in the same manner as Sodom and Gomorrah?
3. What were the three charges on which our blessed Lord was condemned?
4. How are we able to know what good things God has in store for His loved ones?
5. Are we taught in the Bible how we should act with people who have bad tempers?
6. What man, who was twice saved from water, had his life finally shortened in connection with water?
7. Show that it is an imperative duty for all God's people to be missionaries.
8. Did God ever change the beginning of the year?

9. Who made the mount of Olives a place of weeping? who made it a place of idolatry? and who made it a place of prayer?

10. Show from the miracles that our Lord was Jesus, Christ, and Emmanuel.

ANSWERS (See ARX. No., p. 95).

I. Heb. xi. 24; 2 Sam. xix. 34, 35. II. Gen. ii. 18; Prov. xxxi. 10; Eccles. vii. 28. III. Gen. xv. 18. IV. Luke i. 20. V. 1 Kings xi. 17-21. VI. 2 Sam. xxiii. 2. VII. Prov. xxx. 8, 9. VIII. 2 Kings xxii. 11-13; xxiii. 1-3; 2 Chron. xxxiv. 21-24. IX. Joshua v. 10; Job xxiii. 12; Ps. xix.; lxxxiv.; cxix.; Ezra vi. 16; Neh. viii. 14-16; Acts xvii. 11. X. A spirit of prayer (Neh. i. 4, 11; ii. 4; iv. 4, 5, 9; v. 19; vi. 14).

In April No., Question 6, for "Daniel" read "David." Question 8, for "Jonah" read "Josiah."

Sun.—1st day.
Rises & sets. Sets 7.30.

MAY.

Moon.—Full, 13th, A. 10.24.
New, 27th, A. 11.30.

GRACE

LIFE

THE GIFT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

JOY

PEACE

LOVE



The Promise of the Father.
Acts i. 4.

The love of the Spirit.
Rom. xv. 26.

1 S	2nd S. aft. Easter. St. Philip and St. Jas. The Lord is that Spirit. 2 Cor. iii. 17. [Spirit of grace. He shall teach you all things. John xiv. 26.
2 M	He shall testify of Me. John xv. 26.
3 Tu	The Spirit searcheth all things. 1 Cor. ii. 10. [ii. 10.
4 W	God hath revealed them to us by His Spirit. 1 Cor. ii. 10.
5 Th	It is the Spirit that beareth witness. 1 John v. 6.
6 F	
7 S	
8 S	3rd S. after Easter. Save me, O my God. Ps. iii. 7.

9 M	The Spirit itself maketh intercession for us. Rom. viii. 26.
10 Tu	The Spirit is life, because of righteousness. [viii. 26.]
11 W	That ye may abound in hope. Rom. xv. 13. [26, 10.
12 Th	Through the power of the Holy Ghost. Rom. xv. 13.
13 F	The Spirit of the Lord caused him to rest. Isa. lxi. 1.
14 S	Strengthened with might by His Spirit. Eph. iii. 16.
15 S	4th S. aft. Easter. The Eternal Spirit. Heb. ix. 14.
16 M	Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost. 1 Cor. vi. 19.

THE SPIRIT AND THE BRIDE SAY,

COME.

Rev. xiii. 17.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit.
Eph. iv. 30.

The Spirit of Grace.
Heb. x. 22.

17 Tu	Take not Thy Holy Spirit from me. Ps. li. 11.
18 W	The communion of the Holy Ghost be with you. If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His. The Holy Ghost fell on . . . them. Acts x. 44. [of His. The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities. Rom. viii. 26.]
19 Th	
20 F	
21 S	
22 S	Rogation Sunday. The Spirit of Adoption. Rom. viii. 15.
23 M	Crying, Abba, Father. Gal. iv. 6. [viii. 15.
24 Tu	QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY. Praying in the Holy Ghost.

25 W	Keep yourselves in the love of God. Jude 21.
26 Th	Ascension Day. If I go not away, the Comforter will abide with you. John xvi. 7.
27 F	The Spirit of Christ. Rom. viii. 9. [not come. Jn. xvi. 7.
28 S	Which proceedeth from the Father. John xv. 26.
29 S	S. aft. Ascen. Quench not the Spirit. 1 Thess. v. 19.
30 M	Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus. Phil. ii. 5. [iv. 3.
31 Tu	Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit. Eph. iv. 3.

BLESSED Spirit, lift Thy standard,
Pour Thy grace and shed Thy light!
Lift the veil and loose the fetter,
Come with new and quickening might.

Make the desert places blossom,
Shower Thy sevenfold gifts abroad;
Make Thy servants wise and steadfast,
Valiant for the truth of God.—F. R. H.

What we Need.—"The special and urgent need of the Church of Christ at this (as at every) time, is an earnest soul-penetrating sense of the absolute necessity of the Divine influence of the Holy Spirit for the right teaching of Christian truth and the right doing of Christian work, whether in or out of the pulpit, and of the Holy Spirit's blessing to make that truth and work effectual to spiritual ends."—*The Forgotten Truth*.
A White-tide Resolve.—"I will ask for the Holy Ghost, the Divine Teacher, the promised Spirit, more earnestly and more frequently than hitherto."—*The Forgotten Truth*.



Drawn by J. D. COOPER.

Keatsfield.

"He made by force his merit known,
And lived to clutch the golden keys—
To mould a mighty State's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne."
TENNYSON.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

The late Earl of Beaconsfield, K.G.

BY THE EDITOR.



THE late Earl of Beaconsfield was distinguished in many ways. He was distinguished as an author. He was distinguished as a Parliamentary orator.

He was distinguished as a statesman. He led one of the great historic parties of this country for many years. But his celebrity and popularity turned, perhaps, still more upon the fact that his whole career exemplified so strikingly the qualities that Englishmen admire in public life—courage, resolution, and resource; calmness in victory, and self-possession in defeat.

Humanly speaking, he had to make his own way in life; and no doubt the final strength of his character was greatly promoted by the very obstacles he had to surmount in early years.

Thrice was he defeated in his efforts to enter Parliament. But patience was his strong point: he had a certain happy boldness which carried him over difficulties before which other men would have sat down in sheer despair: and so he "tried again," and at last he succeeded.

The story of his first speech in Parliament—the failure which awaited him—is known to all. He rose to address the

House in bright confidence; he sat down crowned with derision. He had made a mistake in the over-careful preparation he had made; and the laboured and high-flown oration found no favour in the judgment of his hearers. But he did not even then lose his coolness and intrepidity. He was ready with an answer to the laughter of the House, and his words really furnished the key of his future remarkable elevation to the highest office he could hold in Parliament.

"I have begun," he said, "several times many things, and have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you *shall* hear me."

The defeat was truly made greater than a victory by the way in which it was received, and by the sturdy resolution which it prompted in the vanquished orator.

Of Lord Beaconsfield's political career it is not in our province to speak; but men of all parties recognised the sincerity of purpose which actuated him. He was a true patriot. He knew well the foundation principles upon which the Constitution of England rests, and he was faithful in maintaining them. The service of the Queen (whom he regarded as the noblest and highest specimen of a constitutional

Sovereign) and the prosperity of the State were the objects of his daily thoughts. A Jew by birth, he was English to the heart; and the love of England was a fundamental principle of his life.

In private life he won the esteem of all, and the deep affection of those with whom he was brought into more immediate intercourse. He was a man of very kind and genial nature, particularly fond of children. He was not what is termed a great talker, but he was a good talker and a good listener. If at his table he caught a remark which seemed to possess merit, he would call attention to it and take care that it was properly appreciated.

He married the most devoted of wives, and was equally devoted as a husband. He is said to have called Lady Beaconsfield "a severe critic but a perfect wife," and the following incident goes far to justify the latter appellation. Driving down one evening to the House of Commons to listen to her husband's "vitally important speech" on an equally important question, Mr. Disraeli, deeply immersed in cogitation, alighted from his brougham and closed the door on one of his wife's fingers. Although suffering great agony, she uttered no cry until he was safe in the lobby and out of earshot. Then she summoned the footman to open the door, released her imprisoned finger, and fainted. She is reported to have said to Mr. Disraeli, when telling him next morning of the mishap:—"My dear, I would not have cried out for the world. In thinking of my sufferings you would have been so agitated that very probably the most salient points of your speech would have been omitted."

In connection with this anecdote, the following extract from a speech at the Darlington Horticultural Society's Exhibition in 1848, is well worthy of preservation.

"I think," said Mr. Disraeli, "woman is never seen to greater advantage than in a garden. Flowers are to women what women are to us, the beautiful objects of their solicitude, and the prettiest ornaments of their lives. The palace is not safe where the cottage is not happy, and no home can be happy where the presence of woman is not felt."

Referring to the religious views of Lord Beaconsfield, the Rev. J. Wareing Bardsley, in a sermon which has been published,* shows that "he believed in the Atonement of Christ, the Inspiration of the Bible, and the Influences of the Holy Spirit. Mr. Bardsley gives the following amongst other extracts from Lord Beaconsfield's works:—

"God spoke to Moses on Mount Horeb—he was a Jew; his greater Successor, Jesus, was a Jew; the Prophets were Hebrews; the Apostles were Hebrews; the Churches of Asia, which have vanished, were founded by a native Hebrew."

"The existence of the Jewish people amid the nations of the earth is a miracle. It cannot be denied that, whatever the cause, the miracle exists. I cannot believe that merely human agencies could have sustained a career of such duration and such vicissitude."

In "Tancred," the one book which most reveals to us the author's religious thoughts, we read:—"What do you hold to be the essential object of the Christian scheme?" Tancred answers, "The *Expiation*." Again we find Tancred described as saying: "The inspiring and consoling influence of the Paraclete [or Comforter] only commenced with the Ascension of the Divine Son."

"During his whole illness," said a writer in *The Times*, manifestly possessed of reliable knowledge, "Lord Beaconsfield's chief anxiety seemed to be, that the cares

* "A Great Man Fallen in Israel." London: Home Words Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C. Price 3d.

of those who nursed him should, if possible, be adequately recognised. 'How can they be rewarded? You will see to that,' he said. To his faithful confidential servant, Baum, who was formerly with Lady Beaconsfield, he said, 'Baum, you will be a happy man; you will enjoy the pleasures of memory; you will remember what you have done for me.' His unselfishness was shown in the instance of one of his physicians, to whom, when about to take his leave, he said, 'I like you to remain awhile with me.' The wish was immediately complied with; but in a few minutes he said, putting his hand on that of the physician, 'No, no! I must not be selfish; others have claims on your time, and you must go.' He was aware that Her Majesty had inquired frequently for him; and at a period of his illness when he seemed unable to speak, the fact of the Queen having done so, for a time roused him in a manner surprising to those around him. At a later stage of the illness, when the spring air seemed to infuse a little more vitality into the system, Lord Barrington ventured to tell him that numbers of working men had called during the dinner-hour to inquire for him. He seemed greatly touched, and said it gratified him much that those for whom he had striven to do his best should now recollect him. Very shortly before his illness he told a friend he put much trust in the working men. Only a very few of his words have I ventured to gather. But it was in this spirit of kindness and gratitude that he fell asleep."

The national tribute to the memory of the great statesman, interred in his quiet resting-place at Hughenden, was, we think, attended with even a deeper sense and appreciation of the admirable qualities which distinguished him, than would have attached to the pomp and ceremonial of a State funeral in Westminster Abbey. The Queen's judgment on this point approved itself at once to the national mind. It

was the custom of the late Earl, whenever the state of his health and the weather permitted, to attend Divine service at Hughenden Church on Sunday mornings; and he always expressed his desire, not only by will but by word of mouth, to lie in death by the side of his wife, "the sweetener of his life." It is said, indeed, that on the occasion, in the December of 1877, when the Queen honoured him with a visit, on showing Her Majesty over the little church, he personally expressed his desire to be buried there.

The representative gathering of mourners on the day of the funeral, including three Princes of the Royal Family, was no ordinary indication of the esteem in which he was held. But the most touching token of the felt loss sustained on the death of "a tried and faithful Counsellor of the Crown," was the Queen's last tribute to his memory, in the wreath of wild flowers gathered that morning in the beautiful lawns of Osborne, and sent by special messenger, with the inscription on a card affixed, in her Majesty's own handwriting:—

*"His favourite flowers: from Osborne.
A tribute of affection and regret from Queen
Victoria."*

As lessons applicable to all, to be gathered from the career of this remarkable man, we give, in closing our sketch, some words of wisdom and counsel uttered by the Bishop of Liverpool in the Oxford University pulpit, on the Sunday after his death.

"Mark, for one thing, what a great work one single man can do, and what a wide influence he may finally attain without external help, without rank, wealth, or aristocratic connections, if he steadily sets his face towards an object, lives for it, labours for it, and never loses sight of it for a day. He that is disposed to think, 'I stand alone, I can do nothing, it is no use to try,' will do well to study the career of Lord Beaconsfield. It is the man

who dares to stand and move alone who leaves an indelible mark on the history of these times.

"Mark, for another thing, the immense value of patient perseverance in a line once taken up, of unswerving tenacity of purpose, and of steady determination never to lose heart and despond. If ever there was an English statesman who could calmly rally his forces after losing a battle, who courageously began a new campaign and bided his time like Fabius until he marched through repeated defeats to victory, that statesman was Lord Beaconsfield. He had many faults, no doubt, and made many mistakes, for he was only a mortal man; but even his opponents must admit that no political leader had risen so steadily

and stemmed the tide so manfully; none had so completely illustrated the old adage: 'All things come to the feet of him who can wait.'

"Lessons like these, I venture to think, are of priceless value to all who are about to fight the great battle of life. Well would it be for the Church of Christ, well would it be for the world, if England had more clergymen and more laymen in every part of the realm who would, each in their own line of life, labour independently, tenaciously, and perseveringly, like the late Lord Beaconsfield. The spirit which he exhibited in political life was precisely the spirit which we want to see in every profession among young Englishmen of the present day."

Wayside Chimes.

BY THE REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, M.A., VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, HAMFSTEAD.

VI. TRINITY SUNDAY.

"God is Love."—*St. John* iv. 8.



FATHER of Heaven above,
Dwelling in light and love,
Ancient of days,
Light unapproachable,
Love inexpressible—
Thee, the Invisible,
Laud we and praise.

Christ the Eternal Word,
Christ the Incarnate Lord,
Saviour of all,
High throned above all height,
God of God, Light of Light,
Increate, infinite,
On Thee we call.

O God the Holy Ghost,
Whose fires of Pentecost
Burn evermore:
In this far wilderness
Leave us not comfortless:
Thee we love, Thee we bless,
Thee we adore.

Strike your harps, heavenly powers;
With your glad chants shall ours,
Trembling, ascend:
All praise, O God, to Thee,
Three in One, One in Three,
Praise everlastingly,
World without end!

Gold from the Mine.

"THE Father is ready to accept us, the Son to intercede for us, the Spirit to sanctify us, the promises ready as wells of water for supply. Is all this ready, and shall we be unready?"—*Matthew Henry*.

"Seek the guidance of the Holy Spirit by

prayer through Christ, in whatsoever you set about; nor ever forget that every moment wings its way upwards with the record of what you have thought, spoken, or done."

"Holy Spirit, dwell with me; I myself would holy be."



THE REV. DAVID HOWELL, B.D.,
VICAR OF WREXHAM.



THE REV. CANON TAYLOR, D.D.,
VICAR OF ST. CHRYSOSTOM, LIVERPOOL.



THE REV. J. HASLOCH POTTER, M.A.,
CLERICAL SEC., CHURCH OF ENGLAND
TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.



ALFRED SARGANT, ESQ.,
GENERAL SEC., CHURCH OF ENGLAND
TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

OUR CHURCH PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Our Church Portrait Gallery.



XXI. THE REV. DAVID HOWELL: XXII. CANON TAYLOR: XXIII. THE REV.
J. HASLOCH POTTER: XXIV. ALFRED SARGANT, ESQ.

THE Rev. David Howell, B.D., the work-loving Vicar of Wrexham, was ordained by the Bishop of Llandaff in 1835. His first curacy was that of Neath, Glamorganshire, where he soon exhibited those qualities of the

able minister which have since made his name a household word throughout Wales. He was appointed Association Secretary to the Church Pastoral Aid Society in 1857. As the result of his energetic interest in the mission work of this valuable Society, its finances were brought from a very depressed condition to a most creditable state; and he became known throughout the Principality as one of its most gifted Welsh pulpit orators. Wherever he was announced to preach, the church was thronged, and his influence was marvellous.

The Bishop of Bangor appointed him in 1861 to the Vicarage of Pwllheli, where his pastoral care and devoted labours, as well as his preaching, created a marked change in the state of the parish. When the important Vicarage of St. John's, Cardiff, became vacant in 1864, he was unanimously elected to fill the onerous post by the Dean and Chapter of Gloucester. Here he laboured for eleven years with signal success. He covered the parish with a network of schools and churches in a manner that left nothing to be desired. He won the love and admiration of all classes by his untiring energy and wide and sincere sympathy, especially with the poor; and great was their grief when he made up his mind in 1875 to accept the Vicarage of Wrexham, offered him by the Bishop of St. Asaph. Their respect took the tangible form of several very costly presents to Mrs. Howell and himself, and a large sum of money. He has been a large contributor in prose and verse to Welsh literature; but our brief space forbids us to enter upon this field of his labours. His work for the last six years at Wrexham is beyond all praise.

The Rev. William Francis Taylor, D.D.,

who was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, is widely known as one of the ablest preachers in our Church. He has been connected with the Diocese of Chester during the whole of his ministerial career, now nearly thirty-three years, and for the greater part of the time has occupied a leading position in Liverpool.

His first curacy was at Tranmere, which he relinquished in 1849 to become Vicar of Christ Church, Claughton. After three years' successful work, he removed to Liverpool, succeeding the Rev. Canon Falloon in the important parish of St. John's. Here for ten years he gathered about him a large congregation, and conducted a weekly Bible Class which was numerously attended by working men. In 1861 he succeeded the Rev. Joseph Bardsley as incumbent of St. Silas's, Liverpool, a church which owed its erection to Hugh McNeile some time previously. In 1870 Dr. Taylor was preferred to his present charge, the Vicarage of St. Chrysostom, Everton, and on the creation of the new Diocese of Liverpool, about twelve months ago, he was appointed one of the first Honorary Canons.

As an earnest and eloquent champion of Protestant truth, Canon Taylor may be regarded as a worthy successor of his life-long friend, Hugh McNeile. Years ago they frequently stood upon the same platform; and during the past winter the large audiences which attended Canon Taylor's course of lectures on the Historical bearings of the Reformation, seemed to revive the enthusiasm kindled by McNeile and Stowell in their palmiest days.

Canon Taylor has written several valuable works which have had a large circulation; the best known are, "The Man of Sin," "Church and State," an "Apology for Christian Legislation," "Lectures on the Seven Churches," "History of the Book of Common Prayer," and "The Book of Bertram." Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Brown, Barnes & Bell, of Liverpool, drawn by T. C. Scott.

The Rev. John Hasloch Potter is known far and wide as the Clerical Secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society and the editor of its admirable *Temperance Chronicle*. Educated at Oxford, he laboured zealously at Sunbury-on-Thames and St. Leonards, Streatham, before his official connection with the Temperance movement.

As editor of the *Chronicle*, Mr. Potter has done much to turn public opinion into the right channel, by his pithy, pointed, and practical comments upon current events. Under his ready and genial pen, the ordinary topics of the day are often made "to point a moral and adorn a tale," which strikes home upon the Temperance question.

There is one feature of his work which is especially noteworthy, namely, his efforts to bring the subject of Temperance before conferences of Day and Sunday school teachers. His pamphlet on "The Sunday-school Teacher in Relation to Temperance Work," is decidedly the most comprehensive, practical, pointed, common-sense Temperance tract we have seen. Mr. Potter is logical, incisive, and persuasive. He raises his argument on the basis of undoubted facts—sad, stern, startling facts—which must impel every earnest teacher to sympathise thoroughly with the Bishop of Rochester's appeal to his clergy:—"You may not all adopt the plan I have adopted—total abstinence; but in God's Name either adopt that or find a better one."

The statistics given by Mr. Potter in this pamphlet are very painful. "Last year there were taken into custody in the metropolitan area alone, for drunkenness, 16,525 women, being an increase of 1,100 over the previous year; and probably for every one apprehended thirty or forty are passed by." Again—"On one Sunday there were counted entering one public-house in Westminster, not the largest, 262 children of tender years."

We do not know how many sermons and addresses Mr. Potter gives in a single year, but the number must be very large. Travelling in modern days by rail is a considerable improvement upon the old coaching stages; but in excess it entails no little

strain upon the traveller; and we think Mr. Potter's eminently busy life, and his untiring activity, is not a bad commendatory total abstinence argument.

Mr. Alfred Sargent, the General Secretary of the same Society, is another most popular representative of the Temperance movement. He was born at Worthing, in Sussex, in 1848. So early as sixteen, he was the secretary of a flourishing Temperance Society, and a year later he successfully discharged similar duties for St. Margaret's Temperance Society, Westminster, at that time under the presidency of the Hon. and Rev. Lord Wriothlesley Russell.

When the Church of England Temperance Society was reconstituted, he was elected to the secretaryship, and has thus been associated with the organization throughout the great work accomplished during the past seven years.

On entering upon his duties there were less than one hundred and fifty branches, and the Society had an income under eight hundred pounds a year; now there are over two thousand branches, and the income reaches nearly eight thousand pounds per annum. These figures, gratifying as they are, must not, however, be accepted as indicating the bounds of the increased work accomplished: for many parishes have been influenced, although not officially connected with the Parent Society, and large sums have been thus spent by Church Temperance agencies which are not included in the figures we have given.

Mr. Sargent has been a tower of strength to the Society in deputational work. His platform appeals hardly ever fail to kindle the enthusiasm of his audiences, while his pleasant way of "stating a case" has gained for him troops of friends among the working classes.

To the literature of the movement he has contributed several stirring songs, which have achieved a wide popularity. He has also written some hymns, which are characterized by deep devotional feeling, and the earnest simplicity which is one of the secrets of the power of our best hymn-writers.

Lessons from the Book.

VI. PEACE, THE SPIRIT'S GIFT.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

"Having received the word . . . with joy of the Holy Ghost."—1 *Thess.* i. 6.



PEACE, as a main element of spiritual joy, results from the influence and teaching of the Holy Ghost. Of course I know there may be false peace. There may be the peace of insensibility, the peace of indifference, and—so

great is the mystery of ungodliness—even the peace of self-righteousness. Yes! "self-righteousness," though the soul be "dead" in its "trespasses and sins!" God deliver us from such peace as this! It can bring us no true joy, for it speaks of no Saviour in whom we can rejoice.

But wherever there has been a ray of Divine light gaining entrance to the soul, there the need of peace has been felt. There must be no fear of God before men's eyes, a state of mind in which men are acting as if the fool's desire were realized, "there is no God," or the lack of peace will in some measure at least be readily admitted. I question whether any reader has not felt this. I am sure not one will deny that it is a blissful thought, "I am at peace with a Holy God." But how imperfectly we are wont, even those who know most of it, to realize this peace in its fulness!

Take the description of it, or rather the evidence of its possession, as expressed in a verse of a familiar hymn:—

"Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die that so I may
With joy behold the Judgment Day."

How is it that we fail to possess this full portion? If we had to make our own peace, to undo the past, or perform in the future—to bring our own hearts into such

a state that we could truly say we "dread the grave as little as our bed," and even look forward with joy to the Judgment Day—well might peace be far from us; but Christ has "made our peace," and His peace, the peace which He made, is "perfect peace."

How is it then we fail to possess the full portion? It is because we forget or ignore the fact that peace is the Spirit's gift as well as the Saviour's purchase. Peace as well as light can only be realized or received by the ministry of the Holy Ghost. The Spirit's office is to "take of the things of Christ," the things which Christ has done as our Peace-maker, "and show them to us." As the *Divine Interpreter* of the love and power of Christ, as the *Revealer* of grace—He, by whose inspiration all Scripture was given, takes such texts as these and *shows* them to the aching soul:—"He that believeth is not condemned"; "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God"; "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Words like these, *interpreted* to the soul by Him who is "the Interpreter," become refreshment to the weary and life to the dead in sin.

And so we see our fitting position is on our knees. If we would possess as well as hear about "the peace of God," which "passeth all" human "understanding," the Divine Spirit must be our Teacher. He it is who bestows the heaven-sent gift of faith—justifying faith which brings "peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord": and when the sweet assurance of our adoption as children is thus brought home to us, our peace flows as a river: "the Word" is indeed "received with joy of the Holy Ghost."

Old Umbrellas; or, Nobody Cares.

BY AGNES GIBBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE UPWARD GAZE," "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM,"
"SUN, MOON, AND STARS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VISITOR.



R. GREEN was evidently disturbed and distressed by the weary and worn appearance of Marina.
"Dear me! dear me! poor thing,—she *does* look bad—

very bad. Don't look fit for much work, poor thing."

"She could do a deal more than she does," said Martha, "if she wasn't for ever idling her time away, and moaning and fretting about nothing. She's a poor useless sort of a body. I suppose you've come for your five shillings. It's lucky I can give it to you."

"Now I don't believe in luck,—no I don't," said Mr. Green.

This was about the last style of response that Martha had expected from him. She stared.

"No, I don't," repeated Mr. Green. "Not in what folks mean when they talk about luck. No, I don't."

"I say it's a lucky thing I've got the five shillings to pay you, now you're come to ask for it," said Martha loudly, thinking he had misunderstood her.

"Yes, yes, I heard. I'm not so deaf as *that* comes to," said Mr. Green. "And you're wrong two ways,—there's where it is,—wrong two ways. There's no such thing as luck. God gives, or God doesn't give; that's how it is, I take it. Things don't come of themselves. And as for the five shillings, if you think I'm come to ask for them, you're mistaken. I'm come for nothing of the sort. I'm come for—well, not exactly to see if all this little girl told me was true, for I'm in no manner of doubt; but I'm come to see for myself—to pay a sort of a visit."

"Anyway here's the money," said Martha curtly. She took the two half-crowns and

pushed them across the table. "Here's the five shillings. I couldn't have given 'em to you an hour ago, but Clarrie's had a present, and I can now."

"A present!" said Mr. Green, pushing his chair two paces back from the table, as if to escape from the vicinity of the half-crowns.

"She went to see a young lady who took a fancy to her," said Martha. "I don't know what for, I'm sure. She gave Clarrie the picture-book and text over there, and four half-crowns. They'll pay you and the landlord."

"Four half-crowns! That's ten shillings," said Mr. Green. "She's a good friend to you; maybe she'll go on as she's begun."

"Oh, she's going away to-morrow. We've got no friends," said Martha.

Mr. Green looked at Martha and then at her husband. His gaze wandered round the room, carefully avoiding the two half-crowns, and finally rested upon Marina.

"What's the matter with her?" he asked: addressing his remark generally, with an instinctive knowledge that it would be difficult just then to draw an answer from the silent worker. "Been ill?"

"She's never what you may call well," responded Martha. "Always been lame since a fall she had, down some garden steps."

"Don't she ever speak?"

"Not unless she's obliged. She ain't the most lively of companions, I can tell you."

"The most lively folks are not always the best,—no, not by any manner of means," said Mr. Green. "But she don't look up to much, neither talking nor working. Shouldn't think she made much by her work."

"No, she don't. It's down-hill for all of us," said Martha. "We're on the high-road to beggary."

Mr. Green gave a little side-glance at the two half-crowns lying on the table, one tilting over the edge of the other; then he gazed in an uncomfortable manner about the room.

"Marina's a good girl,—she does her best,"

said Keyn. He had not spoken hitherto, a somewhat silent fashion having grown upon him of late. "She's a good daughter to us. I don't know what we'd do without her."

"That's a strange name,—what was it you called her?" asked Mr. Green.

"Marina. We call her Marrie as often as not. And my wife's Martha, but I call her Patty most commonly."

"Why, they're Martha and Mary," said Mr. Green in quite a pleased tone. "Martha and Mary. I wonder if they're like the Martha and Mary of old."

Mr. Green was looking at Clarrie now, and she said, "What?" inquiringly.

"Why you know the story, my dear, sure—ly," said Mr. Green, pulling the child between his knees. "You know the story well enough. Martha and Mary were sisters, not mother and daughter, but it don't matter; and they lived in a nice little village, not a big town like this, but that don't matter either. And Martha was a bustling sort of person, always for doing and doing, and Mary was quieter and didn't say much."

"Why that's grandmother and mother," said Clarrie, finding the description accurate. Martha tossed her head.

"Well, I hope the story is true for them all through; yes, I hope it," said Mr. Green, looking studiously into vacancy. "For they had a Visitor one day, and the Visitor told Martha something was wrong that she did. Now, my dear, I shouldn't wonder, I really shouldn't wonder, if you could tell me what it was He said."

Clarrie shook her head decisively with an interested air. Mr. Green looked at Martha to see if he might venture to proceed. She gave no sign.

"He had a deal to tell them," pursued Mr. Green after a pause,— "Yes, to tell them both. For they were His friends, and He loved them, and they were His children, and He had to teach them."

"His children!" repeated Clarrie, puzzled.

"To be sure,—yes, to be sure," said Mr. Green. "They were His children, and He had lots to teach them. But Martha had a deal in hand, bustling about, and seeing to the housekeeping, and laying the table, and asking things comfortable. She hadn't time

to listen to her Master's words. And Mary was wiser. She didn't talk and bustle and scurry, but she just left all that alone, and sat down at her Master's feet, listening to Him."

"But who was their Master?" asked Clarrie, not seeing how the words had touched one present.

"Why, He Himself—the Lord Jesus," said Mr. Green. "He was their King and their Master and their Lord. Which do you think did the best?"

Clarrie was silent. Mr. Green looked at the two women. Martha sat with head turned somewhat sullenly away. Marina had dropped her work, and was leaning forward, shielding her face with her hand.

"I know what the Lord Jesus Christ thought best," said Mr. Green. "Martha meant well of course—oh, very well, and He wasn't angry with her. Only He did just say,— 'Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her.'"

CHAPTER XV.

THE MESSAGE.

"It's all very fine," said Martha shortly. "But folks must eat to live."

"To be sure,—yes—to be sure,—and it isn't easy to be never troubled, with a bare larder, I suppose," said Mr. Green. "It takes a lot of trust."

"Trust!" repeated Martha. "Seems to me there's just nothing to keep things from going to the bad."

"No?" said Mr. Green inquiringly. "You've prayed to God to care for you, and find He don't answer? Well, well, well; it's a maybe—I don't say but it's possible. There's times when our sins do keep Him from answering, and He holds back just so as to make us step on. Yes, there's times when He has to do that, no doubt."

"It's nothing I've done that's brought us so low," said Martha.

"I'm afraid we don't try prayer often

enough," said old Keyn sadly. "I'm afraid we don't, Patty. God is merciful, and maybe He'd hear if we asked Him."

Mr. Green gave a look across at Keyn full of indescribable meaning.

"I wonder how often you read your Bibles all of you," he said with emphasis. "Now I wonder, I do."

Keyn shook his head slowly and self-reproachfully.

"Ah, I thought so—I thought so," said Mr. Green, shaking his own head in emphatic response. "I thought so. Talk of 'maybe'! Isn't God our Father? and don't a father hear his hungry child asking him for bread?—and don't a mother hear her baby crying? Don't God feed the very sparrows? No fear but He'll hear you quick enough if you pray. I don't say it's so sure He'll give you just the very thing in answer you've a fancy for. He'll give you an answer, if you go on asking. Dear, dear me, how folks do think of God, just as if He was like one of themselves,—and He as different as light from darkness. Well, well, I've stayed long enough for one day. But you just try—you just try—and see you don't go to God with a 'perhaps.'"

"And you're right," said Keyn. "I take blame to myself for not thinking more about Him when I was younger."

"Well, well,—good-bye, good-bye," said Mr. Green, getting up with a sudden appearance of haste. "Good-bye. I'll see if I can't find some sort of softer work—softer and easier—for that poor thing," and he looked pityingly at Marina, whose bowed head and hidden face told of strong agitation. "This tough sort of material is hard for her poor thin fingers. Yes, yes, we'll have a change. Poor thing," and he paused a moment gazing down upon her. "You want comfort of some sort," he said in a lower tone. "Yes, yes,—plenty of people want that. Well, you'll find it sitting at His feet, you know."

"You haven't taken your money, Mr. Green," said Martha shortly.

"Oh, it don't matter," said Mr. Green, backing hurriedly, as Clarrie took up the two half-crowns and held them out to him. "It don't matter. I'm in no sort of need for the money."

"You'd best take it now," said Martha. "We mightn't be able to pay you another day."

"Well, well,—then—don't," said Mr. Green, with decision. "You get a bit of something good for your supper all of you—yes, yes, that'll be best. And you can pay me the five shillings—when I come to ask for them—and that'll be never! Good-bye."

Mr. Green vanished.

"He's a good man, a real good man," said Keyn.

"He's better than some preaching folks: he does practise too," said Martha, who had had a different style of remark ready. "What's the matter now?"

The question was directed to Marina, for sounds of smothered weeping could no longer be restrained, and each sob had in it a sound of bitter heart-pain. Martha stood looking at her as Mr. Green had done, only with a different expression.

"I don't know what's come over her, I'm sure, of late: always whining and pining like a sick baby."

"I believe it's a bit of good food she wants, like us all," said Keyn. "Come, Patty, Mr. Green said we was to make a good supper—" and the old man looked wistful.

"Well, I'll go round the corner and get a scrap of fish or something. It won't do to leave that to Clarrie."

Martha put on her old bonnet, and went off, bearing one of the precious half-crowns with her. Keyn remained after her departure watching Marina with a distressful air. Presently he could bear it no longer: so he made his way slowly to her side.

"Now, now, Marina; now my poor girl—why, there's no need to cry so. What's it all about?" he asked almost timidly, stroking her arm with his brown hand. "Things'll look up now, Marrie; depend on it they will. And Clarrie and me we mean to ask God to help us, don't we, Clarrie? though I don't see as we deserve He should. Was it something Mr. Green said that made you cry so, Marrie?"

"Wasn't it that about sitting at the feet of Jesus, mother?" asked Clarrie, and the sobbing came in a fresh burst.

"Oh, if I could, if I could!" broke through the sobs.

"And why shouldn't you, Marrie?" asked the old man. "I don't see for my part why you shouldn't. I haven't thought much about Him, and I take shame to myself; but it don't seem likely *He'll* turn you back, and there's nothing else to hinder as I know."

"If I could just undo all the past," said Marina, sitting up, and struggling for calmness. "If I could only undo everything, and be a girl again in my home—but I can't."

"No, no; nothing that's done once can ever be undone," said Keyn, shaking his head. Never—never. But God is merciful, Marrie."

"If my own mother don't forgive me, I don't see how I'm to look for God to forgive me."

"I don't see that, Marina; I don't really," said the old man, as the words ended in a wail. "I don't see that. God is a deal more tender-hearted than man, a deal more."

"Mother," said Clarrie, "I didn't know if you'd like me to tell you now or by-and-by—but I've seen her, and she told me to tell you something too."

"I knew you had seen her," said Marina. "But I didn't think you could have found it out, child, as you said nothing. Tell me all now—everything—as quick as you can—before grandmother comes back."

She fixed her black eyes eagerly on Clarrie, forgetting even to shed tears in the intensity of her expectation.

"I thought you mightn't like it with her here," said Clarrie, while Keyn looked at them both in a puzzled way. "I thought I'd wait. Mother, the lady was so kind, and she cried when she heard what your name was, and she wanted to come straight off with me. But the gentleman wouldn't let her."

"He's your grandfather, Clarrie, your other grandfather. He is my own father. But he always was stern: oh, so stern if anybody offended him."

"Did you offend him, mother?"

"Yes, yes, I'll tell you how by-and-by. Go on now. What happened next."

"Why, he was angry," said Clarrie. "He was angry and called me a little beggar;

and he said I wasn't to go there again; and he said they would leave Brighton to-morrow. And the lady did seem so sorry."

"And she said—what did she say? Tell me every single word, Clarrie."

"She said—" Clarrie paused and thought. "She said she couldn't come to see you now, mother, but she hoped some day the gentleman would let her. He said she mustn't now, you know. And she said I was to tell you that she forgave you—quite, every bit—and that she loved you as much as could be."

"Was that all?" asked Marina thirstingly, as the child hesitated.

"No, I'm trying to remember," said Clarrie. "She said you were to pray, mother, 'cause God was kinder than anybody. Oh yes, and she said she would know where you were now, and maybe she'd write. But I know she said she loved you just as much as ever. And then she kissed me too, and she *did* cry so."

"Tell it me all again, Clarrie," Marina said, and twice over Clarrie had to repeat her recollections. She possessed a good memory, and varied little in her repetitions. Marina heaved a deep sigh of pain and relief.

"It's a comfort for you—that—Marina," said the old man.

"Yes, it's a comfort, a great comfort," she answered. "If I could but see mother! But it is a comfort: and if she forgives me, I shouldn't wonder if God would too."

"Why don't you ask Him?" inquired the old man. "You'd have made short work of asking your mother, if you'd come in her way. Seems to me there's many a thing we might have, if we'd just ask God for it. I've had the thought a deal in my mind of late. Why don't you pray to God, Marrie, as Mr. Green told us?"

"And Mrs. Watkins told me too," said Clarrie. "She said if we prayed to God, and always said 'for Jesus' sake,' He'd be sure to hear, 'cause Jesus died on the Cross."

"I'm going to try; I do mean to try," said Marina, lowering her voice as Martha entered, bearing a loaf of bread, and a tiny pat of butter, and some slices of bacon,—she had not managed to procure any fish. She had brought a little packet of tea too, and Clarrie was despatched for half a pint of milk. They

had not had such a meal for many a day as they enjoyed that afternoon between five and six o'clock. But nothing was said to Martha about Marina's mother, until Marina and Clarrie had gone to bed. Marina kept silence, and out of kindness to her the old man did the same.

About an hour and a half later, that same evening, Mrs. Watkins sat at her little round table, with white cloth, brown teapot and blue tea-things upon it. She had been cutting bread and butter, and now she was feeding Willie alternately with herself. His clear voice did not seem to have suffered from an unusually long day's work, for his tongue ran incessantly.

"That little umbrella girl hasn't ever once been here again," he said, after pouring out divers observations. "I thought she'd have come soon, but she hasn't."

"She's a shy little thing," said Mrs. Watkins, lifting Willie's cup to his lips. "I have a mind to go and see her mother some day: only the last month has been so busy. I did think of doing it before this."

"Yes, it's been very busy. You had a whole week out nursing, and then another three days too," responded Willie, alluding to an occasional occupation of his mother's. She was well-known to one or two medical men as a careful and efficient nurse; and though, on her boy's account, she would never undertake chronic or lengthy cases, she was found useful sometimes on an emergency. "And you've been doing lots of work too."

"I should not mind another little bout of nursing," remarked Mrs. Watkins, "if it wasn't that it takes me from you."

"Oh, I get along—famous," said Willie. "Mate's as good as he can be, and Mrs. Dodson just feeds me like you do, mother. Couldn't be better off than with them. And the nursing saves you a bit of pinching, don't it?"

As if in answer to this remark, a decisive "rap" sounded at the door, as from somebody's knuckles, and a gentleman's head appeared.

"Mrs. Watkins at home? Come, that's a relief."

"Good evening, sir. Come in, please,"

said Mrs. Watkins, getting up and curtseying. "Give Mr. Bligh a chair, Willie."

The order sounded singular, but Willie took it as a matter of course. He rushed across the room, seized a chair by its back, hugging it up against his chest with his right stump, and bore it across the room with ease.

"Thanks, but I can't sit down. I am in a hurry. Mrs. Watkins, I want you to do a bit of nursing for me. Can you?"

"Now, sir?" asked Mrs. Watkins.

"The sooner the better. A gentleman staying on the Parade has been badly hurt,—slipped down some stone steps, and the injuries are severe. He meant to leave Brighton to-morrow, and is bent on doing so still; but of course he will not be able."

"An old gentleman, sir?" asked Mrs. Watkins.

"Well, no, not very old perhaps, but elderly, and not a robust subject to begin with. Something had excited him before the accident, and he was walking too fast. He has an inveterate dislike to trained nurses: so I told him I knew of one who had never been inside a hospital in her life. The wife is thoroughly upset, poor thing,—quite unfit to do for him. I wish you could go at once."

"I'll be ready in half an hour, sir. The Dodsons will take care of Willie. How long am I likely to be wanted?"

"Can't say. Some days, more or less. Here is the address. You had better ask for Mrs. Olive. I'm afraid you will find Mr. Clive a wilful sort of patient,—good opportunity for exercising your powers of management. I'll tell them you will be there in about an hour. Good-bye for the present."

CHAPTER XVI

A STORY TOLD.

WHEN Clarrie left the house, after a parting kiss from her newly-found grandmother, Mrs. Olive went slowly back to the sitting-room. She found her husband pacing to and fro at a furious rate. It was his fashion to move rapidly when excited, as a vent to his feelings.

"What on earth made you bring that wretched little beggar here?" he demanded.

"She is Marina's child, John."

"I don't care whose child she is. If ever I set eyes on her again ——"

Mrs. Olive sat down meekly, with a worn-out air, and Minnie came and stood beside her, as if to afford protection.

"If ever I set eyes on her again," repeated Mr. Olive. "If ever I do, I'll ——"

"She is a nice little girl. I should like to have the teaching of her," said Minnie.

Mr. Olive turned short round towards the door. "We go to Hastings to-morrow, please to remember, by an early train."

"I hardly know if I can be ready, John."

"Then leave your maid behind, to pack up and to follow with the rest of the things. I'll have no delay."

He went out of the room, banging the door after him, and in another moment they saw him striding along the Parade, as if in faint imitation of an express train.

"It seems hard that I may not have one glimpse of my child again, after all these years," Mrs. Olive said mournfully.

"How many years is it now, aunt Mary?" asked Minnie, thinking she might be relieved by speaking freely. "Was it not a good while before I came to live with you that cousin Marina married? Let me see—I have been over ten years with you now."

"Yes, and it was four years earlier than that; quite four years before your dear mother's death. Fourteen years since I have spoken to my child—and now she is so near ——"

"I never liked to ask you how it all happened," said Minnie. "And of course I never dare speak to my uncle about her. She really *was* in the wrong, was she not? You did not like the marriage, did you?"

"I do not mind telling you particulars," said Mrs. Olive, after a moment's pause. "I don't know why I have never done so yet. Perhaps it is good for me to-day to talk about Marina. My head seems so full of her, that I hardly know how to speak about anything else."

"I have often wondered what sort of a man her husband was," said Minnie.

Mrs. Olive seemed lost in thought, and to

start her off Minnie asked another question,—

"You were not nearly so well off in those days as you are now, were you, aunt?"

"No, not nearly,—not until my uncle left us his money five years ago. Your uncle John was a mere struggling artist at that time; and though I always thought his paintings very beautiful, still, from what other people say, I fancy—I am inclined to think—he has not quite that gift which would ever have placed him in the first rank."

"And an artist of the second rank makes of course a very poor living."

"Yes,—if there is only that to depend upon. Now it is his amusement, painting is all very well,—but in those days we had to live upon what he could make. We were in a tiny house, in quite a country town,—and—I had my Marina. I was very happy, Minnie, though of course there were troubles."

Minnie could believe the latter assertion. She would have found it difficult to believe in a contrary state of things, with her uncle in the house.

"What was Marina like, aunt?"

"A very handsome girl,—everybody said so. She was tall, and held herself well, and she had good features, and such splendid black eyes. I am afraid we spoilt her sadly. Your uncle never could bear to say "no" to her. And she did love us both dearly,—I am sure she did,—only we never trained her to control her wishes."

"Did not she paint?" asked Minnie. "Somebody told me once that the pile of paintings hidden away in the garret at home was by her."

"Yes, your uncle had them put there: for he will not look at them. She had a real talent for painting, and my husband hoped great things for her: only she never could be made to apply herself to work. She used to do scraps and beginnings, and waste hours in the studio, finishing nothing. That was how she was thrown so much with Brose Keyn. He was a clever young fellow, the only son of a tradesman in the village, and my husband engaged him for several hours in the day as his assistant. It seemed to me a needless expense, but your uncle always declared he must have the help, and could not undertake

any of the drudgery of his work. I believe he liked someone always at hand to speak to, and Brose Keyn had a particularly ingratiating manner. We never thought anything of his being thrown with Marina. He was scarcely her age, hardly more than a boy. But I think he was old for his years in some respects, and with an appearance of simplicity he really was deep—at least your uncle always says so. Marina believed it was pure affection on his part, but your uncle always accuses him of looking upon her as a stepping-stone to help him in rising. I do not know. I cannot be sure."

"Then he proposed for her?"

"Oh yes, quite openly, and without seeming to think he was doing anything extraordinary. My husband was fearfully angry, and ordered him never to enter our doors again. But Marina was bent on having him,—bent on it. She had often shown determination in little things, against our will, and we had laughed and let her have her own way. This time your uncle made a stand, but he could not control her. He told her plainly that she must dismiss Brose Keyn at once and for ever, or he would never speak to her again. I don't know whether she believed it—then—or whether she refused to look the matter in the face. It just came at last to—Minnie, I don't know now how she could—how any child of mine could—she—ran away—and was married. And after a month she came back, she and her husband. I think they expected to have matters made smooth somehow. But my husband would not let me see her. He turned them both from the door, and forbid her ever to come to her home again. O Minnie, it was very terrible. I could have forgiven her, though I was so grieved and disappointed, but my husband

would not, and I was powerless. I have never seen her from that time to this. My husband threw up his home immediately, and we went to live in London. I know that Marina and her husband lived with Brose's father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Keyn. They kept an umbrella-shop in our town. But after some years, when a friend made inquiries for me, the business had failed, and the Keyns were gone—no one knew where. So I have been for years in the dark about my poor unhappy child. So strange to have found her at last, like this!"

"I am glad to think I had a hand in it," said Minnie. "Yes, it did come about very strangely. Poor Marina,—what a sad story! But I do think it is a comfort for you to know that she is so sorry. Some day it will all come right,—oh, I am sure it will."

"Yes, some day," repeated Mrs. Clive patiently.

Then there was a sound of heavy feet in the passage, and of smothered exclamations. Minnie was seized at once with an undefinable sense of something wrong. She rose and opened the door, peeped out, and drew back, turning pale.

"Somebody has been hurt, I think," she said. "Don't be frightened, aunt, but—"

"Frightened," repeated Mrs. Clive. She had been so absorbed in recollections of the past as not even to hear the sounds in the present which had disturbed Minnie. "What do you say, dear?"

"I think some one must have fallen down," said Minnie, trembling. "They are carrying him."

"A man?" said Mrs. Clive.

"Yes,—it is—aunt, don't be frightened, for I dare say he is not much hurt. It is—uncle John."

(To be continued.)

INJURIES.

I FATH any wronged thee? Be bravely revenged; slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, and it is finished. He is below himself that is not above an injury. —*Quarles.*

MECHANICAL SKILL.

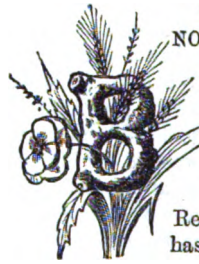
I N the formation of a single locomotive steam engine there are no fewer than 5,416 pieces to be put together, and these require to be as accurately adjusted as the works of a watch. —*Mining Journal.*



CROSSING THE SASKATCHEWAN.

Emigrant Life

IN BRITISH
NORTH AMERICA.



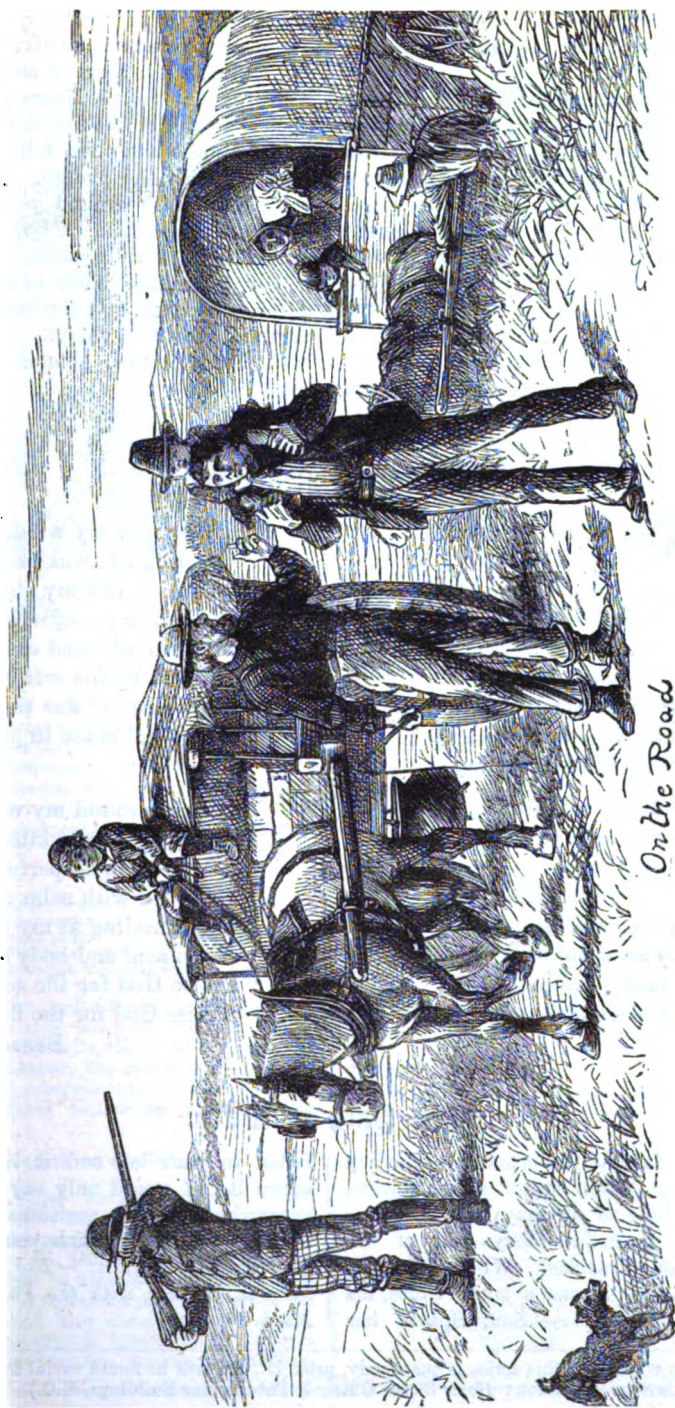
BRITISH North America, near Lake Winnipeg, and to the north of the Red River Colony, has been found far more promising as

an emigration field, than would have been expected from its high latitudes. During the past few years large companies of emigrants have left the Mersey bound for the district referred to.

Getting there is not unaccompanied by difficulties, however. In our illustrations, we see the emigrant on his travels across country in the far West. It is evidently a wild district to journey through, and the absence of well-made roads makes travelling a wearisome and tedious business. In default of a bridge across the little Saskatchewan river, the strength and ingenuity of the men are strained to the uttermost, so as to safely pilot over the ford the women and children, goods and chattels, and bag and baggage of the party.

Let us hope that by-and-by they will be comfortably settled in the lot which is to be their future happy home. Elihu Burritt, in one of his famous word pictures, grandly describes the battleground of the axe, "where it is winning its slow conquests over these northern forests which have withstood the march of civilisation for two hundred years."

Here we come into the regions of the log cabins, huts and hovels, and it is interesting to see in them the outposts of civilised life, occupied by the hardy skirmishers who enter the wilderness to clear



On the Road

EMIGRANT LIFE IN BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

the way for the grand march of populous towns and villages.

Here a field as large as Waterloo shows the marks of the unsparing steel and fire. The defeated pines that stood up to the battle, like serried ranks of grenadiers, now lie upon each other, broken and blackened skeletons. The field adjoining is the scene of a sharp and decisive engagement five years ago; and the plough is beginning to do its smoothing work, and to furrow it for its first crops of grain. Another field, nearer to the woodman's cabin camp, is the scene of his first encounter with the forest. Ten

years ago he smote it stoutly with steel and fire, and now it is a green and level meadow ready for the scythe. Every year he marches upon the flank of the forest, and wins a new field with the axe. He follows slowly and patiently with the plough. His wheat harvests take fresh ground year by year, and push back the wilderness. His log cabin grows with their growth. It becomes a goodly house, the home of a large and industrious family, and the centre of a growing and thrifty village. Truly, "Peace hath her victories, greater than those of war."

Summer Morning.



CLUSTERING round my
window,
Roses red and white,
In beautiful profusion,

Open to the light :
Gracefully entwining
On this Summer day,
While the sun is shining
With his earliest ray ;

Shining in my window
On this glorious morn,
Shining on the roses,
Shining on the corn.
All creation, waking,
Lovely as of yore :
Golden smiles are breaking
As the clock strikes four.

Opening now my window,
The rich odorous breathing
Of morning fills my chamber,
While the roses, wreathing
Round my trellised casement,
Swayed by the soft breeze,
Seem to say—" For this we bloom,
Sight and sense to please."

Clustering round my window,
Roses red and white,
Waft their sweet perfuming :
So, filled with calm delight,
I sing, kneeling at my bedside,
With soul and body's powers,
" Praise God for the sunshine !
Praise God for the flowers ! "

BENJAMIN GOUGH.

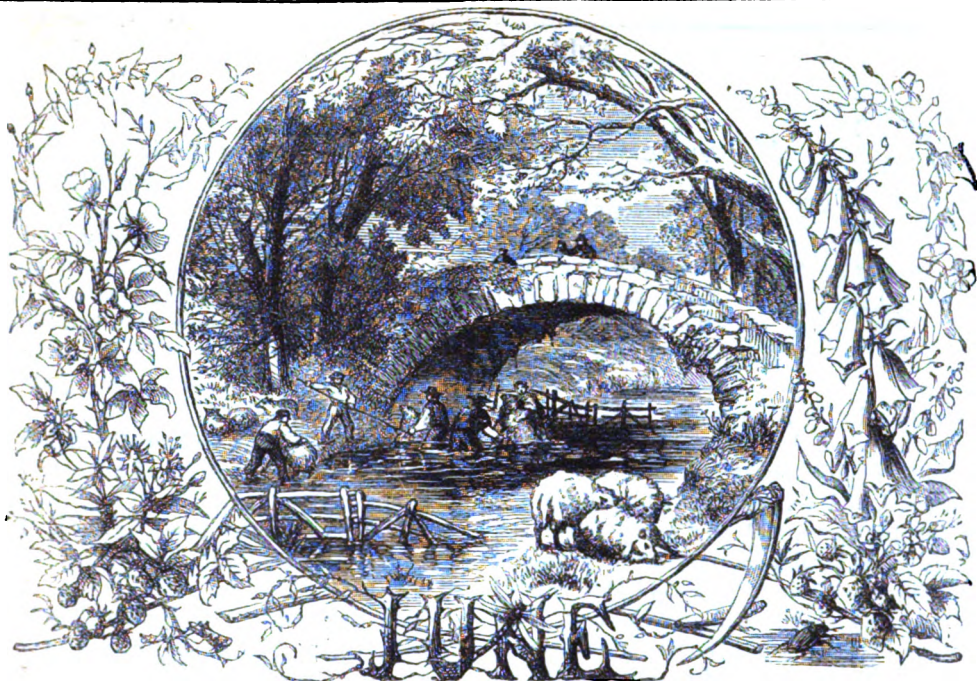
The Path of Duty.



THE faithful performance of duty in our station ennobles that station, whatever it may be. There is a beautiful story told of the great Spartan Brasidas. When he complained that Sparta was a small State, his mother said to him:—" Son, Sparta has

fallen to your lot, and it is your duty to adorn it.' I would only say to all workers, everywhere, in all positions of life, whatever be the lot in which you are cast, it is your duty to adorn it."—*The Earl of Shaftesbury in "Talks with the People by Men of Mark."**

* The first volume of this series is just ready, price 1s., and will be found useful for parish libraries and wide circulation. (London: Home Words Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.)



THE STORY OF THE MONTH.



JUNE is a month of fragrance. The blossoms of the clover fields yield the richest perfume; the sweet scent of the new-made hay comes on the evening breeze with a refreshing odour; the twining, climbing honeysuckle delights with its sweetness; and the dog-rose is scattered about our hedges with its delicate tints and no less delicate fragrance.

"Summer is ycomen in,
Loud sing cuckoo;
Groweth seed,
And bloweth mead,
And springeth the weed new."

In addition to the garden-flowers of last month, June produces the rose, the pink, the Midsummer daisy, the Canterbury bells, the sweet William, the sweet pea, the larkspur, the candy-tuft, and the nasturtium. And everywhere in the open fields or about the variegated hedgerows, multitudinous wild flowers

"Paint the meadow with delight."

Among many other beautiful insects which abound in June, one of the most interesting, in its perfect state, is the angler's May-fly, which generally appears about the 4th, and remains nearly a fortnight. It passes its first stage of existence in the water, whence it emerges a perfect fly about six in the evening, and dies about eleven at night. The other most remarkable insects which the heat of this month calls into life, are the grasshopper,

the golden-green beetle, the cuckoo-spit insect, and the stag-beetle.

The full concert of singing birds now begins to decline, and in a few weeks will cease till autumn, although some of the sweetest and best songsters will be heard *singly* at intervals throughout the summer.

The operations of sheep-shearing and hay-making afford rural occupation and enjoyment. Both operations retain much of the gaiety of festivals.

June was most probably so named by the Romans, from their goddess *Juno*, the queen of the heavens, to whom the month was dedicated. But it is also supposed to have been termed by Romulus, *Junius*, in honour of the youth of Rome. Some say that it derived its name from *Juventus*, youth, because it is the gay and seemingly youthful part of the year.

One of our poets thus sings the charms of June, and we only hope our fickle climate will this year allow us to realize them :—

"Laughingly thou comest,
 Rosy June!
With thy light and tripping feet,
And thy garlands fresh and sweet,
 And thy waters all in tune;
With thy gifts of buds and bells,
For the uplands and the dells,
With the wild bird and the bee,
On the blossom and the tree:
And my heart leaps forth to meet thee,
With a joyous thrill to greet thee,
 Rosy June!

C. A. H. B.

Fables for YOU.

BY ELEANOR B. PROSSER.

(Second Series.)



VI. COMPENSATION.

"**HOW** strange!" exclaimed a young lark as he fluttered from the nest in the early summer morning, and bathed his wings

in ecstasy in the dewy grass. "What can have happened? Last night everything seemed almost burnt up, and dry and withered, and we couldn't find a drop of water anywhere, and now every flower is hanging its head, and every blade of grass glistening with dew. How is it, father?"

"Ah, my child," said the old lark, "I told you how it would be last night when you were murmuring, but you wouldn't believe me. When you have lived through the summer as I have, you will know that 'where the sun strikes hottest, the dew lies heaviest.'"

VII. NOT "OUT OF THE WOOD."

"**WHAT** a delightful thing freedom is!" cried a young horse, as he galloped along the lane, leaping a fence or two in his way, stopping at last to take breath in a quiet corner where a cow was leisurely grazing. "I never knew what it meant before; but I'll never go in harness again; take my word for it."

The cow went on grazing and made no answer.

"You don't know what it is to be free," cried the horse; "you'll have to follow the rest of the herd to the farmyard this evening to be milked, while I am enjoying myself in the depths of yonder forest. If I were you—I'd——"

"What?" asked the cow.

"Run away, as I have; and escape this wearisome bondage."

"It doesn't trouble me," said the cow.

"Ah, that's because you've never tasted the sweets of liberty."

"Nor have you till this morning, and I fancy your experience of them will be short; so you'd better make the most of it."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked the horse.

"What's that you've got round your neck?" said the cow.

"Oh, only just the end of the halter they used to fasten me with. I can easily shake that off."

"Just so," said the cow, "then if I were you, I'd do it at once."

"Why?"

"Only that—ah! I thought so," said the cow, as a firm hand grasped the halter, and in spite of all his struggles, the young horse was once more a prisoner.

"Ah," said the cow, as she went on thoughtfully with her dinner, "it's a pity he talked so much about freedom, before he'd got rid of the halter."

VIII. THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM.

"**WHAT** a gloomy hole, mother, and what dark looking water; I never can drink that!" said a young lamb to an old sheep, as he followed her to a sheltered corner of the wide field where they were pastured. "See, mother, there's a much nicer looking pool down there, with pretty green stuff all over it—do let us go there."

"Nay, my child," said the old sheep; "yonder 'pretty green stuff,' as you call it, covers impurities of all sorts, such as you would shudder to look at, and which would poison you to drink; while this water, dark as it looks under the shadow of the trees, comes from the purest spring that is to be found for miles around."

The Young Folks' Page.

XX. A SUMMER MORNING SONG.



Is the bird in meadow fair,
Or in lonely forest, sings,
Till it fills the summer air,
And the greenwood sweetly rings:
So my heart to Thee would raise,
O my God, its song of praise,

That the gloom of night is o'er,
And I see the sun once more.

If Thou, Sun of Love, arise,
All my heart with joy is stirred,
And to greet Thee upward flies,
Gladsome as a soaring bird.
Shine Thou in me clear and bright,
Till I learn to praise Thee right,
Guide me in the narrow way,
Let me ne'er in darkness stray.

Bless to-day whate'er I do,
Bless whate'er I have and love;
From Thy holy precepts true,
Suffer not my foot to rove.
By Thy Spirit strengthen me
In the faith that leads to Thee;
Then, an heir of life on high,
Fearless, I may live and die. Amen.

XXI. FIGHTING AGAINST THE "FLESH"
AND THE "DEVIL."

By THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., AUTHOR OF
"FLOWERS FROM THE GARDEN OF GOD," ETC.

SOME years ago there lived a good and holy man, who was a most useful minister of the Gospel.* Thousands, I believe, have reason to bless God for sending him into the world. This good man's Christian name was William. Now when he was a little boy, about four or five years old, he one day was left in the dining-room alone, and on the table was a plate of sweet cakes, of which he was particularly fond, but which he had been forbidden to touch. Somebody coming quietly into the room found the boy looking at the cakes, his little hands tightly clasped together behind his back, and saying to himself over and over again, as if he were saying a lesson, "Willie mustn't take them, 'cause they are not Willie's

* The Rev. Dr. Marsh, whose daughter, Miss Marsh, is so widely known as "the Navy's Friend."

own." Now this was a victory over the "flesh." The flesh said, "These cakes are very nice, Willie; just smell them. No one will see you, Willie, if you do take one. Mamma will not miss the cakes, Willie, there are so many of them." But little Willie would not do wrong, although he was sorely tempted to it. He fought with the "flesh," and came off conqueror.

But there was one sad occasion on which Willie, now grown up to be a tall, handsome lad of seventeen, was beaten by the enemy. There was a servant in the family who was a wicked man; and wicked men, whether they know it not, are agents for the devil, and do his work. This servant, annoyed at his young master's goodness, said once, in a sneering sort of way, and in William's hearing, "Oh! as for Master William, he's not man enough to swear." The taunt—it was just like a fiery arrow shot from Satan's bow—stung the young lad beyond endurance; and for the only time in his life, I believe, he took God's holy Name in vain, to show that he dare take an oath. Whenever William spoke of the matter—years, long years after—it was with expressions of the bitterest regret, though he felt in his heart that God had forgiven him. Well, that was a fight with the devil in which the devil was the victor. The Christian soldier was beaten, for the moment. Satan, through the mouth of one of his servants, triumphed over him.

This, I hope, will help you to understand what is meant by fighting against "the world, the flesh, and the devil."

XXII. THE QUEEN AND SUNDAY
SCHOLARS.

SOME years ago I went to Manchester to see a meeting of Sunday School Scholars, when the Queen had promised to visit the place. On a wide field was an enormous balcony, like a vast dock for ships, with tier over tier of wooden seats. The children marched in "fours," and they took three hours to assemble. Then there were 80,000 of them present, besides 10,000 teachers. Sixteen tall pulpits each had a man with a bangle, and as Her Majesty drove into our midst, the whole multitude pealed forth the National Anthem, and the Queen of England stood up in her carriage and wept in deep emotion. Glad am I to know that our good Sovereign used to have her children, in their younger days, every morning to read the Bible, and then she prayed with them, and for them, and for the nation, "and this prayer was not from any book."—ROB ROY.

The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. **W**HAT is the earliest instance of idolatry in the Bible?
2. Who is the only one, besides Christ, who came back from the dead, whose words are recorded?
3. Was there a king in Israel before Saul?
4. What revelation of the future was forgotten, and renewed again in answer to prayer?
5. Which of our Lord's miracles teaches us to show kindness to our enemies?
6. What beautiful prayer does our Lord reveal to us which He only could have heard?

7. How does St. Paul show the inspiration of the Book of Job?

8. What man of God knew exactly how long he had to live, and yet sinned so as to bring God's judgment on his house?

9. Is there anything to show that the Book of Joshua was written not long after the events recorded?

10. For what object does Christ bestow the gift of the ministry?

*. Answers to May Questions will be given next month.

Sun.—1st day.
Rises 3.51. Sets 8.45.

JUNE.

Moon.—Full, 12th, M. 6.55.
New, 26th, A. 2.4.

GRACE

LIFE

THOU HAST MADE SUMMER.

PEACE

LOVE

Sing
unto the Lord.

Ps. xxi. 4.

In His
favour is life.

Ps. xxx. 5.

1	W	My soul desired the first-ripe fruit. Micah vii. 1.
2	Th	Blow upon my garden, that the spices may flow.
3	F	Mine own vineyard have I not kept. Cant. i. 6.
4	S	Take the little foxes that spoil the vines. Cant. ii. 15.
5	S	Whit-Sunday. It is the Spirit that quickeneth.
6	M	Whit-Monday. Be filled with the Spirit. Eph. v. 18.
7	Tu	Whit-Tuesday. Walk in the Spirit. Gal. v. 16.
8	W	God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son. Gal. iv. 6.

9	Th	I will put My Spirit within you. Ezek. xxxvi. 27.
10	F	The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace. Gal. v. 22.
11	S	St. BARNABAS. Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God.
12	S	Trinity S. Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty.
13	M	He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good.
14	Tu	He sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. Matt.
15	W	He feedeth among the lilies. Cant. vi. 3. [v. 45.]
16	Th	Let the people praise Thee, O God. Ps. lxxvii. 3.

THEIR
SOUL SHALL
BE AS A WATERED
GARDEN.

Every good
gift . . . is from above.

Jas. i. 17.

There shall
be no night there.

Rev. xxii. 5.

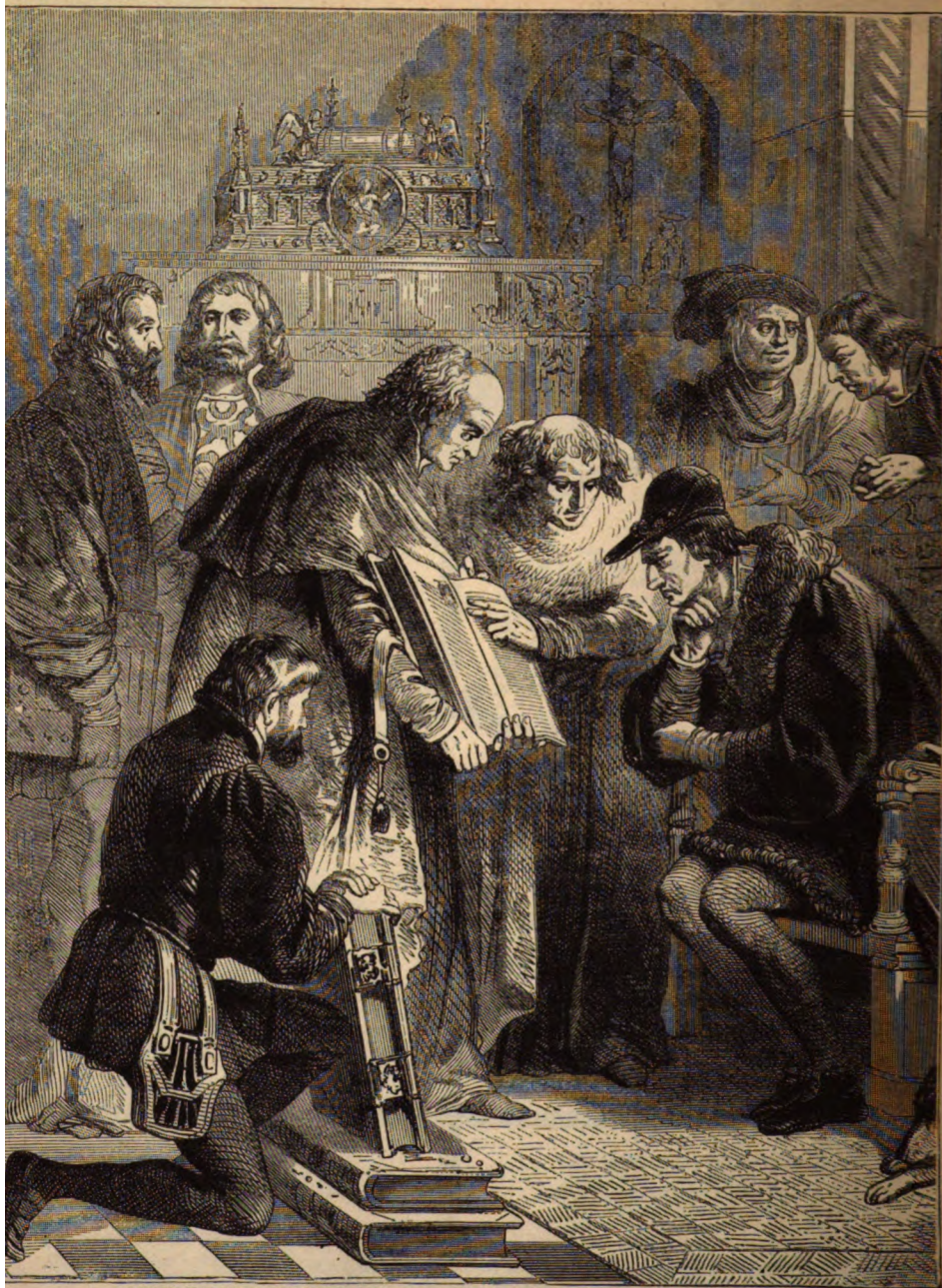
17	F	For Thou hast been . . . a refuge from the storm.
18	S	Thou hast been . . . a shadow from the heat. Isa. xxv. 4.
19	S	1st S. after Trinity. God thundereth marvellously.
20	M	Accession. The bow shall be seen in the cloud.
21	Tu	The sun shall not smite thee by day. Ps. cxxi. 6.
22	W	Men see not the bright light which is in the clouds.
		[Job xxxvii. 21.]
23	Th	He maketh small the drops of water. Job xxxvi. 27.

24	F	St. JOHN BAPTIST. MIDSUMMER DAY. Bless the Lord.
25	S	With clouds He covereth the light. Job xxxvi. 32.
26	S	2nd S. after Trinity. He maketh lightnings for [the rain. Ps. cxxxv. 7.]
27	M	He bringeth the wind out of His treasures.
28	Tu	CORONATION. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth.
29	W	St. PETER. He causeth the grass to grow. Ps. civ. 14.
30	Th	The word of our God shall stand for ever. Isa. xl. 8.

WHAT though the rainbow fade away?
The light that gave it birth
Is still the same; and e'en the cloud
Hath blessed the parched earth.

What though the blossom fall and die?
The flower is not the root!
A summer sun may ripen yet
The Master's pleasant fruit.—F. R. H.

Fresh Power.—"When God makes Himself manifest in creation, what a sense there is of fresh power! How vigour and vitality appear as Spring-time advances! Do not we want a Spring-time in the Church of Christ? Alas! alas! there are so many dead leaves of old phrases in prayer, and of old ceremonies in worship, that we can scarce find the living presence of the Divine Comforter. May God give us more of His own blessed anointing, and work for Him will not then be a toil."—The Rev. W. Pennefather.



WILLIAM TYNDALE AND THE PRINTED BIBLE.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

The Bible.

BY THE REV. JOHN BURBIDGE, VICAR OF EMMANUEL CHURCH, EVERTON.



BOOK there is, of ancient
date,
Where all the truly wise and
great
Have found the pearls of wisdom
spread,
Like gems upon the ocean-bed.

Brighter than Californian gold
Are deeds inspired Apostles told,
Greater than all that Milton thought
Are truths that Saints and Prophets
taught.

Oh, be it ours, from tender age,
To gather wisdom from its page!

Our English Bible:

ITS HISTORY AND LITERARY INFLUENCE.



THE English Bible has become such a familiar book in our homes, and exercises such a remarkable influence over society generally, that it is difficult to realize the state of our forefathers to whom it was almost a sealed volume.

Something of its contents was made known to them by means of rhyming Scripture stories; as, for instance, those of Cædmon. Cædmon was a Christian tenant on the Abbey lands at Whitby. One evening, when at supper with his neighbours and the bowl and song were going round, he felt a repugnance to the mirth. He left the room and watched and slept by turns through the night. As he slept, the old chronicle tells us, one came to him and said, "Cædmon, sing." He answered, "I cannot; I left the feast because I could not sing." "But," said the

other, "you have to sing to me." "What then," Cædmon asked, "ought I to sing?" And he answered, "Sing the origin of creatures." So Cædmon, in his dream, sang in praise of God the Creator. The next day he went to the Abbess Hilda, and she told him Scripture stories which he turned into verse and sang to the people, a few of whom thus obtained a slight knowledge of the Word of God.

"Miracle plays" or "mysteries," more or less objectionable, followed the rhyming stories; and no doubt these also, in some measure, helped to make known the main facts of the Bible.

As time went on, some detached passages from the Bible were translated; but when Wicliffe began his translation, in 1380, the Psalms were the only large portion given to the people in English. Wicliffe's translation was published but never printed, as the copies were few and far between; and

was not till Tyndale was aroused by the first stirrings of the Reformation that any part of the Book was printed in our tongue.

Tyndale was a great supporter of Luther, and declared to one of his opponents: "If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth a plough to know more of the Scriptures than thou dost." With great determination he carried out his purpose, notwithstanding the opposition of Henry VIII. and his ministers. He was, however, forced to retire to the Continent. There he carried on his work, until, in 1525, the New Testament was circulated, and in 1530 parts of the Old Testament also.

Tyndale's translation was very accurate, and was the foundation of most of the editions which followed. It was not, however, allowed to remain in circulation. Copies were bought up and burnt, and Tyndale himself forfeited his life. He was burnt at Vilvorde in 1536, ejaculating with his last breath, "Lord, open the king of England's eyes." His prayer at length was heard. As the differences with Rome increased, Henry VIII. perceived that the Bible would be a formidable weapon against the Pope. Coverdale's

edition was therefore licensed in 1535, and copies were placed in the churches. The king, however, afterwards, only permitted those who were in high offices of state to read the Bible. "A noble lady or gentlewoman," might read it, "in their garden or orchard or other retired places, but men and women in the lower ranks were positively forbidden to read it or have it read to them."

Many other editions followed Coverdale's during the next half-century, and all bore a strong family likeness. The small Geneva Bible, a translation by divines who had fled to that place from the persecution of Queen Mary, was the household book in the time of Elizabeth; while our own household book, the Authorized Version of King James I., appeared in 1611. This was the result of the Hampton Court Conference, and was translated with the greatest care by forty-seven divines, who were divided into six parties, and sat at Westminster, Oxford, and Cambridge. The work was done in the most systematic way, carefully compared with other editions, and revised over and over again.

L. M. HOARE.

(To be continued.)

Whapside Chimes.

BY THE REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, M.A., VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, HAMPSTEAD.

VII. "PRAY, ALWAYS PRAY."

"Men ought always to pray, and not to faint."—*St. Luke* xviii. 1.



RAY, always pray; the Holy
Spirit pleads
With thee and for thee; tell
Him all thy needs.

Pray, always pray; beneath sin's heaviest
load

Prayer sees the blood from Jesus' side that
flow'd.

Pray, always pray; though weary, faint,
and lone,

Prayer nestles by the Father's sheltering
throne.

Pray, always pray; amid the world's
turmoil

Prayer keeps the heart at rest, and nerves
for toil.

Pray, always pray; if joys thy pathway
throng,

Prayer strikes the harp, and sings the
angels' song.

Pray, always pray; if loved ones pass the
veil,

Prayer drinks with them of springs that
cannot fail.

All earthly things with earth shall fade away;
Prayer grasps eternity: pray, always pray.

Old Umbrellas; or, Nobody Cares.

BY AGNES GIBERNE, AUTHOR OF "THE UPWARD GAZE," "TIM TEDDINGTON'S DREAM,"
"SUN, MOON, AND STARS," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

NURSING.



R. CLIVE was much hurt, despite Minnie's hopes to the contrary. He had gone off from the house at a headlong pace, and in his excitement,

attempting to descend the stone steps from the esplanade to the beach, had caught his foot or slipped—no one quite knew which—and had fallen heavily upon the stones below. No bones were broken, but he was strained and bruised and shaken to an extent which at his time of life might prove serious, and the doctor hinted gravely at possibilities. Many days of close and careful nursing at the least would be required, and Mrs. Clive was in no condition to give it. The shock of having her husband thus brought home, following upon much previous agitation, had entirely upset her, and she herself stood in need of all the care that Minnie was able to bestow. Therefore it was that the doctor posted off in search of good Mrs. Watkins, happily meeting with success.

It was an excited and irritable patient that awaited Mrs. Watkins. Albeit seriously hurt and in much pain, Mr. Clive's faculties were unclouded, and his imperious spirit was unsubdued. Unused to opposition, he seemed as if he could not brook the slightest change in his plans. Mrs. Watkins found him vehemently declaring that go on the morrow he *would*, no matter who should gainsay him. The good-humoured landlady, who had undertaken him for an hour and had found the undertaking a severe one, stood by him, patting the counterpane soothingly, and trying alternately the effect of "But you see, sir—" and "Now you know, sir—" without much avail.

"There now, sir, here's the nurse come, and you'll be all right," said the relieved landlady, as Mrs. Watkins entered. "He's

a terrible gentleman to deal with," she whispered confidentially to the new comer.

"What's your name?" demanded Mr. Clive. "Watkins!"

"You're not a nurse? Mr. Bligh promised me—"

"I'm not a hospital nurse, sir," said Mrs. Watkins discreetly.

"Hospital or cottage, it's all one. I don't want *any* nurse," said Mr. Clive irately. "Ridiculous! for a mere slip, and a few bruises. And to-morrow I leave Brighton."

"Bruises give a good deal of pain sometimes, sir," suggested Mrs. Watkins, as Mr. Clive winced.

"Of course,—that is only to be expected. As you are here, I suppose you may as well stay the night, but pray don't suppose you are in for a long bout of nursing. We are off to Hastings to-morrow."

"If you feel well enough, sir, when the morning comes."

"If! Of course I shall. I am not so easily checked. In fact, I am quite determined that nothing shall stop us. I would not stay in Brighton another twenty-four hours for a thousand pounds."

Mrs. Watkins was putting things straight upon the table by his side, with noiseless fingers, the landlady having gone. "Indeed, sir?" she said. "You dislike the place so much?"

"There is a person here whom I wish to avoid."

Had he not been thrown off his balance he would not have been so communicative with a stranger. He saw in a moment that he had laid himself open to misconception.

"You don't understand—of course you don't understand—how should you? It is no question of debt: you need not fancy that. How intolerably hot this room is! You nurses are gossips as a rule,—and I don't want any ridiculous tale spread—"

"I don't think you need be afraid about me, sir," said Mrs. Watkins quietly. "But the doctor did not wish you to talk much."

"Merely said that because he had nothing better to say. Talking hurts nobody. Look here! what should you think of a father who refused to stay in a place because his only daughter was there? You are a sensible-looking woman! How does it strike you? What should you think of that, hey?"

He laughed hoarsely and loudly. It was plain that he was becoming affected with a touch of light-headedness. Minnie Olive crept softly into the room, and smiled with an air of relief at seeing Mrs. Watkins—somewhat as the landlady had done.

"I did not know you had come," she whispered. "I am very glad. My aunt is so ill and hysterical that I cannot stay away from her."

"What's that whispering about?" asked Mr. Olive sharply. "Minnie; what are you doing here? Is the packing done?"

"You cannot either of you go to-morrow, uncle John," said Minnie. "It is quite impossible."

"If I choose to go I will. A chit of a girl like you to attempt to manage me!"

Mrs. Watkins made a sign of silence. "We shall see when the morning comes, Miss Olive," she said. "There's never any need to meet troubles half-way before-hand."

"That's sensible," said Mr. Olive, with a sudden air of approval. "We shall see in the morning. And mind, Minnie, if anything *should* hinder our going for a day, which I do not expect or intend—mind, I will not have that person in the house. You understand me. I will not, under any consideration. If the little beggar comes again, she is to be turned away."

"Very well, uncle," was all that Minnie ventured to answer.

The prohibition was somewhat angrily renewed in the morning. Apart from any questions of prudence, the journey to Hastings proved to be a matter of simple impossibility, since Mr. Olive could not even turn himself in his bed, and Mrs. Olive was unable to leave hers. The doctor came early, and was not well satisfied with the state of his patient. "Had Mr. Olive something on his mind troubling him?" This question

was put to Minnie in another room, with the nurse standing by.

"Yes," she said at once simply. "I do not think my aunt would mind my answering you, Mr. Bligh, though perhaps *he* would. I told you yesterday that there was something."

"You said he had been excited, and perhaps also annoyed. I conjectured that this might have caused the fall."

Minnie stood for some seconds lost in thought.

"He talks a deal about his trouble, Miss Olive," observed Mrs. Watkins. "It seems to fill his head. He gets a bit rambling now and then, and says more than he would maybe say in health; so it isn't possible for me to help understanding."

"Then I do not see any reason why I should not explain," said Minnie. "It is about his only daughter, Mr. Bligh. She married fourteen years ago against his will,—married a young assistant in my uncle's studio, not her equal in position. My uncle has never forgiven her, and for years she has been quite lost sight of. We have just found her out in a most singular way, quite by accident,—no, not that really, for these things don't come by accident,—but you know what I mean. That was what excited him and upset my aunt, and that is why he wants to leave Brighton."

"Fourteen years!" was Mr. Bligh's response. "Cannot he forgive her yet?"

"No; and that grieves my aunt so terribly. She is longing to see her daughter again, and he will not allow it."

Mr. Bligh cleared his throat significantly. "I should be somewhat inclined in her place to break through the prohibition. However, one can hardly venture to give advice in such a case. Then Mrs. Olive has not seen her daughter yet?"

"No,—except for a minute out of the window, not knowing it to be her. The little girl—her child, and my aunt's grandchild—has been here. I took a fancy to her on the beach, of course never dreaming of our relationship. She seems a nice well-behaved little thing. I wonder sometimes that my cousin never takes any steps to see her mother,—but I believe she was forbidden in

such strong terms ever to venture near my uncle again, that she really dares not."

"Is her husband living?" asked Mr. Bligh.

"No; she is a widow, with this one child, Clarrie. Old Mr. and Mrs. Keyn, her father and mother-in-law, are living, but they seem to have come down in the world, and to be very poor. My cousin Marina has to do needlework to gain a livelihood for them all. Poor thing, she must have suffered enough for her wilfulness."

"As people usually do in the end," said Mr. Bligh.

Mrs. Watkins waited for a pause to remark: "I know a little girl called Clarrie Keyn, Miss Clive."

"Do you? It isn't a common name. Surely she must be the same. Is her mother's name Marina?"

"I don't know that I've heard that, Miss: but she is a widow, and lame, and she does needlework. The old man goes about mending umbrellas. My boy helped him one day when he was in trouble. He is always ready to help any one; for he has a kind heart, has my Willie. It is wonderful too, how many he finds to help as he goes about. I suppose it is because he looks out for them. He thinks a deal of little Clarrie."

"The very same," said Minnie. "How strange!—but there can be no mistake about it."

"It will be stranger still, if among us all we cannot manage to patch up some sort of reconciliation," said Mr. Bligh.

"I wish we could! Oh, if only we could," responded Minnie earnestly. "But what is to be done? My uncle will not hear Marina's name mentioned, and poor aunt Mary does so pine after her. I think *that* is what makes her ill."

"I have not seen Mrs. Clive this morning," said Mr. Bligh. "Would you like me to look in on her before I leave?"

Minnie at once took him to the room, and on coming out he said gravely, "You are right. The best medicine for her would be what I said—a reconciliation."

"But who is to bring my uncle to that?" asked Minnie sighing.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SENT FOR.

"How long have I been ill?" asked Mr. Clive one day in a languid tone.

"It's just three weeks this afternoon, sir."

"Three weeks! And Mr. Bligh told me you never left your home for more than a week at a time."

"No, sir. It isn't easy," said Mrs. Watkins. "But you see, you wouldn't have nobody else."

"No, I won't. That's clear," said Mr. Clive emphatically. "If you go, I'll nurse myself."

"Yes, sir; you've been uncommon fit for that all along."

"Well, I don't see for my part that I am much better now than I was at the beginning," said Mr. Clive, disposed to grumble.

"You are getting on, sir,—fairly. I only wish Mrs. Clive was as much better as you."

"Isn't she?"

"Mrs. Clive has no more strength in her than a sparrow, sir."

"A very poor illustration," said Mr. Clive. "A sparrow has sufficient strength for its requirements, which is a good deal more than I can boast. But about Mrs. Clive—what do you really think of her? *Is* she ill?"

"She is sickly and pining," said Mrs. Watkins.

"I didn't quite like her look when she came in to see me this morning."

"No, sir,—no more did I. And you would have liked it still less after she was back in her own room. It was as much as ever she could do to get to the sofa."

"What on earth is Mr. Bligh about, not to give her some strengthening medicine?" demanded Mr. Clive.

"He has done so, sir; but I don't know of any medicine that'll touch a mother's heart-ache, nor he doesn't either," said Mrs. Watkins, in a low voice. "You'll forgive me, sir, but you asked me just now what I thought of Mrs. Clive, and if she was really ill. I don't know if it's, properly speaking, illness or not, but I do think she's going down-hill fast. If she has to hold on much longer like this, I shouldn't wonder if in the end she was just to die of it."

"Die!" said Mr. Olive fiercely.

"She is pining away, and getting weaker every day, sir. You see, it's hard upon a mother, that hasn't seen her child for fourteen long years, to know she's near and not to be able to meet. It's racking work for soul and body to bear up under. She's wonderful patient; but patience takes a deal out of one. It's wonderful how much patience *does* take out of one. Giving way to temper and hot words isn't half so exhausting to body and mind, only it's wrong. Mrs. Olive's as sweet and patient as can be, and she never complains; but if it was to go on much longer like this, I do think in the end she'd just fade away and die of her patience and her longing."

"One would think you were trained to be a special pleader," said Mr. Olive: not nearly so irately as she had expected.

"No, sir, I am only a mother, with a boy of my own, and I know well that I couldn't bear it."

"How would you feel about that boy of yours, if he utterly disappointed you?" asked Mr. Olive, "if he went against your wishes, disobeyed your commands, frustrated your hopes, cast a shadow over your life——"

"It would be a distress and grief to me, sir. I don't say but what I might give way to anger too. But if my Willie was to come back to me—or if I knew he wanted to come back—with a word of sorrow and a wish for pardon, how could I ever turn him away? Haven't I done all those wrong things against my Father in Heaven, and hasn't *He* forgiven me? If I was to say 'no' after all to my boy, I would be like the wicked servant in the parable, who was forgiven by the Master the ten thousand talents, and then would not forgive his fellow-servant a poor little debt of one hundred pence."

Silence followed—a long silence. Mrs. Watkins wondered whereto it would tend. She looked up once or twice, to see Mr. Olive with bent brows, absorbed in moody thought. Plainly a struggle of some description was taking place. Half an hour later Mrs. Watkins rose quietly, and brought him his medicine. She stood stirring it by his side, and saw him drink it off.

"Do you know where those people live?" he asked abruptly.

"Which people, sir?"

"The—the—the Keyns."

"O yes, sir, quite well."

"Are they very poor?"

"They have suffered a good deal from want, I am afraid, from what Olarrie told me. The old man is almost past work, and so is his wife, and Olarrie's mother isn't fit for much; she is lame and weak, and has a good deal of pain."

"She has been punished, then," said Mr. Olive.

"She has indeed, sir. I think she stands in need now of a bit of comfort and care."

"You may go and fetch Marina Keyn to me this afternoon, if you like. I—I have no objection to exchange a few words with her, if she is in a proper frame of mind, perhaps I might consent to an interview between her and my wife. It might do Mrs. Olive good."

"I think it would indeed, sir," said Mrs. Watkins.

"Mind, not a word to her and my niece. I choose to keep the matter in my own hands. I have not the slightest intention of receiving Marina Keyn back into my home,—but if she wishes to be forgiven—what are you thinking about?" he asked sharply, noting a singular expression in his nurse's face.

"Nothing of consequence, sir," said Mrs. Watkins quietly. "I'm only thinking that God's way of pardoning isn't like man's. When *He* forgives the prodigal son, He don't just give him a kiss and thrust him away from the door, but He takes him back into heart and home for ever after."

"You women are never at a loss for an argument. However—I put the question, so it is my own fault. When are you going? You need not leave anybody with me. I prefer to have the hour alone."

Mrs. Watkins was surprised to find him nervously impatient to see her off. He seemed to feel ten minutes' delay almost unendurable. She began to wonder whether he too had not in his own fashion been longing after this absent daughter, and suffering somewhat as Mrs. Olive had suffered.

Marina was sitting that afternoon as usual over her work, weary and pain-worn. Keyn had been out for a short time upon his rambles, and had just returned in a spent condition with little Clarrie. Martha was going to and fro, grumbling.

"It's always the way, always," she said. "One can't do this, and another can't do that. It's hard to get enough bread to keep body and soul together."

"God will take care of us, Patty," the old man said simply. "I used to think He would maybe, but now I'm sure. I've begun to ask Him."

"Ay, so you've said the last month, and much good it's done. You may talk, but things are getting worse and worse."

And as if at the right moment to shame her mistrust and to be in response to Keyn's faith, there was a tap at the door. A woman entered, neat, kind-faced, pleasant-mannered. Clarrie sprang up.

"How do you all do?" she said. "None of you know me except Clarrie, but you have heard her speak of Willie Watkins' mother, haven't you? I must not stay, for I am short of time, but I am come on a message to Clarrie's mother."

Marina lifted her eyes slowly. "Yes!" she said.

"You knew a gentleman was here—Mr. Clive," said Mrs. Watkins.

"Yes, he was here: he went to Hastings," said Marina, trembling.

"No, he didn't go. He was going, but he had an accident. He fell down some stone steps."

"Like mother did," said Clarrie.

The coincidence had not struck Mrs. Watkins before. "Yes, it is curious," she said. "He has been very ill for three weeks, Mrs. Keyn, and now he wishes to speak to you. He means to say a kind word, I think. He is waiting, and the quicker we can be off the better. I've got a cab at the door, for Clarrie said you could not walk far, and I have not forgotten."

Marina rose, trembling and pale, only to sit down again.

"I don't wonder you feel it, poor thing," said Mrs. Watkins. "But don't be afraid, my dear. I shouldn't wonder if the sight of

you was to touch his heart, and then maybe he'll let you see the poor lady, Mrs. Clive. She's pining away after you. Just get your bonnet on—that's right—and now you take my arm. Why, you are shaking all over like a leaf. Come along. The quicker you are there the better now, for you and him too."

"It's wonderful, it is, how things do come about," mused Keyn, when the two women were gone. "It's wonderful, Patty."

CHAPTER XIX.

ARRANGEMENTS.

MR. CLIVE watched eagerly and more eagerly, as moments went by, for the opening of the door. He did not know how long Mrs. Watkins would be absent, but he felt sure that she would not be long, and that she would not come alone. This daughter of his, whom he had loved so dearly in the past, and against whom he had nourished feelings of such bitter anger,—he found suddenly was precious to his heart still. He felt indignant with her for all the pain she had caused him, and yet he longed to see her. He lay picturing to himself her face as he had seen it last—a young bright face of girlish beauty, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, full of proud resolve and winning affection.

Much sooner than he had expected—not counting on the use of a cab—the door-handle clicked, and the door opened. Mrs. Watkins came in first, stepping cheerily, and after her came—some one. "That, his Marina! Impossible!"

A worn sorrowful woman, with bowed head and halting steps, white cheeks and downcast eyes, dressed in a faded cotton gown and a washed-out limp shawl, and a straw bonnet of incalculable age—that his Marina! He lay quite still, gazing at her. She came to the foot of the bed, and there stood still, not venturing to approach.

"That isn't Marina. It is all a mistake," said Mr. Clive, with an involuntary sigh of disappointment.

She lifted her eyes then, and looked straight

at him. He knew the eyes again, hollow and sunken though they were; he knew again those large black eyes, of which he had once been so proud. She only gazed at him, wistfully, pleadingly, and he gazed back at her: but as he gazed, the anger and indignation died out in his heart.

"Marina—" he said tremulously. "My poor little girl!"

That broke down all barriers. One quick movement, and Marina was kneeling by his side, her face bowed into the bed-clothes, her two hands clasping one of his and holding it to her lips.

"My poor girl; and you have suffered so much! Why didn't you let me know, Marina?"

"O father, how could I? after all you said. I never never could have dared."

"True, true; I am afraid I was very bitter. But you shouldn't have done it, Marina, my dear. You have been sorry since, I dare say."

"Sorry!" She repeated the word in a sort of dazed wonder, it seemed so utterly inadequate to picture the long years of suffering and loneliness and pressure which her wilfulness had entailed upon her. "Sorry!" She broke into intense weeping, clinging still to his hand as to a very haven of refuge. "O father, father, father, if you could only forgive me, only let me have one kiss from mother, I would be willing to die!"

"Die! You're not going to die yet, Marina. You're going to take care of us again, my dear."

He had not meant to say so much, but it came involuntarily. There were not many words of pardon spoken. No need for that. Mrs. Watkins, looking on tearfully at the returned weeping daughter, clasped close in her father's arms, thought of the penitent son in the Bible-story, and remembered how the father "ran and fell on his neck and kissed him."

Then unexpectedly the door opened and Mrs. Olive came softly in, pale and anxious, with wide-open eyes. "I thought, I thought I heard something," she said. "Surely it could not be—it *was*—Marina's voice."

"Mother!" broke out in one choked sob, and then the two were clasped together, as

if nothing earthly should ever separate them more. "O mother, can you forgive me?" Mrs. Watkins heard breathed in tones of entreaty, and then she withdrew from the room, leaving daughter and parents together.

"Of course Marrie'll care little enough about *us* any more," grumbled Martha, when the state of affairs became known to her. "All these years we've given her food and shelter, and she's been one of ourselves; and now she'll turn round and set up for a fine lady, and leave us to sink or swim as best we can—you'll see. Oh yes, you'll see. It's the way of the world. I've given up looking for gratitude. I suppose my old man and me may just end our days in a workhouse, for all Marrie'll care."

"She's had a hard life, poor girl," said Keyn, "and glad enough I'll be to see her living easier. She isn't fit to work for her livelihood. But I'll miss Clarrie when I'm going my rounds, eh, Clarrie?"

"Shan't I never go round with you again grandfather?" asked Clarrie.

"Tisn't likely, dearie. Mrs. Watkins, she says, you see, that all the past's going to be forgiven and forgotten. And Mr. Olive is a rich man now, and your mother'll be a fine lady, and she wouldn't like you to trail along the streets with a poor old umbrella-man. No, it wouldn't be fit, Clarrie. But God Almighty will take care of us still, and you and me we've learnt a deal more of late about the Lord Jesus and how He cares for us. It's good to know that. If it wasn't, I'd grieve sorely over parting with you and Marina: but He'll care for Martha and me still in our old age."

"Well, I say it isn't fair," remarked Martha. "Why is Marrie to have the best of things, and we the worst?"

"It's God's will, maybe, Patty,—maybe," repeated the old man. "We don't know that we shall have the worst, yet awhile."

"I know!" replied Martha positively. "It'll be the workhouse and nothing else, and you and me parted for the rest of our lives. I know it'll kill *me*, whatever you think about it;" and Martha began to cry.

Just while this talk was taking place

between the two old people, Marina Keyn was seated on a low chair beside her father's bed, with her hand clasped in that of Mrs. Clive, and her large eyes shining with a look of content which they had not known for years.

"But, father," she was saying, "you know I mustn't think only of myself."

"It's not of yourself I am asking you to think, Marina," said Mr. Clive, in his eager positive way. "It is of your mother and me. We have not had you all these fourteen years, and now—now that we have found you—will you venture to tell us that an old umbrella-man and his wife are more to you than we are?"

"No," said Marina, shaking her head, and smiling. "Oh no, I could not say that. I love my father-in-law, for he is a kind-hearted good old man, but no one can be what you are to me. It isn't that. I only mean that I can't live in ease, and leave them to struggle on in poverty. I have lived on them many a year."

"And worked for them?"

"Yes, and worked for them. My mother-in-law often said my work wasn't worth my feed, but I do not think she meant it. She could not have got on without my earnings."

"To dare to speak to *my* Marina so!" said Mr. Clive indignantly.

"Ah, father, but you know I have only been a poor sempstress, not the girl that you knew in old days. See,—don't I look it?"

"No, no, no," said Mr. Clive, vehemently, while Mrs. Clive seemed to care to do nothing but to sit and gaze in her child's face. "No, no; you did when you first came in, but not now. Marina, we can't do without you. I can't let you go. You *must* live at home. That old woman doesn't love you as we do."

"No," said Marina. "I do not think my mother-in-law was ever fond of me. But *he* is, and I owe them both a debt. Father, I might live at home and work for them. I

could earn enough to keep the two in comfort, perhaps."

"Why, if that is all, we will do *that*," said Mr. Clive. "Nothing easier, Marina. Find some nice lodgings where they will be well looked after, and we will pay for the rooms, and give the old couple a monthly allowance. Will that do? And once or twice a year you shall run down to Brighton with Clarrie, in her holidays,—for we must send her to school, and have her trained into a lady,—once or twice a year you shall run down here with Clarrie, and spend a week in lodgings, and see as much as you like of Mr. and Mrs. Keyn. Will that do?"

"O father, it is only too much,—after the way I treated you," sobbed Marina.

"Will it do?" repeated Mr. Clive, and she said, "Yes."

Two hours later still, old Keyn and his wife knew all. Martha, for very shame, said little, while Marina, kneeling down by her old father-in-law's side, asked him as her father had asked her, "Will it do? Will it do?"

"It's only a deal more than I deserve, Marrie," the old man said, in a shaky voice. "I did think God would take care of us, but I didn't look for that."

"And I shall ask Mrs. Watkins to see you often," said Marina. "And you will write to me?"

"Yes, yes, my dear, once in a while. But you'll be a lady now, ever so happy."

"I'm happy," said Marina softly. "Not because of being a lady, father. I'm happy because they have forgiven me, and because I *do* believe God has forgiven me too."

"I shouldn't wonder if He has," said Keyn gravely, "if so be you've asked Him. And He'll care for you, Marrie: for you and Clarrie and us too. Don't the Bible tell us, 'He careth for you'?"

"If only we had learnt it sooner," said Marina, "we might have been spared many an anxious hour."



THE STORY OF THE MONTH.

Out in the meadows! while God spreads before us
His summer glories, streaming from above.
Oh! add your grateful hymn to Nature's chorus,
And love Him for His love."—*B. Gough.*



E all know the story of Julius Cæsar and his invasion of Britain. We owe to him the name of July; for Mark Antony gave this month that name in honour of his friend *Julius*.

The Saxons call July *hen-monath*, signifying *leafy-month*, or *foliage month*,—the Saxon word *hen* meaning wood or trees. They also call it *hey-monath*, or hay month, because in July they generally made their first hay-harvest.

This month in ordinary years brings summer to the full. It is then the hottest month in the year.

"Then came hot July, boiling like to fire."—*Spenser.*

The birds, for the most part, are silent. The little brooks are dried up. The earth is chapped with parching; the shadows of the trees are grateful, heavy, and still. The oaks, which are freshest, because latest in leaf, form noble canopies, looking, as you lie under them, of a strong and emulous green against the blue sky. The traveller delights to cut across the country through the fields and the leafy lanes, where nevertheless the flints sparkle with heat. The cattle get into the shade,

or stand in the water. The active and air-cutting swallows, now beginning to assemble for emigration, seek their prey about the shady places, where the insects seem to get for coolness, as they do at other times for warmth. The bee now and then sweeps across the ear with his gravest tones. The gnats,—

"Their murmuring small trumpet sounden wide."

—*Spenser.*

And here and there the little musician of the grass gives forth his tricky note.

"The poetry of earth is never dead:
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:
This is the grasshopper's."

July is the ripening time for harvest plenty,—

"Nature's great heart is full of love,
And heaves and throbs new joys to prove,
That human hearts to praise may move."

Happy are they who, rejoicing in the bright radiance of the Sun of Righteousness, have—

"Found in Jesu's presence
The summer of the soul."

C. A. H. B.

Our Church Portrait Gallery.



XXV. THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP: XXVI. CANON HUSSEY: XXVII. CANON FLEMING: XXVIII. CANON LEFROY.

THE Rev. Gordon Calthrop is one of the most gifted clergymen of the metropolis. Few perhaps have gained a more telling influence, as a preacher, over young men, who form a prominent portion of his congregation. His sermons are remarkable for logical thoughtfulness, whilst evangelical truth is presented with an earnest tone of practical and personal appeal which arrests and commands the closest attention and interest of the hearer.

Mr. Calthrop took high honours at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was ordained in 1851, by the Bishop of Oxford. In 1858 he was appointed to the Incumbency of Holy Trinity, Cheltenham, where he remained till 1864. He then became Vicar of St. Augustine, Highbury, where he ministers to one of the largest congregations in the metropolis. The church in fact is crowded, and it would be difficult to estimate the important influence he exercises as a preacher thoroughly able both intellectually and spiritually to deal with the great questions of the age.

As an author Mr. Calthrop is also widely known. Amongst his works may be mentioned "Sermons on the Temptations of Christ," "Passion-Week Lectures," "Pulpit Recollections," "Children's Pulpit Series," and "Words Spoken to my Friends." A volume of "Lectures to the Working Classes" (W. Hunt & Co.) is especially valuable, and ought to find a place in every parish library. Mr. Calthrop has frequently written in *The Fireside*, and other magazines; and he is not a stranger to the readers of *Home Words*. Our portrait is from a photograph by M. Bowness, Ambleside.

The Rev. J. McConnel Hussey, D.D., was educated at Exeter College, Oxford. He was ordained in 1844. His early ministry at St. James's, Kennington Park Road, gained him many friends; and in 1855 he entered upon his present charge as Vicar of Christ Church, North Brixton, a parish containing a population of about 7,000.

In 1878 Mr. Hussey became an Honorary Canon of Rochester Cathedral, and in 1879 Rural Dean of Kennington. In the present year the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity has been conferred upon him. It may be hoped that ere long he will receive some more substantial recognition of his important services in the diocese of London.

Canon Hussey happily combines the faithfulness and devotedness of the pastor with the genial grace and almost irrepressible humour of the friend. At a certain meeting held in South London, the audience had been addressed by the present Bishop of Rangoon, who was then widely known as "Mr. Titcomb," and had just been made a Canon. Mr. Hussey, who followed, commenced his speech with a remark as modest as it was witty: "You have just listened to a Canon; you are now about to hear a pop-gun." As a lecturer Canon Hussey is pre-eminently popular. Those who have heard him on "Bothers," "Temper," "Home," "Common Sense," "Firesides," and "Squabbles," are never likely to forget him; and if his homely counsel were but practised, the world would indeed be a happier world than it is. The virtue and value of a good laugh are thoroughly appreciated by Canon Hussey, and he knows well how to turn into the right channel the winning influence it gives him over others.

His church is always crowded by his attached congregation. He has spent thirty-two years in this part of London, and in his last annual address he was able thus to sum up the memories of his ministry to his flock:—"I came in the spring of life, and am now entering its autumn. Mercifully and lovingly has God dealt with me during that period; and surely, on reviewing the past, I may well take up the words of the Psalmist, and say: 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me?' My connection with you has never been marred by discord. Kindly co-operation and ready sympathy have ever been experienced by me at your hands. Mutual confidence has bound us together, and I have every reason

to feel assured that an interest in each other's well-being has been the prevailing power by which we have been influenced." Canon Hussey's portrait is from a photograph by Mr. J. F. Knights, Clapham.

Canon Fleming, B.D., is the youngest son of the late Dr. Fleming, of Strabane. He was educated at Shrewsbury School, and graduated at Magdalen College, Cambridge, in 1852. He was ordained in 1853 by the Bishop of Norwich, and his first curacy was St. Stephen's, Ipswich. After working there for two years, he removed to the curacy of St. Stephen's, Bath, and in 1856 was appointed to All Saints' in the same city. His ministry was characterized by the development of many useful parochial agencies, and he founded in Bath the movement which rapidly spread throughout the country under the name of Penny Readings.

The aim of the enterprise cannot be better stated than in its founder's words:—"The object of the movement is the education of our fellow-men. We are convinced that wherever we can raise the mind, we raise the man; nor are we of that class who consider that literature is opposed to religion. Our first desire, therefore, is that our readings should be elevating and instructive. At the same time we do not forget that after a hard day's work, both body and mind are tired, and need wholesome recreation. For this cause we feel it desirable not to exclude wit and humour from our selections, believing that a hearty laugh is a good medicine for a wearied mind, and that there is a season for everything." To a certain extent, as with almost everything good, Penny Readings have no doubt, in some few cases, been turned from their original purpose, and it has been forgotten that the truest and highest recreation includes more than mere amusement. But rightly conducted these readings furnish one of the missing links which help the clergy to win the hearts of the people to receive the higher message of "good tidings of great joy," which they bring. Canon Money has well said: "In this great workshop of ours, and in this world of anxiety and trial, it is well for all classes to draw together, not only in the house of God, but in those games

and sports which cheerily intervene between the somewhat monotonous round of daily toil." Canon Fleming rendered no slight service to the community at large when he practically taught the lesson that as the child has his playground, so the child of large growth needs his.

In 1866 Canon Fleming succeeded the Rev. Daniel Moore, in the incumbency of Camden Church, Camberwell, a church rendered famous as the scene of the labours of the honoured Henry Melville. For seven years he remained in this important parish, and when he removed to his present charge, St. Michael's, Chester Square (formerly held by Dr. Rowley Hill, Bishop of Sodor and Man), his old congregation presented him with many valuable tokens of their esteem. In 1876 he was appointed a chaplain to the Queen, in 1877 he was made a Canon Residentiary of York, and he is also chaplain to the present Lord Mayor of London.

The Temperance movement has no truer friend, as it has no more eloquent champion, than Canon Fleming.

Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

Upon the formation of the new Diocese of Liverpool, the Rev. William Lefroy, M.A., was appointed one of the first Honorary Canons. Few pastors or preachers in "the second city of the Empire" hold a higher place in public esteem.

Mr. Lefroy is a native of the sister country, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, taking the B.A. degree in 1863, and proceeding to M.A. in 1867. He was ordained by the late Bishop of Cork in 1864, in which city he laboured as curate of Christ Church. His gifts as a pulpit orator soon brought him into prominence, and in 1866, when the important parish of St. Andrew's, Liverpool, became vacant by the removal of the Rev. R. W. Forest, D.D., to London, he was appointed to succeed him.

How far the choice has been justified, will be understood when we say that the church, which has the largest seat-room of any church in Liverpool, is filled to overflowing at the Sunday services, and that the district remains the centre of various parochial agencies,



**THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A.,
VICAR OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S, HIGHBURY.**



**THE REV. CANON HUSSEY, D.D.,
VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, N. BRIXTON.**



**THE REV. CANON FLEMING, B.D.,
VICAR OF ST. MICHAEL'S, CHESTER SQUARE.**



**THE REV. CANON LEFROY, M.A.,
VICAR OF ST. ANDREW'S, LIVERPOOL.**

(Drawn from Photographs by T. C. SCOTT: Engraved by R. & E. TAYLOR.)

OUR CHURCH PORTRAIT GALLERY.

which are maintained in a high state of efficiency, mainly owing to the active superintendence of the Vicar.

Education, temperance, thrift, young men's societies, and Sunday-school work, have an untiring advocate in Canon Lefroy, while his knowledge of the working classes and deep sympathy with social questions, make him a welcome speaker at Church Congresses.

At the last Congress he contributed a valuable paper on the "Religious condition of the middle classes," in the course of which

he spoke with gratitude of the whole-hearted consecration of time, strength, and power, given to the work of the Church of England by voluntary helpers, especially in our large towns. "Never," said the Canon, "was the Church as rich in the good works of her children as in the present generation. If those who labour in our Sunday-schools, our districts, and our choirs, were set down at a million, the estimate would probably err by defect." Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Robinson and Thompson, Liverpool.

Modern Hymn Writers:

"SPECIMEN-GLASSES" FOR THE KING'S MINSTRELS.

BY THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

(Second Series.)

III. HYMNS FOR SUFFERERS.



CHRISTIAN song is very dear to sufferers, and its ministry seldom fails to bring home the heart-cheer of some Bible truth or promise.

Thoughts of four sweet singers, Jennette Threlfall, Jane E. Joy, Mary Shekleton, and Mrs. Crewdson, are thus specially linked with 2 Cor. i. 4: "Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."

One Hymn by the first named writer, perhaps better known by her long-used initials, "J. T.," has brought more "strong consolation" to invalids within the range of our own knowledge than any other uninspired words. We could tell of one sufferer under whose weary pillow that hymn was kept for two years of incessant pain; and of another who drew comfort from it almost daily for eleven years. Never once has the gift of these simple lines failed to awaken grateful response.

"Written during long and dangerous ill-

ness," says the heading to these verses in the author's volume of poems.* "Written," but by another hand, when the physical strength had ebbed so low, that a faint whisper of line by line, dictating thus to a bending ear, was all that it could do.

Surely strength was here made perfect in weakness, in this outflow of the precious ointment of sweet service from the broken alabaster of the suffering frame. It is indeed "heart to heart," and its power lies in its reality.

We give it in full, hoping thus to extend its ministry of comfort.

"THEY WATCHED HIM THERE."

I think of Thee, O Saviour!
And count affliction gain,
If aught of suffering aid me
To realise Thy pain.

I think of Thee, O Saviour!
And bless the chastening rod,
Conforming to Thine image,
Thou chastened Son of God.

I think of Thee, O Saviour!
My trial hath been long;
But night hath not seemed weary,
For Thou hast been my song.

* "Sunshine and Shadow." Poems by Jennette Threlfall. (London: W. Hunt & Co.)

I think of Thee, O Saviour!
When loving voices seek,
In tender tones of pity,
Their sympathy to speak.

How different the revilings
Which Thou didst bear for me;
The scorn, the taunts, the tumult,
Sounding on Calvary!

I think of Thee, when brightly
The Father's love doth shine,
Lighting as with a sunbeam
This fainting heart of mine.

Oh, then, Thy cry of wailing,
Seems sounding in mine ear;
God's billows rolling o'er Thee,
Forsaken in Thy fear.

More often still, my Saviour,
I meditate of Thee,
When by my couch some dear one
Sits watching silently.

For no fond ear bent sadly
To list *Thy* parting breath;
The stranger and the foeman
Sat watching for *Thy* death.

Uncheered, unmitigated,
The cup to Thee was given;—
My every pain is lightened
By love from earth and heaven.

Each feverish fancy granted
Almost before expressed;
Luxuriously pillowed,
And soothingly caressed.

Oh! 'tis well-nigh presumption,
In sufferings light as mine,
To speak, my stricken Saviour,
Of fellowship with Thine!

But by the restless aching,
Which findeth no relief;
And by the hidden conflict
With sin and unbelief:—

By life's slow weary ebbing,
By death so long delayed,
By the dark grave familiar,
Because so oft surveyed:—

By each of these, my Saviour,
I learn to realise,
Though but in feeblest measure,
Thy dying agonies.

My sufferings no atonement
For sin could make to God;
Alone, of all the people,
Thou hast the winepress trod.

So there is nought of anger,
In this my Father's stroke;
He is but gently teaching
My neck to bear Thy yoke.

And it is joy, my Saviour,
A blessed joy, to think
The cup I am but tasting,
Thou didst vouchsafe to drink.

I would press closer to Thee,
A heavier cross would bear,
So I might better know Thee,
And more Thy Spirit share.

It was Thy cloud which led me
All through the joyous day;
But now the fiery pillar
Is shining on my way.

And I shall better praise Thee,
Seeing Thee thus by night,
Than if the desert pathway
Had all been tracked in light.

Soon, as Thou overcamest,
I too shall overcome;
And bless the love which kept me
So long away from home.

I had been lost for ever,
Hadst Thou not thought on me;
Cold is my heart, and selfish;—
Yet, Lord, I think on Thee!

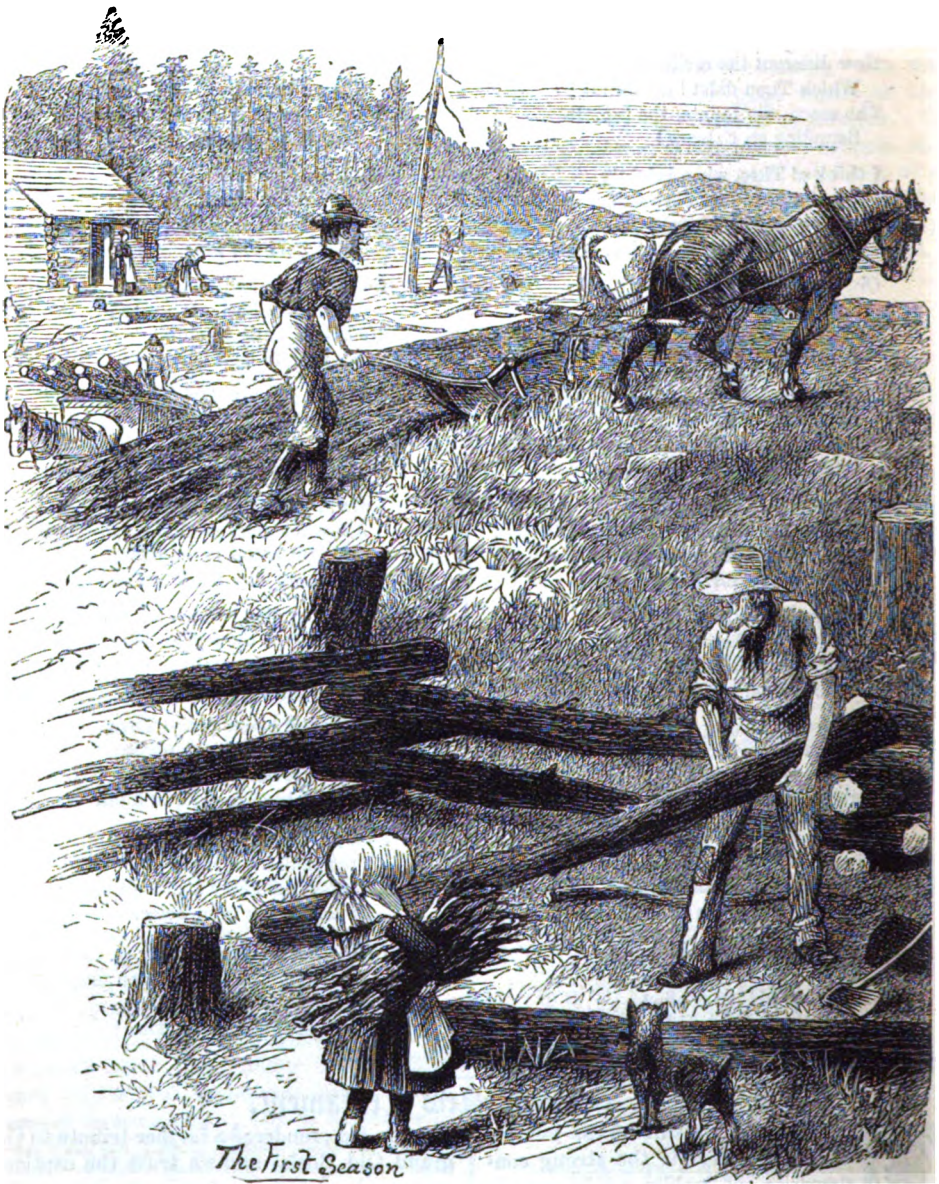
(To be continued.)

The Revised New Testament.

CONE important result of the labours of the Revisers is the strong confirmation of public confidence in the accuracy, with comparatively few and slight exceptions, of the Authorized Version.

The accumulated resources of scholarship

have, in fact, rendered a further tribute to the grand Old Book; and we trust the captious critics who have so often striven to make mountains of mole-hills, by magnifying textual difficulties here and there, will, for once, learn a lesson in humility.—*Hand and Heart.*



The First Season



Emigrant Life in British North America.

(Continued from Page 140.)



WE gave last month illustrations of some of the difficulties which surround an emigrant in his travels across country in the Far West. In the companion pictures which we now give, the artist shows the settler safely landed at his destination, and busily occupied in trans-

forming an allotment of prairie waste into a fertile, and we may hope profitable, farmstead.

In the first season the new beginner has plenty of work to do. A house has to be put up, and accommodation provided for the horses and cattle. A clearance must be made of the unnecessary timber, which comes in well for fencing operations, etc.; drainage has to be undertaken, and the

plough and the harrow put to a severe strain in breaking up the fallow ground. "Where there's a will, there's a way," encourages the emigrant to perseverance; and when a family work unitedly to make the new holding something like "home," success is certain. Such an example of co-operation is happily represented by our artist. The little maid who has been gathering the bundle of sticks is a vigorous type of the "do something" spirit which characterizes the family.

But after sowing comes reaping, and the harvest joys of the emigrant's second season are, we doubt not, increased, and his sense of gratification proportionately intensified, by the weeks and months of plodding labour through which he has passed. In the cool of the evening, under the glorious splendours of the rich autumnal sunsets of the West, it must be a sweet satisfaction to the sturdy emigrant to stroll round his fields in the company of the partner of his life, their eyes gladdened by the sight of the ripened

grain, and their hearts cheered no doubt by the reflection that at last they may begin to feel that they have a stake in their new country, now that prosperity is beginning to reward their labours.

The Marquis of Lorne's recent notes upon the pastoral life of the Canadians gave an emphatic testimony to the thrift and industry so generally conspicuous amongst the emigrants settled in the Great Dominion; and indeed, it is pretty well recognised that prudence and diligence are indispensable to those who wish to make a trial of emigration. The old theory that a man who could not, or would not, get anything to do at home, had only to be transplanted to the colonies to develop into a successful farmer is utterly exploded, and the emigrants of these days are mainly drawn from the better class of artisans and small farmers, who, although doing fairly well at home, wish to make trial of fresh fields and new pastures in the hope of doing better.

Thomas Cooper :

FROM SCEPTICISM TO CHRISTIANITY: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY THE REV. CHARLES DULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

LIFE'S PROGRESS.



N the year 1836 Mr. Cooper first became regularly associated with the *Stamford Mercury*; and from a trifling salary as a purveyor of odds and ends, he gradually advanced to a position worth £300 a year. His circum-

stances were now comparatively affluent; but because the surroundings were not quite what he desired, he "rashly gave notice to leave," and in the opening days of June, 1839, he found himself an adventurer on the streets of London, without friends and without employment.

He procured one introduction after another to persons of influence, without receiving any benefit. His experience was a hard experience, but we should not on this account too rapidly blame those persons in high places

who were unable to confer a needed favour. Such persons are constantly being sought by young men who desire openings in the Metropolis, and to grant all they are asked is simply impossible. Making these allowances Mr. Cooper's interviews with the late Lord Lytton were characteristic both of a bored celebrity and an aspiring genius: "He received me with a thousand smiles; and assured me he would show the manuscript to his publishers. I called at his door once or twice, during the seven weeks that elapsed before I saw him again; and then wrote to tell him that I would wait upon him on such a day. He came hastily into the room where I waited, put the manuscript into my hand, and said, 'I regret to say that, although my publishers consider it a work of merit, they have so many other things in hand that they cannot receive it at present. Good morning, Mr. Cooper!' And he bowed and disappeared through folding-doors into another room in an instant."

Straitened circumstances and repeated disappointments did not represent the darkest phases of Mr. Cooper's life-experience: acquaintances were formed who undermined his faith in Christ, and led the way to that cheerless unbelief now so bitterly regretted. He left London in 1840, at the age of thirty-five; and having secured an engagement in connection with the *Leicester Mercury*, he settled in that town—his birthplace—in a time of great political excitement and Chartist agitation.

The Chartist movement, the privations of the stockingers, and the action of Mr. Cooper which procured him a lodging in Stafford gaol, constitute a story too long for our space. We can only briefly summarize. His feelings were deeply moved by the terrible distress he witnessed at Leicester. He was a man who "*must take a side*," and he took the side of the Chartists. The excitement of the old-fashioned elections was anything but favourable to the exercise of prudence. "I have seen," says Mr. Cooper, "the gravest and soberest men do the wildest and silliest things at such times, and therefore cannot wonder that I have done them myself. . . . My heart often burned with indignation which I knew not how to express. Nay, there was something worse. I began—from sheer sympathy—to feel a tendency to glide into the depraved thinkings of some of the stronger but coarser spirits among the men. It is horrible to me to tell such a truth. But I must tell it; for if I be untruthful now, I had better not have begun my Life-story."

It is due to Mr. Cooper to give prominence to the fact that before the riots he repeatedly urged that "Peace, Law, and Order" should be the motto of the Chartists. But he forgot what he tells us he now sees, that "the demagogue is ever the *instrument* rather than the *leader* of the mob:" and that his exciting speeches, urging the people to work no more till the Charter became the law of the land, were "most rash and uncalculating, and struck a spark which kindled all into combustion."

The issue was the arrest and imprisonment of Cooper with other Chartist leaders. Thinking himself to be used, as he certainly was used, with undue severity in the prison, he petitioned the House of Commons, and also apprised Mr. T. S. Duncombe, the Member for Finsbury, of what he had done. This bold procedure had the desired effect of bringing about better prison treatment.

It was during this imprisonment that Mr. Cooper found his "atheistic reasonings" were becoming "habitual." "How swift," he writes, "is the process of depravity, even in the understanding, as well as in the heart! How rapidly the mind and heart take up an entrenched position in unbelief none can tell but those who speak from experience. I believe those two months of torture, at the beginning of my two years' imprisonment, served, most fearfully, to bring my atheistic reasonings to a head. I was conscious of incorruptible disinterestedness in my advocacy of the rights of the poor. I regarded my imprisonment, with its harsh treatment, as a grievous wrong. My tender wife was enduring suffering that brought her near to death. And the poor were suffering still! I had not lessened their evils an atom by my struggles. It was a world of wrong, I now reasoned; and there could not be in it the almighty and beneficent Providence in which I had all my life devoutly believed. I must give it all up as a dream!

"I had never given up the practice of prayer; and I knelt beside my iron slab and bag of straw, though I hardly felt I prayed—until, one night, I sprang up from my knees, and said, 'I'll pray no more.' Nor did I ever kneel to pray again so long as I remained in prison. My angered and distempered mind set itself, now, defiantly to resist the thought of a God; and in the morbid condition of feeling and thought that grew to be natural in the prison, I fell into trains of reasoning about moral evil and the pain I supposed to be so prevalent in creation—such as the reader will occasionally find in my Prison Rhyme.

To be continued.





Fables for YOU.

BY ELEANOR B. PROSSER.

IX. THE HARDEST WORK OF ALL.



"HY, Lion, you here still!" cried a fox terrier as he bounded across a narrow stream, and alighted close to the spot where a curly black

retriever with a bushy tail mounted guard over a fishing rod and basket that lay on the ground beside him.

"Yes, I'm here," said Lion.

"You must have had a lively time of it," cried the terrier; "why, it's more than two hours since I saw you before, and you had been here a good bit then. You wouldn't catch me wasting my time like

that; I've been all round the farm; stirred up a rabbit warren, and sent the young ones flying; started a whole flock of sheep on the run; and done no end of business while you've been lying on the grass doing nothing."

"Nothing!" said Lion, "do you call it *nothing* to do the work my master has given me?"

"I don't call lying on the grass for two hours, *work*," said the terrier.

"Don't you?" said Lion, "perhaps that's because you never tried it. I find it harder than any I ever had, but my master chose it, and that's enough for me."

PITHY PROVERBS.

"UNBOUGHT experience is seldom worth much."

"To forget a wrong is wise—to

forgive a wrong is the best revenge."

"It is easier to tell our faults than our virtues."

The Young Folks' Page.

XXIII. PART OF THE CONCERN.



CLERGYMAN on his way to a missionary meeting overtook a boy, and asked him about the road, and where he was going. "Oh," he said, "I am going to the meeting to hear about the missionaries."

"Missionaries!" said the minister. "What do you know about missionaries?" "Why," said the boy, "I'm part of the concern. I've got a missionary box, and I always go to the missionary meeting. I belong to the concern."

Every boy should feel that he is "part of the concern," and that his work is just as important as that of any one else. Linch-pins are little things; but if they drop out the wagon is very likely to come to a stand-still. Every pin and screw should be in working order, and every boy and girl should be able to say, "I always go to missionary meetings. Why, I'm part of the concern!"

XXIV. ALL IS FOR THE BEST.

In the reign of Queen Mary there was a good minister, Bernard Gilpin, who under his many crosses used to say, "All is for the best." In dark days his neighbours often asked him tauntingly, "Is all for the best now?" "Yes," he would cheerfully reply, "All is for the best."

He was summoned to London to be tried for heresy. He expected death at the stake; but started, saying, "All is for the best." On the road near Oxford his leg was broken by an accident. "All is for the best," he still said, and fretted not. Upon his recovery word came that the Queen was dead, and that he was at liberty. Again he said, "All is for the best!"

XXV. A FEARLESS TRUTH-TELLER.

Be a fearless truth-teller, come what may. The old coins used to have engraven upon them, "Tis death to counterfeit." 'Tis death to your true happiness to be untruthful.

A little boy was once playing in the library of Frederick the Great, his grand-uncle. Frederick opened a book of French fables, and asked the boy to translate one. He did it in splendid style, and the king praised him warmly. The honest little fellow at once confessed, "Your majesty,

I had that fable for my lesson with the tutor the other day." The king was more delighted with the prince's honesty, than with his cleverness; laid aside his work; took the boy out for a walk in the gardens; feelingly advised him to be true and upright in all his dealings, as he had been in the library; and showed him how easily he might yield to lies, and so darken his whole life. They had just reached the lofty obelisk that still stands at the Palace-gate at Potsdam, when the king, pointing to it, said:—

"Look at this high thing: its uprightness is its strength." You know that a tall monument would soon become a heap of ruins if it were not straight. "Remember this morning, my good Frits," he added; "perhaps thou wilt think of it when I am gone."

Frits did think of it. When he was King Frederick William III., and father of the present Emperor of Germany, he used often thankfully to quote the advice, and recommend it to his family and friends.

For king and commoner, for man and boy, for woman and girl alike, uprightness is strength and happiness. God has given you an upright body to be the fitting home of an upright soul; but crookedness is weakness and misery.—*The Rev. J. Wells.*

XXVI. MY QUESTION.

I ASKED a bee that was flitting by
To tell me its story, and say to me why
It seemed as happy at work as at play?
For it hummed its song the live-long day:
Yet it worked, and worked, and worked for aye!
Now into the lily's perfumed bell,
Now into the cup of the campanel,
Now at the mouth of the trumpet flower,
That twined around our garden bower;
Anon to the bloom of the almond tree,
Then down to the honey-ball close to me.
O tell me thy secret, blithe happy bee,
What gives thy work such a zest for thee?
Its answer was brief—"I may not stay
To talk with you, for the wearing day
Admonishes that my work is not done,
See how yon mountain is nearing the sun.
But if you would wish to be happy and gay,
Always do your work first, and then afterwards play."

The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. WHAT two men in the Old Testament does God seem to point out as having the greatest power in intercession?
2. Can you show that, while Jesus intercedes for all His people, He remembers each one?
3. Do you know what was thought of St. Paul's Epistles by any one of the Apostles?
4. What led Rahab, through grace, to believe in the true God?
5. What master was brought to know God through his servants; and what servants to know God through their master?
6. How did Jesus show Himself the Lord of nature by a bird, a beast, and a fish?
7. What heathen was mentioned by name before either of his parents was born?
8. Had any of St. Paul's relations been brought to a knowledge of Jesus previous to his conversion?

9. Who went to the great city of Babylon, and yet never saw it?
10. What strong argument for contentment is given to Christians by the Apostle Paul?

ANSWERS (See MAT No., p. 119).

- I. 2 Chron. vi. 11; Ezra ii. 63; i. 7. II. Deut. xxix. 23. III. Mark xiv. 64; Luke xxiii. 2; Mat. xxvii. 11. IV. 1 Cor. ii. 9, 10. V. Prov. xxii. 24. VI. Num. xx. 11, 13; Exod. ii. 10; xiv. 31. VII. Luke xix. 40. VIII. Exod. xii. 2. IX. 2 Sam. xv. 30; 1 Kings xi. 7; Luke xxii. 29. X. Mark ii. 10, 11; i. 41; iv. 39.

ANSWERS (See JUNE No., p. 145).

- I. Josh. xxiv. 2. II. 1 Sam. xxviii. 15. III. 1 Sam. xii. 13. IV. Dan. ii. 5, 17-19. V. Luke xxii. 51. VI. Luke xviii. 13. VII. 1 Cor. iii. 19. VIII. Isa. xxxviii. 5; xxxix. 6. IX. Josh. vi. 25. X. Eph. iv. 11, 12.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.



We are
the people of His pasture.

Pa. xcv. 7.

Seek
Thy servant.

Pa. cxix. 276.

1	F	He calleth His own sheep by name. John x. 3.
2	S	He goeth before them. John x. 4.
3	S	3rd S. after Trinity. The sheep follow Him. John
4	M	They know His voice. John x. 4. [x. 4.
5	Tu	He shall set the sheep on His right hand. Matt.
6	W	They shall never perish. John x. 28. [xxv. 33.
7	Th	Neither shall any pluck them out of My hand. John
8	F	My sheep hear My voice. John x. 27. [x. 28.

9	S	I know them, and they follow Me. John x. 27.
10	S	4th S. after Trinity. I give unto them eternal life.
11	M	The Lord is my Shepherd. Pa. xxiii. 1. [Jn. x. 28.
12	Tu	He maketh me to lie down in green pastures.
13	W	He leadeth me beside the still waters. Pa. xxiii. 2.
14	Th	He restoreth my soul. Pa. xxiii. 3.
15	F	I shall not want. Pa. xxiii. 1. [Ezek. xxxiv. 11.
16	S	I will both search My sheep, and seek them out.

I HAVE
FOUND MY SHEEP WHICH
WAS LOST.

Luke xv. 6.

I give
waters in the wilderness.

Ira. xliiii. 20.

He led
them on safely.

Pa. lxxviii. 52.

17	S	5th S. after Trinity. I have found My sheep which
18	M	I will seek that which was lost. [was lost.
19	Tu	I will bind up that which was broken. [Lu. xv. 6.
20	W	I will strengthen that which was sick. [Ezek.
21	Th	I will feed them with judgment. [xxiv. 16.
22	F	I know My sheep, and am known of Mine. Jn. x. 14.
23	S	Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel. Pa. lxxx. 1.

25	M	St. JAMES. He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd.
26	Tu	He shall gather the lambs with His arm. Isa. xl. 11.
27	W	He shall carry them in His bosom. Isa. xl. 11.
28	Th	He shall gently lead those that are with young. Isa.
29	F	Ye were as sheep going astray. 1 Pet. ii. 25. [xl. 11.
30	S	But are now returned unto the Shepherd. 1 Pet. ii. 25.

24	S	6th S. aft. Trinity. We are the sheep of His Hand.
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31	S	7th S. aft. Trinity. I lay down My life for the sheep. [John x. 15.
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SO may'st thou walk! from hour to hour
Of every passing year,
Keeping so very near
To Him, whose power is love, whose love is power.

So may'st thou walk in His clear light,
Leaning on Him alone,
Thy life His very own,
Until He takes thee up, to walk with Him in white.
F. R. H.

Hearing the Word.—“Help the preacher to preach aright—help me to hear aright, and to read aright, the message of Thy Word.” If such prayer prevailed in our congregations, and in our family and private devotions, the promise would speedily be fulfilled: “I will open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.” The Gospel would come unto us, as it came to the praying converts of Thessalonica, “not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.”—The Forgotten Truth, by the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE AGE OF SIX.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Health.

Royalty at Home.

BY THE EDITOR.

(Continued from page 77.)

III. THE ROYAL CHILDREN.*



THE Queen in the palace and the peasant in the cottage equally find it true, that "There's no place like Home." England's Royal Home, with all its grandeur, never lost its "homeliness." Every mother will understand this when reading the words in which our good Queen describes a scene which was often witnessed in Windsor Castle when the home began to fill, and the little feet went pattering about the galleries and towers.

"Victoria," writes the Queen, "plays with my old bricks, and I see her running and jumping—as *old*, though I fear still *little*, Victoria of former days used to do."

The Queen, in her "Journal of our Life in the Highlands," tells us a great deal about the Princess Royal, who one day may be Empress of Germany, when she was quite a little girl; how good "Vicky" was, and how it amused and delighted her to feel that her child was old enough to travel with her. "It puts me so in mind of myself when I was 'the little Princess,'"

she says. And then she tells us how "Vicky stood and bowed to the people out of the window."

This was the little lady's first journey; and she was not quite four years old. A baby can soon learn what it is to be a great personage, and that a princess is bound to be courteous, as, indeed, every lady is, even when she is only four years old.

Here is another anecdote of Vicky, who was also called "Pussy," as many a young girl is or has been:—

"Our *Pussy* learns a verse of Lamartine [a French author] by heart, which ends with 'Le tableau se déroule à mes pieds,' ['The picture spreads itself at my feet.']" To show you how well she understood this difficult line, I must tell you the following *bon mot*. When she was riding on her pony, and looking at the cows and sheep, she turned to Madame Charnier (her governess), and said, 'Voilà le tableau qui se déroule à mes pieds!' ['There is the picture which spreads itself at my feet.'] Is not this extraordinary for a child of three?"

* We are enabled to give a portrait of the Prince of Wales at the age of six from the famous painting by F. Winterhalter, after the engraving published by Messrs. H. Graves & Co., 6, Pall Mall.

It is said now, that the Princess Royal, Crown Princess of Prussia (but in England we like to give her her old title), is the cleverest of all the Queen's family, and has great good sense and talent. Perhaps it is because she was the eldest that there is more about her in the Queen's book, from which we are gleanings, than about the others; for when there is a large family, it becomes impossible to remember all the funny things the children do, and their cleverness; whereas the young father and mother have their minds free to treasure up all these wonders when there is but one.

Never were children more carefully brought up than these children of England. Little nobodies may be permitted sometimes to be saucy to others (which, we know, is very bad breeding in any one), but the children at Windsor were never allowed any such vulgar privilege. They had to do as they were told, and to be kind and respectful; and you may see by that story about "Pussy" how very early they began. Even when the Queen was travelling about round the shores of Scotland in her yacht, she used to find time to give little Victoria a lesson, and to hear her read in her history book; and when the boys grew older, the Prince Consort was very earnest about their instruction. He often

spent several hours daily in attending to this himself. We are told:—

"The one thing which personally distinguished the Prince Consort from other men, was his daily and hourly interest in the education of his children. Not only their moral education—which no parent under any circumstances ought to neglect—but the ordinary training of the school-room. Of course the Royal Princes and Princesses had many teachers, but their chief instructor was the Prince. He not only furnished a general plan for their instruction, but superintended it himself; not only appointed to each one his and her teachers, but thought it his duty to read every book which was about to be put into their hands."

How well it would be if all parents took the same interest in their children; and especially took care to see that poisonous books and papers were not allowed to be read by them. Poison for the mind is as bad as poison for the body. Every cottage should have its library shelf furnished with instructive and amusing books; and "home" should be made in every case the most attractive spot to our children in all the earth.

In another paper I shall have more to say about the education of the Royal children.

Whispering Chimes.

BY THE REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, M.A., VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, HAMPSTEAD.

VIII. "WHOM HAVE I . . . BUT THEE?"

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee: and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee."—*Ps. lxxiii. 24 (Prayer-Book Version).*



HEN Thy smile, serene and bright,

Floods my homeward path with light,

Open, Lord, mine eyes to see;

"Whom have I on earth but Thee?"

In affliction's darkest cloud,
To the dust with anguish bowed,
Let me plead confidently;
"Jesus, whom have I but Thee?"

In the shadowy vale of death,
Be my last and labouring breath,—
"Flesh and heart are failing me:
Whom, Lord, have I now but
Thee?"

Jordan past, how sweet the song!
Canaan won, how bright the throng!
Lord, through all eternity,
Whom have I in heaven but
Thee?

Harvest Home; or, The Reapers' Song.

BY EMMA MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF "MRS. HAYCOCK'S CHRONICLES;" "ROGER BECKENSALL'S STORY;" "THE LOST JEWEL;" ETC.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."



A SHORT CHAPTER,

BEING INTRODUCTORY.

SHOULD like to say what put it into my head to write this story, and call it "Harvest Home."

My husband and a neighbour were talking of the hay crops of this rich grass country where we live. The cattle would be standing knee-deep amongst the buttercups if they were turned into the meadows before hay harvest.

Our neighbour is a well-read man, and thinks a good deal for himself, which all great readers do not.

He is in the prime of life, and my husband is down in the valley, where the shadows of the evening are growing longer and longer. Well, after they had done with the hay, our neighbour began to speak of the great field of life, and he said that he could not understand the want of proportion in the crops which spring from evil deeds, and those which spring from efforts for good.

"Look," he said, "at the wide-spreading mischief which a bad book does—a seed planted which surely brings a heavy crop of poison, sucked in eagerly by thousands. Look again," he said, "at the evil which follows from a bad example. One bad character may corrupt a whole village, one bad boy corrupt a school."

"Now," he said, "look at the other side of the picture, and tell me if the result from a good example was ever so marked. If the book is written with the direct aim of winning men and women to serve God, and to love all that is pure and of good report, is it followed with like results? I mean results in the same proportion to those which can be directly traced to the book written to feed the evil desires of those who read it. Tell

me if missions at home and missions abroad, if efforts to raise the great masses of the working people by means of religious teaching, bring forth adequate results. Do not we see Christian men and women labouring all their lives to bring the sheep into the fold, the lambs to the Good Shepherd, and at the last it would seem to be their only cry, 'Surely, I have laboured in vain.' I say," Mr. Spencer,—for that was our neighbour's name,—went on—"I say that the good seed seems to perish, or bring forth but a meagre crop, while the bad seed lives and thrives, and scatters abroad a hundred fold its own mischievous and poisonous fruit: or, like the thistles in our upland meadow, flies about and makes a thousand prickly plants from one blossom. You can't deny what I say, Mr. Denys; no, nor can your good wife either."

I smiled, but I waited for my husband to speak; I knew he would say the right thing, as he did when at last he replied,—

"I can't exactly deny what you say, Mr. Spencer; but I will answer you with words from God's Book. I dare not answer you with any other:—'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap;' 'They that sow in tears shall reap in joy;' 'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;' 'He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.'"

"Yes, yes," broke in Mr. Spencer, "I know all that; but I don't see it, Mr. Denys, and so I don't feel it."

"Well," my husband said, looking at me with his kindly, loving eyes, "there's one who knows and feels she has sown and she has reaped, and there will be a joyful harvest home for her, and she can sing the reapers' song even now—now, while she looks at me. So she sees as well as feels."

I could hardly bear this; I felt so unworthy; but my husband's words sent my thoughts back over long past years: and before me rose a cornfield shining gold in the sunshine, and the sound of singing from the reapers, and a sweet sense of ingathering and fulness of joy. When I had collected my thoughts a little, I asked my husband if I should write the story of those early years: when I went forth from my father's house, scarcely anything of definite purpose in my heart then but a faint humble desire to do what I could where God was pleased to send me.

I need not say more in this place, for I know an introduction to a story is thought dull, and often skipped over. All that is necessary by way of explanation is now written, and I hope my readers will overlook all faults of style, and not think me too full of myself as I tell my tale.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS.

My father was a tradesman, in a good way of business, in the bustling town of Ladminster. He was the principal linen-draper in the place, and lived with his large family over the shop. The days had not come when every tradesman must have his paste-board villa outside the town, with a grand name. No; people in our station of life were content to live where they earned their bread, and a happier home than ours in the High Street of Ladminster can hardly be imagined. We were a strong and healthy family, six in number—two girls, of whom I was the youngest, and four boys. Life went on in a very even, regular way with us; we had few interests beyond our own town and neighbourhood, and I daresay cared far too little for those outside our own particular circle.

The boys went to school in the town—the Ladminster grammar school, and they passed one by one out of it to different trades. The eldest, Harry, came into the shop; the second, George, was apprenticed to an ironmonger; the third was "our scholar," and had risen so high in the grammar school that the master begged to keep him another year, when my

father thought it was time for him to be apprenticed to Mr. Kidd, the currier and leather merchant, who was a relation of ours. Then came little Frank, our baby and darling—rather spoiled, perhaps; for all youngest children stand a good chance of being spoiled; but if ever there was an excuse for doing so, we had it.

Our dear little merry brother, beautiful in his babyhood,—loving, mischievous, enchanting in his childhood—I can see him before me now. Before the shop was opened of a morning, he was allowed to toddle about there; and Pam, our eldest sister, would dress him up in odds and ends of ribbon and finery, and set him up on the counter, to be admired by father and the assistants.

Pamela was three years older than I was. She was commonly called the "right hand" by her parents. She certainly had a wonderful knack of doing the right thing at the right time, and she was always so trim and neat in her dress and in her person. My mother trusted her in everything, and Pam's word was law.

My mother was of higher rank in life than my father; that is to say, she was the daughter of a small solicitor in Ladminster. He died early in life, leaving two girls quite unprovided for. My mother, who was never strong, and of a very gentle, clinging nature, was thankful to accept the comfortable home my father offered her, and the shelter of his protecting love. My mother's sister, as I believe, looked down on this marriage with a tradesman, and went out as a nursery governess in a gentleman's family. She was ashamed of the trade to which my mother had allied herself, and only paid her a very occasional visit, "giving herself great airs," old Nancy, our trusted servant, said; till at last she married a "squire" down in Gloucestershire, and then the shop in the High Street of Ladminster must of course be forgotten.

The "squire" turned out to be a farmer who owned a few acres of land, and had a long lease from his father of a large old-fashioned house near the village of Breame St. Bernard. Here my poor aunt for a few years lived, with servants and a carriage, and believed herself to be a great lady at last. Rumours

reached us from time to time that the squire, Mr. Denys, was by no means a respectable character; but we heard nothing direct, and by degrees Aunt Bella and her story grew faint and fainter, and less like reality than a story we might read in a book.

Aunt Bella's portrait hung in our sitting-room, over the old-fashioned high cabinet piano which had been bought at Canon Storey's sale years ago. The portrait was that of a girl in a white dress, made with very large puffed sleeves, and cut in a round at the neck, with a collar lying over it, showing the slender throat. A band of velvet, fastened with a brooch, across the forehead always made me think Aunt Bella must have some defect there she wished to hide; but mother said it was the fashion of those days, and no one thought it ugly then. It is certainly wonderful how fashion rules us, and how there is nothing new under the sun. The great rough crop of hair which the girls of the present day think so becoming is, according to my notions, quite as ugly as Aunt Bella's band of velvet! Aunt Bella had very beautiful features, and I daresay her hair was beautiful: only of this I cannot judge so well, as it was fastened up in high stiff curls, as if her aim was to get as many as possible one on the top of the other.

The adjective "poor" clings to some people through life. When my mother did speak of our aunt, it was always "poor Bella," and Nancy would say,—

"That poor Miss Bella, I wonder if I should know her if I met her in the High Street! How she used to pass the shop-door, mincing along, and go down Baker's Alley, that she might come round to the side entrance! Such pride! And then, as we sow, so we must reap."

What crop Aunt Bella had reaped we did not know with any certainty for years, but it fell to my lot to see it gathered in, if I may say so; and, thank God, there was some sweetness in the aftermath, and of this sweetness I shared.

It was one September afternoon, when Pamela was three-and-twenty, and I had just turned my twentieth birthday, that, passing down into the parlour behind the shop, I heard the sound of some one crying. I

waited and listened, and then Pamela came out of my mother's bedroom and called me by name,—

"Cherry! I want you."

Little Frank, who was about five years old at this time, came trotting along the passage—a very narrow passage running at the back of the sitting-room and bedroom—with two windows in it; the larger one blocked up by the roof of our warehouse, the other showing the tower of the minster, and a peep of distant country.

"Frank is not to come; send him away," Pamela said sharply; and almost at the same moment Nancy raced up the back stairs and took the child off in her arms, struggling and shouting that he wanted "mammie" at the top of his voice.

"Is anything the matter, Pamela?"

"Mother wants to speak to you. She has got a letter that has upset her very much from poor Aunt Bella; but don't stand talking here; come into the bedroom."

I obeyed Pamela at once, and went in to my mother. She was sitting before her little chest of drawers, with an open letter in her hand. She was struggling to subdue her nervous, almost hysterical crying, and was afraid of Pamela's repeated,—

"Pray hush, mother; you will make yourself ill!"

"I should like to go to her," my mother faltered; "I should, indeed!"

"It is impossible, mother—that long journey alone. You will have to sleep a night on the road; you are not fit for it. If any one goes, Cherry must."

"I go!" I exclaimed; "where and why? to whom?"

"Aunt Bella is in great distress; she is lonely and ill, and she begs mother to go to her; or, if not, to send one of us—one of her four girls,' showing how much she knows about us! You see, Cherry," my sister went on, "mother's going is out of the question; so is mine. I keep all the house accounts, and I am always in the shop when they want an extra hand on market-days, and I mend all the house linen and boys' clothes, and——"

"I know you do everything," I said, "everything right!"

"Well, of course I do a deal more than you

do," Pam said, quite placidly. "So now here is something turned up for you to do, to make yourself of use."

"I see you mean no one will miss me, no one will care a pin whether I go or stay."

Then my mother broke in—

"Oh, girls, don't wrangle and quarrel! Your father has no patience with poor Bella; but we were loving sisters once, and it seems but the other day since we were gathering primroses in the Huntly woods. Poor Bella was made to keep her lawful place in the world—so pretty and graceful; while I was plain, and just made to be what I am. This letter has brought it all back—all back again. I can't be hard on poor Bella. Read the letter, Cherry; you have a feeling heart."

I took the letter, blotted by my mother's tears, and made out the contents with difficulty. Aunt Bella said she was deserted and lonely; that her boys were a grief to her, and she had as good as no husband; that she could scarcely afford to pay the wages of a house servant; that the farm was all underlet; that she had lost the use of her legs from rheumatism; and that if my mother could help her, she knew she would do so, for the sake of old times.

Pamela was called away to speak to one of the shop people, and I was left with my mother.

"Do you wish me to go, mother?" I asked. My mother's answer surprised me.

"No, no, my dear Cherry; I can't wish to lose you, for you are a great comfort; but Aunt Bella, poor Aunt Bella was like you when she was young, and I fancy you may do her good. I shall miss you sorely, my dear; so will father and poor little Frankie; but I

don't think Pamela could be spared; and I could not undertake that journey, nor stay long when I got there; while you may find work to do there."

"Work! I am not a good hand at it, mother."

"Yes, dear; you are neat and quick in your ways; you can sympathize and be gentle; and you can speak of God to poor Aunt Bella, and tell her He is the comfort of us all in our sorrows."

As my mother spoke, I said to myself: "Do I feel that? Are these mere words?"

The next moment my young heart sprang up, as it were, to thoughts of "doing good" and being of use, and I was comforted.

So after a family discussion, in which Pamela was spokeswoman and my father a listener, the thing was settled. A letter was written to Mrs. Denys, the Old Manor, Breame St. Bernard, Gloucestershire. The day of my departure was fixed for the following Monday. I was to sleep at the house of a relation of Nancy's, in Gloucester, on Monday night; and on Tuesday I was to go in a coach to Cirencester, where Aunt Bella was requested to meet me with some conveyance, and take me on to Breame St. Bernard.

Thus all of a sudden I came to a turn in the journey of my life. Thus was I sent forth on my way, not knowing whither I went, and indeed little dreaming of all that lay before me in that village nestling among the Cotswold Hills. But as it is my history while there which I am writing, I must not linger by the way to moralize, but go on with the story, which I have called, as I hope appropriately, "Harvest Home."

(To be continued.)

The Two Seeds.



GARDENER was about to sow some seeds, when one exclaimed, "Oh, let me not be buried in the dark, damp earth! Why should I not remain in this warm sunshine where I am?" But the gardener threw the seed into the ground, and covered it, without regarding its complaint.

As he did so, another seed fell out of his

hand upon the stone close by, where it remained exposed to the sunshine and heat. In a short time it was parched and shrivelled up; while the buried seed was just at the same time beginning to shoot up a delicate little stem, which grew till it ripened into a flower, and afterwards into the full-grown fruit.

Was it not better to pass through the darkness first?

Lessons from the Book.

VII. ONE THAT IS MIGHTY.

BY THE REV. GORDON CALTHROP, M.A., AUTHOR OF "WORDS SPOKEN TO MY FRIENDS."



"I have laid help upon One that is mighty."—Ps. lxxxix. 19.

HERE are few things so distressing as to see a man straining at a task beyond his strength. Two brothers were walking close to the edge of a precipice in Switzerland. One of them stumbled and fell over into an abyss a thousand feet deep. As he fell, his brother caught him and held him. It was an agonizing moment: the man who had fallen could not recover his foothold, the other had not strength to draw him back; he held him for a time, but gradually the power failed him, and with a wild cry of despair he let his brother go, and saw him dashed to pieces below. Here was the will to save, and the desire; but the power was lacking. In this case help had not been laid upon One that was mighty.

Another illustration is furnished by the story of the French Revolution. It is sad to see the good but weak Louis XVI. swept away by the fury of the French democracy. He would have ruled a quiet people very well: he would have shown them a good and Christian example; but he was unfit to cope with the whirlwind. Perhaps a man like Napoleon I. would have done the

work, but with a Louis XVI. it was impossible. He was the wrong man in the wrong place. So the best of a long line of kings was swept along by the current of human fury, helpless and ineffectual. In that case help had not been laid upon One that was mighty.

It was a great task which had to be accomplished in the Salvation of mankind; God's justice had to be satisfied, the violated law had to be vindicated, the prey had to be plucked from the destroyer. It was no light undertaking. Who was sufficient? No man, no archangel. And we can imagine the Son of God looking down to see how it could be done. Then He steps forward to carry the heavy load; He will do the work which no other can do. What confidence this gives us! It is the "strong Son of God," upon whom all help is laid; we may lay upon Him the whole weight of this work; it will never break down. By His sacrifice He atones for our sins, by His blood He cleanses them, by His Spirit He strengthens us to resist temptations; His care and watchfulness never fail, His intercession is always effectual, His love endures unto the end. Yes, God hath "laid help upon One that is mighty."

VIII. "READY TO FORGIVE."

BY A PASTOR.

"Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive."—Ps. lxxxvi. 5.

THE first thing I remember in my childhood, was my father's sudden death on one bright summer day. I remember my poor mother, how she sobbed and groaned like one broken-hearted. But years rolled on, and the wound began to heal; when my eldest brother, who ought to have been the joy of his widowed mother, and

the support of the family, got into bad company. At last he went all wrong, and the end of it was, he turned his back upon his home, and left without even saying good-bye, or where he was going. My mother's sorrow seemed greater now than when our father died.

Years passed on: nothing was heard of

that lost son. I remember how we used to sit beside the fire, on long winter nights, listening to our mother talking of what our father had said and done, and we never grew tired of hearing. But, whenever our brother's name was mentioned, it seemed as if a blank fell on us all. Conversation dropped into silence.

Our house was on the hillside. On rough nights, when the high wind used to whistle through our windows, I used always to notice my mother's face grow paler than usual. Tears used to come into her eyes. Sometimes she would say: "My poor boy! God knows, but perhaps at this moment he is out at sea somewhere!" At Christmas time, when we were all sitting round the table, she would go and put a chair for him, never mentioning his name; but the chair was to remind us that he still belonged to the family, and she would say: "Who knows! perhaps he'll come back before the day is over."

Years rolled on, and we all thought amongst ourselves he must be dead,—but she would never believe it. Perhaps it would have been a relief to her mind to know that he was dead—as she kept

thinking of what might have happened to him. We grew up to be young men and women, and still nothing was heard of him. One day mother was sitting at the garden window when up the gravel path there came a strange man, bronzed with the sun and wearing a long beard. He looked at the window, and saw his mother there. He stood still, looking at her, and as he did so, the great tears trickled down his cheeks; and as his mother's eyes met his, *she knew him by his tears*. She rushed to the door, threw her arms around his neck, and cried:—

"My boy! my boy! Come home at last! Come in, my boy, come in!"

He took her hands in his and gently thrust them back, and said:—

"Mother, I have vowed to God Almighty that I will never cross your threshold till you've forgiven me!"

Do you think she was long in forgiving him?

So, my friend, there is a loving heart, and wide-spread hands of mercy waiting for you, and for every one that cometh to Jesus, who is "ready to forgive," and "will in nowise cast out."

First-fruits.

BY THE REV. RICHARD WILTON, M.A., AUTHOR OF "WOODNOTES AND CHURCH BELLS."

The First-fruits of our corn
God claims: before Him holy hands must wave*
The first sheaf reaped on the first Harvest-morn,
Ere to the whole ripe field His blessing rich He gave.

The First-fruits of our gold
God asks, who gives us strength to work, and health
To enjoy; nor would true love the meed withhold
From Him who pours on us Heaven's unimagined wealth.

The First-fruits of our life,
The fresh green ears He seeks, the dew-sweet hours,
Youth's buoyant Spring with hope and gladness rife:
Oh, let us yield to God our unworn, noblest powers!

The First-fruits of each day,
The earliest thoughts of our new-wakened mind—
Let them rise upwards as we praise or pray,
And on the after-hours God's promised blessing bind.

* Lev. xiii. 10, 11.



THE STORY OF THE MONTH.

AUGUST is a month of bounty. Nothing on earth can be more beautiful to the eye than the view of an open corn country, when the waving grain slowly falls before the path of the reaper, and the firmly gathered sheaves stand ready for removal. The richly-laden wagon slowly receives the collected stores, and happy industrious gleaners follow its track to gather the little scatterings which custom has for ages allowed them. It is a season of general joy, and cold must be the heart which fails to recognise the open hand of Him who "fillet all things living with plenteousness."

"Oh, what if harvest-time
Did not come round?
What if the wheaten stacks
Did not abound?
Praised be His Name, then, who
Bids harvest come;
Praised be the Lord who sends
Bread for man's home!"—B. Davis.

August was so named by Augustus Cæsar, because in this month he first became consul, and ended the civil wars. Happy is the year when August brings the twofold blessing of peace and plenty. The Saxons called it *Arn-monat* (or *Barn-monat*), because they had filled their barns with

corn. The Saxon word *Arn* signifies harvest. They also called it (as well as June) *Wood*, or *Wood-monath*. The poet Spenser thus personifies the month:—

"The eighth was August, being rich arrayed
In garment all of gold, down to the ground;
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely maid
Forth by the lily hand, the which was crowned
With ears of corn, and full her hand was found."

Beauty characterises August as well as bounty.

"The garden blooms with vegetable gold,
And all Pomona in the orchard glows,
Her racy fruits now glory in the sun,
The wall-enamoured flower in saffron blows,
Gay annuals their spicy sweets unfold,
To cooling brooks the panting cattle run."

The common glow-worm may now be seen in abundance; heaths and commons are covered with purple and yellow beauty; insects swarm; flies abound; fruit and vegetables are plentiful; young broods of goldfinches appear; lapwings and starlings congregate; puffins migrate in swarms; the swift disappears; rooks roost in their nest trees; thistledown floats; birds resume their spring songs; and at the end of the month the first symptom of autumn appears, for the beech tree then turns yellow.

C. A. H. B.

Glimpses of China.

BY THE REV. A. E. MOULE, B.D., MISSIONARY OF THE C.M.S. AT NINGPO AND HANGCHOW;
AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF HEAVEN AND HOME."



III.

THE IDOLS.

"THE idols were destroyed." The Buddhist and Taoist temples in China are full of idols. These are the great idolatrous religions of the country; the one religion introduced from India and Ceylon about 1800 years ago, the other tracing its origin to Lao-tsu, the "Old Boy," or "Old Philosopher," who lived in the sixth century before Christ, and was contemporary with Confucius. This teacher is said to have been eighty years old when he was born, and hence his name. The temples of these religions are painted red or yellow; and there are other idol temples, connected with a more ancient religion still, and containing images of deified heroes, who are looked upon as the special protectors of the cities or large towns in which the temples stand. All these idols were ruthlessly attacked by the 'T'ai-p'ings; and (as the people themselves freely confessed), "so far from saving *our* heads, the idols' own heads toppled down."

But there is a third great religion in China—the Confucian. This also is idolatrous, for it gives full sanction to the worship of ancestors, and esteems as the highest moral virtue the placing of departed parents and progenitors on an equality with heaven. But there are no *images*, or idols properly so called, placed as a rule in Confucian and ancestral temples. The worship, accompanied by the burning of incense and candles, is directed to the tablet, or "throne

of the soul," a piece of wood placed in a niche or box, and in this piece of wood one of the three divisions of the soul separated thus at death (as the Chinese suppose), resides. These temples are painted black outside, and the poor people, trembling for their idols, actually painted the red or yellow walls *black*, to try and throw the iconoclastic rebels off the scent.

These three great religions, the Taoist, Confucian, and Buddhist, form great obstacles to Christian Missions; and yet in one sense they seem to beckon us on to peaceful conquests. I cannot but think that these three religions, professed oftentimes *all three* by the same individual, show the yearnings of the human heart after that which the Lord Jesus Christ Himself alone can satisfy.

Taoism is the Religion of the *Way*. Lao-tsu spent his life in searching in vain for the true *Way*.

Confucianism is the Religion of the *Truth*. All truth (as the Chinese suppose), was revealed to Confucius, or intuitively apprehended by him. In sober reality he was a seeker after the truth.

Buddhism is the Religion of the *Life*. The greatest Buddhist virtue is to save life. There are enclosures round most Buddhist temples, where wild and domestic animals are fed and tended, and allowed to live out their days in peace. Buddhism, moreover, in its doctrine of the transmigration of souls and of Nirvāna, gives some hope of life beyond the grave.

But the three religions, separately or combined, fail to satisfy. "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life," says the Lord Jesus; "No man cometh unto the Father but by Me."

The Day of Rest.

"**I** NEVER knew a man to escape failures, either in mind or body, who worked seven days in a week."—*Late Sir Robert Peel*.

"I feel as if God had, by giving the Sab-

bath, given fifty-two springs in the year."—*Coleridge*.

"Hem the Sabbath well, and it will not ravel out all the week."—*An old Puritan Writer*.

Our Church Portrait Gallery.



XXIX. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.: XXX. THE LATE REV. J. F. SERJEANT:
XXXI. THE REV. SHOLTO D. C. DOUGLAS: XXXII. ARCHDEACON BARDSLEY.

ORD SHAFTESBURY has well earned the title of "The Working Man's Friend"; and he bears no title which reflects greater honour on his noble character. No one has done more than his

Lordship to vindicate the rights of labour; and it is almost needless to say he has ever been equally ready to assert and maintain the right of *Sunday rest*. "Hold fast by your Sundays" is his advice to his working friends. "If once museums and galleries are opened on Sundays, theatres and places of resort of that kind will be opened also; and if it is to be a day of amusement, it will also become, as it is in Paris, a day of toil; seven days' work for six days' wages."

The noble Earl has been the friend of almost everybody. All classes recognise in him a national benefactor; but he reigns indeed "a king amongst men," in the hearts of thousands, once outcast and wretched, but now, as the result under God of his "work of faith and labour of love," respectable and useful members of society. "See! that's our Lord Shaftesbury," said a shoeblack lad to his younger ragged companion, pointing with his hand to the portrait of his noble benefactor in a London shop window. That pointing hand and those simple words were more eloquent of truth and gratitude than any orator's testimony could ever be.

Lord Shaftesbury has just entered upon his eighty-first year. The "Ragged School" presentation of his portrait, in Exeter Hall, on his birthday, was a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it; and the deep feeling with which, in acknowledging the gift, he asked himself the question, "What hast thou that thou didst not receive?"

indicated how truly he traces all Christian work to God, who alone can "work in us to will or to do" what is pleasing in His sight.

Our readers will be glad to hear that the papers by Lord Shaftesbury on "The Politics of Home,"—"Work and Influence,"—"Sanitary Matters,"—"Education,"—"The Day of Rest," etc.,—which recently appeared in *Home Words*, are now reprinted in a volume, the first of a series of "Talks With the People by Men of Mark,"* which we hope will reach a wide circle of readers. The questions discussed deeply concern the social and domestic happiness of the people, to promote which has been the life-long aim of "the good Earl of Shaftesbury."

Our portrait is from a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

The "loved and loving" John Flowers Serjeant, went home on Tuesday, April 19th. He began life as a solicitor, "but his heart was more in the Gospel than the law," and he at length entered the ministry. He laboured at Sheffield, in London, and in Paris, and closed his life-service as Vicar of St. Mary's, Fulham.

Mr. Serjeant, devoted, diligent, and conscientious in his work, was pre-eminently bright, cheerful, and sympathizing. He seemed to feel that "a Christian lives upon the illuminated and sunny side of the earth." Working men and young men flocked around him at social gatherings; his "Bible classes" were most successful: and his church crowded with worshippers. He preached rare sermons, eloquent, original, and earnest, full of what he used to term "a child's Gospel." He was also an able writer on general and popular topics.†

During his last illness he suffered much. He repeatedly asked for the Almanack text

* "Talks With the People, by Men of Mark." I. The Earl of Shaftesbury. Bevelled cloth, gilt, 1s. (London: Home Words Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.) The Clergy or others wishing to promote the circulation of this volume can be supplied at a reduced price, on application to the publisher.

† "Two Cities," with other "Papers Practical." Gilt cloth, 2s. 6d. A Memorial Volume. Is now ready. (London: Home Words Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.)

of the day, saying: "It is all I can grasp." The collects for the Third Sunday after Epiphany and the Seventh Sunday after Trinity were also a great comfort to him. During the last hour of his life his sister repeated the text, "Jesus Christ, the Same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." He gave an emphatic assent, "Yes, yes," and added, "Hymns! hymns!" "I began," writes his sister, "'Rock of Ages;' when he said 'No! open the window!' and I knew he could hear angel voices calling him away."

His funeral was that of a pastor who had most truly reigned in the hearts of his people. Throughout the parish sorrow and sympathy went hand in hand, and thousands gathered round his grave. The good he had done was the first thought in the minds of all. The working men spoke of his gentleness, his thoughtfulness, and the interest he had taken both in their temporal and eternal welfare. Young men bore testimony to the winning sympathy and faithfulness of his ministry. But above all, the children most touchingly evinced their sense of loss in the removal of their friend; and perhaps the noblest tribute to his worth was rendered by one of them a few days after he had been laid to "rest in the churchyard garden, under the beautiful chestnut trees." It would have been his fifty-ninth birthday (April 27th), and his sister writes: "I met at his grave an hour since, a little boy, who had brought a basket of flowers, with a paper attached on which was written:—

"'Oh, happy this thy birthday be,
From care and sorrow thou art free:
For ever with the Lord art thou,
A crown of glory on thy brow.'"

Simple words indeed: but he has not lived in vain who has gained the affection of a child. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

Our portrait of Mr. Serjeant is from a photograph by H. and R. Stiles, Hammersmith.

The Rev. Sholto Douglas Campbell Douglas, M.A., is well known for the great work which he accomplished in the parish of All Saints, Derby. Upon his removal from the Midland Railway centre to the metropolis, in

1879, many and sincere were the expressions of regret upon the part of those amongst whom he had so heartily laboured for seven years. In accepting the Rectory of All Souls, Marylebone, Mr. Douglas entered upon a charge which has long been regarded as one of the most important in the metropolis. More than one of his predecessors have been called to the episcopate.

Mr. Douglas is a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge. He took the B.A. degree in 1864, and proceeded to M.A. in 1876. He was ordained by the Bishop of Worcester in 1865. His first curacy was at Nuneaton, which he left in 1867 for the parish of St. Mary, Gateshead. For four years he was a welcome visitor in the homes of the poor there, and his self-denying exertions gained him a warm place in the hearts of the people. In 1871 he was appointed to the vicarage of Nonington, near Dover, which he resigned in 1872 upon his promotion to Derby.

Of Mr. Douglas's work in Derby it is impossible to speak too highly. The fine old historic church was "restored" in the best sense of the term; for the Vicar's powerful evangelistic preaching attracted a crowded congregation, who were led by his active example to engage in the varied departments of parochial work which his busy brain called into existence.

The name of Bardsley is associated in many localities with zealous and unsparing devotion to the work of the ministry in the dear old Church of England. One of the first acts of Bishop Ryle, upon his elevation to the See of Liverpool, was to nominate the Rev. John Wareing Bardsley, M.A., to the new Archdeaconry of Warrington. The appointment, it need scarcely be said, gave unusual satisfaction. Only a few weeks ago a handsome testimonial was presented to the Archdeacon, accompanied with an address expressing the high esteem in which he is held by the clergy.

Mr. Bardsley was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took the B.A. degree in 1859 and M.A. in 1865. He was ordained by the late Bishop Graham, of Chester, in 1859, and for the two succeeding years laboured as curate of Sale, near Manchester.



THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, K.G.



**THE LATE REV. J. F. SERJEANT,
VICAR OF ST. MARY'S, FULHAM.**



**THE REV. SHOLTO D. O. DOUGLAS, M.A.,
VICAR OF ALL SAINTS', MARYLEBONE.**



**THE VEN. ARCHDEACON BARDSLEY, M.A.,
VICAR OF ST. SAVIOUR'S, LIVERPOOL.**

(Drawn from Photographs, by T. C. SCOTT: Engraved by R. & E. TAYLOR.)

OUR CHURCH PORTRAIT GALLERY.

He removed to Liverpool in 1860. For two years he worked in the central city parish of St. Luke, relinquishing the appointment to become Secretary of the Islington Protestant Institute. After three years' active work in this sphere, he once more returned to parochial duties, and accepted the vicarage of St. John's, Bootle, near Liverpool. He found this large parish almost entirely destitute of parochial agencies; but at the end of his seven years' work he was able to leave behind him the largest schools in the neighbourhood, and working-men's clubs and other useful societies in a most satisfactory condition.

In 1871 he was preferred to his present charge, the vicarage of St. Saviour's, Liverpool, a parish which is confessedly one of the best organized in the Diocese.

Archdeacon Bardsley takes a deep interest in the Temperance movement, and is a Diocesan Secretary of the Church of England Temperance Society. Many years ago, in response to the question, "What made you an abstainer?" he wittily replied, as a life-abstainer, "I never was *made* a teetotaler. 'Specs I growed,' like little Topsy!"

The Archdeacon has often visited Palestine, and his addresses and lectures on "Those Holy Fields," have been exceedingly popular.

Modern Hymn Writers:

"SPECIMEN-GLASSES" FOR THE KING'S MINSTRELS.

BY THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

(Second Series.)



IV. HYMNS FOR SUFFERERS, CONTINUED.

HERE is a happy "song in the night," by one whose initials, "J. E. J.", are familiar to the readers of most of our leading religious periodicals. Solitary "hours of darkness" have borne much fruit of brightness for other lonely watchers. What the Master hath told her in darkness, that she hath spoken in the light. Days alone with His presence and His Word have enabled her to bring forth things "new and old" for others: and thus perhaps the chief characteristic of her verse is the amount of Scriptural illustration and allusion always enriching it.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

("Lux lucet in tenebras."—*Motto of the Waldensian Church*).

In an hour of darkness,
Through the opened skies,
Fell on ears of mortals
Heavenly melodies.

In an hour of darkness
Israel's hope was born;—

Then arose "the Day-Star,"
Herald of the morn.

In an hour of darkness
Israel's Saviour died;—
Sprang our light and gladness
From the Crucified.

In an hour of darkness
Open flew the cave;
Jesu's resurrection
Proved Him strong to save.

In an hour of darkness—
Ere Gethsemane
And the Cross—our Master
Said "Remember Me!"

In an hour of darkness
Heard His faithful few
Those sweet words of blessing:
"Peace be unto you!"

In an hour of darkness,
Mystic, deep, and wide:—
He will give His people
"Light at eventide."

In an hour of darkness,
At the dead of night,
He will come,—and make us
"Children of the Light."

Hail, thou sweet memorial
Of the Saviour's birth!
Hail the hour that brought Him
To our ruined earth!

We can face the darkness,
His sure word our Light :
On His strong arm leaning.
Ours no need for sight.

For His Advent waiting,
We can suffer still ;—
All is the fulfilling
Of a loving will.

What is dark at present
Shall one day be bright ;
'Tis enough—the knowledge
All God does is right.

We may toil in rowing
On a storm-tossed sea,
'Mid Time's deepening darkness ;—
He can steer,—and see !

He can lead us safely
To the viewless shore ;
Every need supplying
From Love's boundless store.

We, His happy children,
Nothing have to fear ;
What to sight is misty,
Is to faith all clear.

Hope in God our "Anchor" ;
Grateful love the spring
Of the streams of action,
Joyously we sing !

Pilgrims onward hastening
Through a land of Night,
To a "Home" with Jesus,
In a world of Light.

Another invalid whose quiet songs are borne to us upon the western wind, is Mary Shekleton, one of the many faithful *sofa* workers, who do what they can, and beyond that are "content to wait."

(To be continued.)

The following Hymn, with its true deep longing, and yet restful confidence, will make Christian invalids feel that the writer is no stranger. As we read, a celestial chime blends with the pilgrim melody, and the promise rings out clear and full, "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him."

"THAT I MAY KNOW HIM."

One fervent wish, my God ! it speaks the whole
And every longing of my weary soul ;
To know my Saviour is my one desire—
The great high prize to which I most aspire.

To know Him in His depth of love to me,
The poorest, weakest, vilest though I be,
His lost one, whom He came to seek and save,
His loved one, for whose life Himself He gave.

To know Him as my chiefest, dearest Friend,
Who loveth, and will love me, to the end ;
Who feels my every pain, my griefs, my fears,
Who tasted oft the bitterness of tears.

To know Him as my wise and skilful Guide ;
A pilgrim I, yet safe with Him beside ;
The path to me untrodden heretofore,
He knoweth well, who traced each step before.

To know Him as the "All in all" to me,
All mine for time, all for eternity ;
And in each gift of providence and grace
Himself in all His loveliness to trace.

To know Him as He sits at God's right hand,
All things in heaven and earth at His command ;
All, all are His, and what are His are mine ;
O, what shall ever such rich grace outshine !

To know Him as earth's rightful King and Lord,
Who soon shall claim His great and full reward ;
The travail of His soul He then shall see,
And at His feet creation bow the knee.

Gold from the Mine.

A SEAMAN'S CONFIDENCE.

It was a touching answer of a Christian sailor, when asked why he remained so calm in a fearful storm, when the sea seemed ready to devour the ship. He was not sure that he could swim, but he said, "Though I sink, I shall drop into the hollow of my Father's hand; for He holds all these waters there."—*Arnot.*

THE BIBLE.

"I DON'T say, read the Bible; but learn it, learn it!"—From the dying words of the *Rev. F. Chancellor.*

PIETY AT HOME.

EXPERIENCE teacheth that neglect of private exercises in the house causeth multitudes to reap little or no profit at all by the public means of grace.—*Richard Rogers, 1603.*



Edinburgh: The "Modern Athens."

(See Illustration, Page 187.)

"HAT the tour of Europe was necessary in order to see elsewhere," wrote David Wilkie the great painter, "I now find congregated in this one city of Edinburgh. Here alike are the beauties of Prague and of Salzburg; here are the romantic sites of Orvietto and Tivoli; and here is all the admired magnificence of the Bays of Naples and Genoa. Here, indeed, to the poetic fancy, may be found the Roman capital and the Grecian Acropolis." This is high praise; but those who have enjoyed the grand and varied prospect which meets the eye from that commanding point the Calton Hill, or from the Firth of Forth, will be prepared to give in their assent to the truth of this picture of—

"Stately Edinburgh throned on crags."

It is not alone its glorious situation which makes Edinburgh interesting to strangers, but nearly every house in its main thoroughfare, from Holyrood Palace to the Castle, a distance of quite a mile, teems with historical recollections, some of the bravest and others of the most painful and pitiful character. These weather-stained old houses in the Canongate and High Street, now crowded with the poorest of the poor, have for the antiquary, the archæologist, and the historian tales of many changes.

"Lodging once of kings and princes, gorgeous pomp, and music's din,
Now where squat, 'mid rags and fever, forms of squalor and of sin."

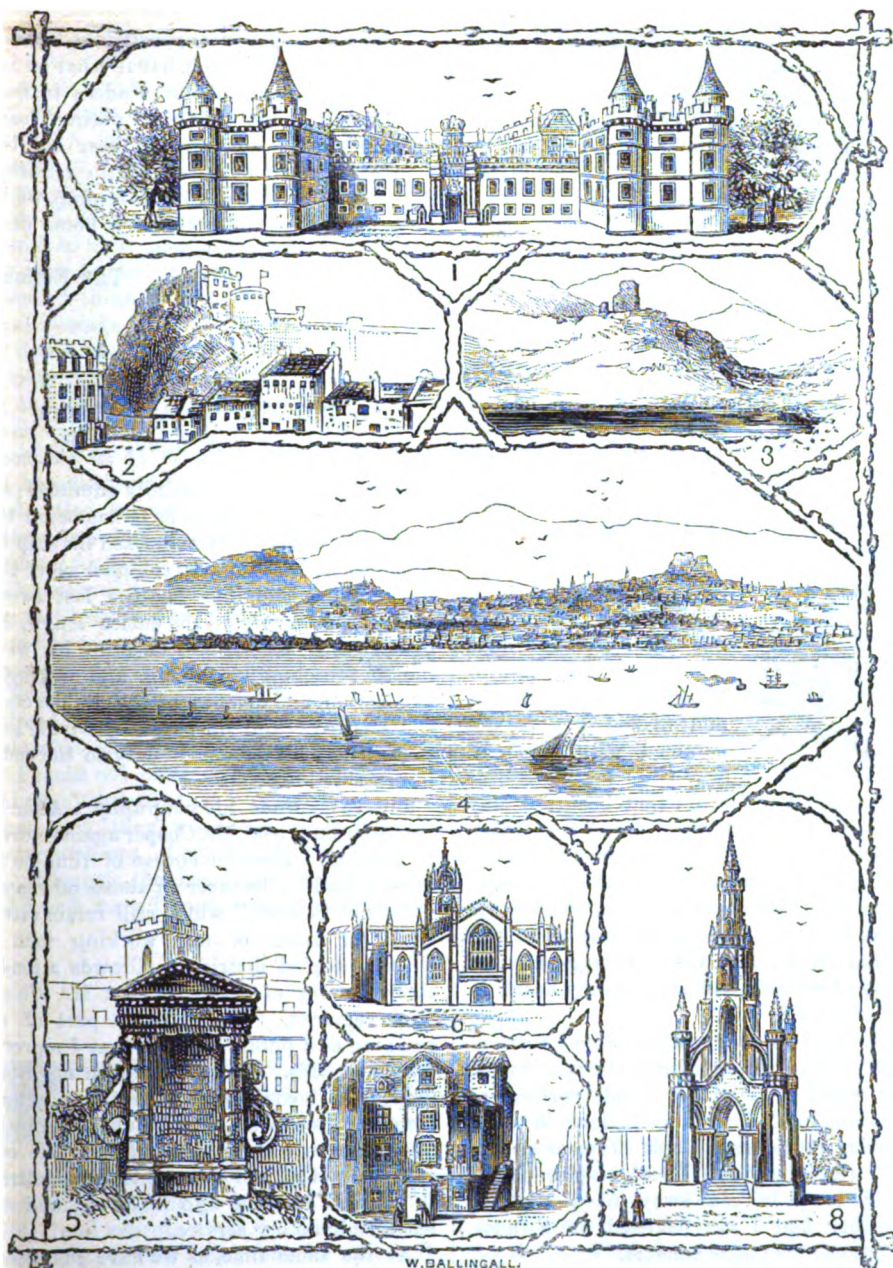
Of the old Abbey of Holyrood, founded by King David to commemorate an escape from death when hunting, nothing remains save a portion of the church, in the vaults of which are interred the remains of David II., James II., and James V. The palace, as it stands, was erected in the reign of Charles II. It consists of a quadrangle ninety-four feet square, flanked by towers. The portico is adorned with well-proportioned columns, supporting a cupola in the form of a king's crown.

The Royal apartments are on the east side, that nearest the Firth, of whose sparkling waters a glimpse can be obtained from the windows. They have been occupied on several occasions by Her Majesty and the Royal Family, on their way to Balmoral, and by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh when they were studying at Edinburgh University.

From the "Grassmarket" we get one of the grandest views of the Castle, a venerable pile frowning overhead like the brow of some colossal giant. John Knox's house is another object of special interest. The Scottish character found no unmeet representative in the person of the illustrious reformer, who "never feared the face of man." His house at the bottom of the High Street is very picturesque, with its many gables and more numerous chimneys and curiously small-paned windows. A coffee-house keeper who had taken a portion of the house facing the Tron Church, not long since painted in glaring black letters on a white ground, "John Knox's Coffee House." No remonstrance induced him to keep from thus adapting the building where Knox used to preach out of a little window to the crowd below. Yet, after all, since other preaching is not now possible, the "coffee house" may at least be said to preach "temperance,"—one element of godliness—to the passers-by.

St. Giles's Church boasts a very ancient origin. An edifice is said to have existed here as early as the ninth century. A new church was built by David I., but since his time vast changes have been made in the building. Both the Church, and the Martyrs' Monument in Grey Friars' Churchyard, open up pages of history at which we cannot even glance. "St. Anthony's Chapel" and Arthur's Seat are other objects of interest of which the visitor never tires.

By way of modern contrast, in West Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh can boast of Sir Walter Scott's memorial—one of the finest specimens of architecture in the kingdom, conceived by Mr. George Kemp,



EDINBURGH.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Holyrood Palace. | 5. The Martyrs' Monument, Grey Friars' Churchyard. |
| 2. Edinburgh Castle from the Grassmarket. | 6. St. Giles's Cathedral. |
| 3. St. Anthony's Chapel and Arthur's Seat. | 7. John Knox's House, in the High Street. |
| 4. Edinburgh from the Forth. | 8. Sir Walter Scott's Monument. |

an operative mason. Kemp never lived to see the completion of his design, which tier upon tier, pinnacle on pinnacle, ascends in a cone-like top to the height of 200 feet. A beautiful statue of Sir Walter and his favourite dog Maida, by Steel, stands in the groined arch. There are niches for Scott's historical characters, but as yet only a few of them have been filled. The foundation stone was laid on the 15th August, 1840, and the cost of the erection was about £16,000.

We have by no means exhausted the attractions of Edinburgh; but if what we have said induces some of our readers to travel northwards for their summer "outing" (easily accomplished if the pint of beer has been supplanted during the year by the refreshing draught of nature's own beverage), we are quite sure they will not return home disappointed in their expectations.

THE EDITOR.

Thomas Cooper:

FROM SCEPTICISM TO CHRISTIANITY: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

CONVERSION TO CHRIST.



"S the end of my imprisonment drew nearer," Mr. Cooper says, "my gloom began to lessen and hope to brighten. I felt less inclined to dwell on doubts, and wished I were not troubled with them at all. When the railway train began to bear me towards London, on that beautiful May morning of my release, I burst into tears, and sobbed with a feeling I could not easily subdue, as I once more saw the fields and flowers and God's glorious sun. The world was so beautiful, I dared not say there was no God in it; and the old long-practised feeling of worship welled up in my heart, in spite of myself.

"Nor did I, after my release from imprisonment, yield helplessly to atheistic reasonings. They would arise in my mind, perforce of old habit; but I did not settle down in them. I never proclaimed blank atheism in my public teaching; and I feel certain that I should have broken away from unbelief altogether, had I not fastened on Strauss, and become his entire convert."

The chief work of his prison days was "The Purgatory of Suicides,"—a book which has been long out of print until its recent republication. In the introduction to the new edition of this work the "momentous error"

of certain portions is candidly admitted; and the author would "have it remembered that he who so irreverently expressed his sceptical thoughts and feelings in the gaol more than thirty years ago, has for the last twenty years been traversing the entire length and breadth of Great Britain, devoting his whole life to preaching, lecturing, and writing in explication and defence of the Evidences of Christianity,—and purposes, by Divine help, to continue his labour of duty to the end of his earthly life."

But to continue his biography. After his release from prison, Mr. Cooper again returned to London. Here in course of time he became a leading lecturer in those mis-named "Halls of Science," which still retain attractions for some of our working men in thickly-peopled districts. Crowds attended this ministry of delusion; but Mr. Cooper now remarks, "There is no part of my teaching as a public lecturer that I regret so deeply as this. It would rejoice my heart, indeed, if I could obliterate those lectures from the Realm of Fact. But it cannot be. We must bear the guilt and take the consequences of all our acts which are contrary to the will of Him who made us, and who has a right to our service."

At the same time, as we have just noted, it should be borne in mind that Mr. Cooper was never what is termed an "Infidel Lecturer." He complains again and again that he has been so described, and said to "have done all in his power to oppose and overthrow

the faith of Christ." On the contrary, he ever "insisted on the perfect and worshipful moral beauty of Christ." "My unbelief," he says, "even when I was most completely fascinated with the 'Mythical Theory' of Strauss, *never made me happy*: and so I felt no peculiar pleasure in spreading it. I do not make this statement with the wish to back out of really truthful charges that may be brought against me for past errors. I think I have displayed sufficient moral courage in life to warrant me in saying that I have never shrunk from uttering my conscientious convictions, nor from paying the penalty for uttering them. But I see no reason why a man should suffer real aspersions to be made upon his character, and be silent; when his silence can do no good. God knows, I have sins enough to answer for; but I do not feel covetous of suffering for sins I have not committed."

The account he gives of his final conversion to Christ is a very remarkable autobiographical passage. On a Sunday evening in January, 1856, he was appointed to lecture on Sweden, in the City Road; but, pale and agitated, he stood upon the platform unable to do what was required of him:—

"I could not utter one word. The people told me afterwards that I looked as pale as a ghost, and they wondered what was the matter with me. I could hardly tell myself; but, at length, the heart got vent by words, and I told them I must relieve conscience—

for I could suppress conviction no longer. I told them my great feeling of error was that, while I had perpetually been insisting on the observance of a moral life in all my public teachings for some years, I had neglected to teach the right foundation of morals—the existence of the Divine Moral Governor, and the fact that we should have to give up our account to Him, and receive His sentence in a future state."

He tells us that his astonished audience "sat at first in breathless silence, listening to me with all their eyes and ears. A few reckless spirits, by degrees, began to whisper to each other, and then to laugh and sneer; and one got up and declared I was insane. A storm followed,—some defending me, and insisting that I should be heard; and others insisting on speaking themselves, and denouncing me as a 'renegade,' a 'turncoat,' an 'apostate,' a 'traitor,' and I know not what. But as I happened to have fought and won more battles than any or all of these tiny combatants put together, I stood till I won perfect silence and order once more; and then I told them, as some of them deemed me insane, we would try that issue. I then gave them one month for preparation, and challenged them to meet me in that hall on the 10th and 17th of February—with all the sceptics they could muster in the metropolis—to discuss, first, the Argument for the Being of God; secondly, the Argument for a Future State."

(To be continued.)

A Soft Pillow.



GEORGE WHITFIELD and one of his Christian followers were one night staying at a village inn, and were much disturbed by the noisy mirth and blasphemies of a number of gambling folk. "I will go to them," said Whitfield, "and reprove them." His companion remonstrated with him; but in vain. He went and delivered his message, and returning, went to his bed. His companion asked him what he had gained by his interference with the noisy gang below. "A soft

pillow!" was his reply, and he soon fell soundly asleep. It was the reward of his fidelity.

What a different world it would soon be if, as we move about each day, and see and hear much that cannot fail to sadden the heart, we were kindly faithful in uttering—by the private and quiet "word in season"—humble reproof and winning invitation. Many "pillows" would soon be "soft" that are now, like "the way of transgressors," very "hard."



Fables for YOU.

BY ELEANOR B. PROSSER.



X. A MISS IS AS GOOD AS A MILE.

OW, my dears," said a tortoiseshell to her young family, "stay quiet till I come back, and I'll bring you a plump, tender mouse. I saw him come out of his hole a few minutes ago, and by the time I get back he'll be going home with his breakfast. I shall just catch him on his way."

"I wouldn't make too sure of that, friend," said the mouse, as he whisked round the corner and darted into his hole under pussy's very eyes. "Plump I am, and tender I may be; but I don't fancy your young family will have an opportunity of testing the truth of your remarks about me this time; so I should recommend you to look out for a breakfast for them somewhere else."

Long and patiently did pussy watch at the entrance of the hole for the mouse to come out; but her watch was vain, and she went back to her young ones a sadder but a wiser cat.

XI. LOVE MAKES LABOUR LIGHT.

"I CAN'T think how you can go on sitting here so quietly; it must be terribly dull work," said a cuckoo, as she rested for a moment on the branch of a willow tree that overhung the shallow brook in whose shelving bank a yellow-hammer had built her nest under a tuft of waving grass.

"I don't find it dull," said the yellow-hammer.

"I'm glad to hear it," said the cuckoo; "but I've seen you there for a week or more, and I'm sure you must be tired to death. If you were to follow my example now, it would save you a world of worry, and all that dreary waiting."

"Ah!" said the yellow-hammer, "I've heard that you don't hatch your own brood."

"Not I! I leave that for you, and those like you, who don't mind the trouble."

"It never seems a trouble to me," said the yellow-hammer. "I am always looking for the day when my little ones will break the shell and reward me for my toil; but perhaps you have never learnt by experience that 'love makes labour light.'"

The Young Folks' Page.

XXVII. BIRD THOUGHTS.



INE is a happy life;
Here, in the forest dim,
Distant from scenes of strife,
I sing my peaceful hymn
To Him who gave this life to me,
And made me happy, glad, and free.

"I'm but a little bird;
And yet, my song so clear,
I think is often heard
By Him who placed me here.
I think He loves to hear me sing,
And takes my little offering.

"So, at the earliest light,
And when the sun is high,
And when the shades of night
Creep softly o'er the sky,
I still will sing to Him above
Who made my life so full of love."

These are capital "Thoughts" for the "Birds." We think they would be equally good and profitable for the "Girls" and the "Boys." They would make a nice new hymn for August in every Sunday School.

XXVIII. SEEING THE QUEEN.

A LITTLE boy, in Scotland, was very anxious to see the Queen, and so he made up his mind to go to her palace at Balmoral, and ask leave to enter. The sentinel on guard, in his gay uniform and big bear-skin cap, only laughed at the child, and pushed him aside with his musket.

The little fellow had set his heart so much on seeing the Queen, that it was only when the soldier threatened to shoot him, that he became alarmed and ran away.

One of the young Princesses saw him crying, and on learning the cause, said, with a smile, "I'll take you to the Queen;" and past the guards he walked, into the presence of Victoria. She looked surprised, and asked her son about the child; and when she heard the story, she laughed, as any good mother would, and, with some kindly words, sent the delighted boy away, with a bright piece of money in his hand.

When God sends His angels to bear our souls safely

over the "narrow sea," there will be no one to turn us aside from the Golden Gate of the City. Our Lord and Saviour, the King's own Son, will be standing ready to take us by the hand, and lead us into the presence of His Father.—*The Rev. J. N. Norton.*

XXIX. AN EXAMPLE TO FOLLOW.

JOSEPH WILLIAM TURNER, one of the greatest of English landscape painters, was one of the committee whose business it was to arrange about hanging the pictures sent for exhibition to the Royal Academy. The walls were already crowded, when his attention was attracted by one which had been painted by an unknown artist from some distant town, and who had no friend to advance his interest.

"A good picture," exclaimed Turner, as soon as his critical eye rested on it: "it must be hung up; and exhibited."

"Impossible!" replied the other members of the committee with one voice. "The arrangement cannot be disturbed. Quite impossible!"

"A good picture," persisted the generous Turner; "it must be hung up;" and, so saying, he took down one of his own pictures, and put the unknown Mr. Bird's in its place.

XXX. ANOTHER QUITE AS GOOD.

A NUMBER of robust, active boys were busy in playing base ball, while a little lame fellow, about twelve, pale and sickly, stood leaning on his crutches, evidently very sorry that he was not able to take part in the exciting game. Indeed, he seemed to lose sight of the fact how much his infirmity unfitted him to join in the sport of his stout and healthy companions. The other boys good-naturedly tried to persuade him to stand on one side, and let another take his place; but they were thoughtful enough to put it on the ground that they were afraid he might get hurt.

"Why, Jimmy," said one at last, forgetting himself for a moment, "you can't run, you know."

"Oh, hush!" answered another, the tallest boy of the party—"never mind, I'll run for him, and you can count it for him."

So saying, the noble fellow took his place by Jimmy's side, saying to the other, in a lower tone, "If you were like him, you wouldn't like to be told of it all the time."

The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. **W**HAT had man was brought to know the Lord by having his prayer answered?

2. Where does our blessed Lord claim descent from King David?

3. Why was the exact time of seventy years fixed for the Captivity?

4. How did our Lord show Himself to be Emmanuel?

5. What did Moses exclaim when he heard the trumpet of God?

6. When was it foretold that the Jews should be the great money-lenders to the world?

7. What servant did an Angel, and what servant did an Apostle, send back to their duty?

8. In what language did our blessed Lord speak after His Ascension?

9. What city did God spare from destruction on account of the little children in it?

10. Who was saved from death, and who was healed of a fearful disease, in answer to a brother's prayers?

ANSWERS (See JULY No., p. 167).

I. Jer. xv. 1. II. Luke xxii. 33. III. 3 Pet. iii. 16. IV. Josh. ii. 9, 10, 11. V. 3 Kings v. 13; Acts x. 7. VI. Luke xxii. 34; Mark xi. 3; Matt. xvii. 37. VII. Isa. xlv. 1. VIII. Rom. xvi. 7. IX. 3 Kings xxv. 7. X. Heb. xiii. 6.

Sun.—1st day.
Rises 4.25. Sets 7.49.

AUGUST.

Moon.—Full, 9th, A. 9.7.
New, 24th, A. 8.45.

LIGHT

FAITH

HOME

GRACE

LIFE

WILL GIVE YOU REST.

JOY

PEACE

LOVE

He giveth
power to the faint.

Isa. xl. 29.

1	M	This is not your rest, because it is polluted. Micah ii.
2	Tu	There remaineth a rest for the people of God. Heb.
3	W	Ye shall find rest for your souls. Jer. vi. 16. [iv. 9.]
4	Th	Let us labour . . . to enter into that rest. Heb. iv. 11.
5	F	Ye are not as yet come to the rest. Deut. xii. 9.
6	S	The Lord shall give rest. Isa. xiv. 3.
7	S	8th S. aft. Trin. On the seventh day thou shalt rest;
8	M	Jacob shall be . . . in rest and at ease. Jer. xli. 27.

Rest
in the Lord.

Ps. xxxvii. 7.

9	Tu	I went to cause him to rest. Jer. xxxi. 2. [3.]
10	W	I fainted in my sighing, and I find no rest. Jer. xiv.
11	Th	I removed his shoulder from the burden. Ps. lxxxi. 6.
12	F	Their strength is to sit still. Isa. xxx. 7. [xxxiv. 21.]
13	S	In earing time and in harvest thou shalt rest. Exod.
14	S	9th S. after Trinity. God rested the seventh day.
15	M	In returning and rest shall ye be saved. Isa. xxx. 15.
16	Tu	Wait on thy God continually. Hosea xii. 6.

THE
SHADOW OF
A GREAT ROCK IN A
WEARY LAND.

Wait
patiently for Him.

Ps. xxxvii. 7.

17	W	They shall not be ashamed that wait for Me.
18	Th	Wait ye upon Me, saith the Lord. Zeph. iii. 8.
19	F	I will wait for the God of my salvation. Micah vii. 7.
20	S	They have forgotten their resting place. Jer. i. 6.
21	S	10th S. aft. Trin. O Lord, we have waited for Thee.
22	M	Isa. xxxix. 75. [waited for Thee. Isa. xxvi. 8.]
23	Tu	In the way of Thy judgments, O Lord, have we
		He that believeth shall not make haste. Isa. xxviii. 16.

He
restoreth my soul.

Ps. xxiii. 3.

24	W	St. BARTHOLOMEW. The Lord is good to them that wait for Him.
25	Th	Wait on the Lord. Ps. xxvii. 14. [Lam. iii. 25.]
26	F	They shall dwell safely in the wilderness. Ez. xxxiv.
27	S	In the time of trouble He shall hide me. Ps. xxvii. 3.
28	S	11th S. aft. Trin. I will both lay me down in peace,
29	M	I laid me down and slept. Ps. iii. 5. [and sleep.]
30	Tu	Tell me where Thou makest Thy flock to rest. Cant.
31	W	My flesh also shall rest in hope. Ps. xvi. 9. [1. 7.]

RESTING in the pastures, and beneath the Rock,
Resting by the waters where He leads His flock:
Resting, while we listen, at His glorious feet,
Resting in His very arms! O rest complete!

Resting in the fortress, while the foe is nigh,
Resting in the life-boat, while the waves roll high;
Resting in the chariot, for the swift glad race,
Resting, always resting, in His boundless grace.
F. R. H.

The Sweet Gift of Love.—“Why is it that we do not ever rejoice in the sense of God’s love to us? and why is it our love to God is at so low an ebb? There is,—there can be,—but one answer. Our hearts are too often like the soil hardened by a long drought, not easily penetrated by the descending showers. We oppose the entrance of the heaven-sent rain of the Spirit’s influences. We fail to watch and wait for the outpouring of the sweet gift of Love.”—*The Forgotten Truth.*



FLOWERS IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

"His are these fields of corn, this flower-crowned sod :
And His our Bread of Life!"—See Page 196.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

Through the Corn Fields.

(Written among ripening corn fields, through which passes a grassy Roman road, thickly sown with wild flowers.)



NOT only ripening grain,

With bounteous care to make the growth complete,
Is given—but nursed by sunshine and by rain
These flowers to fringe the wheat!

Is it that, where He trod,
There joy and beauty are for ever rife?—
His are these fields of corn, this flower-crowned sod:—
And He our Bread of life!

Ye who at Harvest meet,
See that His Presence still with you be found;
Toil shall be lighter, home and rest more sweet;
These corn fields holier ground!

Castor.

E. WARDEN.

Harvest Home; or, The Reapers' Song.

BY EMMA MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF "MRS. HAYCOCK'S CHRONICLES;" "ROGER BECKENSALL'S STORY;" "THE LOST JEWEL;" ETC.

CHAPTER II.

JOURNEYINGS BY COACH AND RAIL.



It was, I remember, the Sunday evening before my departure from Ladminster, when an old friend of my mother's, who used often to visit us on Sunday after church, came to supper. He was an old man, and dressed in an old-fashioned

and a large white handkerchief tied round his throat, under a frilled shirt. That old man lives in my memory, with his keen little dark eyes and bushy grey eyebrows.

"Going away?" he said, "going away?" when he was told of poor Aunt Bella's illness and loneliness, and my proposed journey. "Do you know the sort of place you are going to send the child to?" he asked of my mother.

"It is quite in the country; miles from a town—she need not stay if she is not

style, with knee breeches, swallow-tail coat,

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K 2

happy," my mother went on quickly. "Pam would not let me go; and it breaks my heart to think of poor Bella, my only sister, ill, and forlorn, and miserable. We can't give up our own flesh and blood, Mr. Abel."

"I thought it was your own flesh and blood that gave you up, Mrs. Brownson; but I suppose it was a mistake. Well, I should have thought that Bella was just learning the old lesson that 'as we sow, so we reap.' It isn't a pleasant crop for many of us. Now look 'ee here, Charity."

Mr. Abel always called me Charity. Mother and the boys liked Cherry best.

"Look 'ee here, you are a young girl to be going off like this; have a care—don't listen to flatterers; don't be caught like a bird in a net; and take with you this caution from an old man: trust to the rough and ready ones rather than to the soft and easy-going folks. You are going to look after your poor foolish aunt. Forgive me, Mrs. Brownson, I knew Bella well. Do your work, and do it heartily; and keep your eye open for doing good. Drop a seed there and a seed here, and *mind* it is good seed out of your good treasure-house; and do it quietly, you know, and don't forget Who gives the blessing."

Before Mr. Abel went away he gave me a bright golden sovereign; it was a great gift to me; and it was so strange when he put it into my hand; when I tried to thank him, I began to cry instead.

"Mother," I said that night, when she crept softly to my side, for fear of waking Pam, to give me a loving kiss, "is Breame St. Bernard a dreadful place?"

My mother whispered, "No, no, my dear; but somehow I wish I had not sent you: you are so young, as Mr. Abel says."

"I am over twenty, mother," I said. "I'll come back very soon. I will just comfort Aunt Bella, and put things tidy, and *then*—then I can come home again."

"Yes, to be sure, my dear; and, anyhow, your going can't be helped now; the thing is done."

Here Pamela turned in her sleep, and murmured something, and my mother, with another fervent kiss, hastily left me.

Yes, the thing *was* done, and the next morning, in the mists and shadows of early day, I

left Ladminster inside the *Swift*, the four-horse coach which ran between Ladminster and Crawley Junction, a distance of some thirty miles. For railways were of recent date in the days of my youth; they had not spread their iron network over the country as they have now, and Ladminster was out of their reach. Crawley Junction station had just taken off another twenty miles of the *Swift's* journey, greatly to the indignation of the coachman, who declared "them railroads would ruin the country, and make beggars of respectable people, before another ten years was over!" The prophecy was fulfilled, though not as the coachman anticipated. Making the railways was overdone, like many other new things, and people had a perfect frenzy for taking shares, and many of these shares proved only shares in misery. But things have righted themselves since those days, and railway traffic has increased the trade of my native town fifty-fold.

I hoped I should have some agreeable fellow-travellers, or, at least, some that would be amusing; for I had heard one of our assistants tell histories of her adventures in travelling. But my first journey alone was a very dull one. An old lady slept in the corner of the coach for the first thirty miles, and an old gentleman did the same in the corner of the second-class railway carriage for the next thirty. I remember I thought the hard narrow seat a poor exchange for the coach, and the doors and windows fitted so badly that though it was not a cold day my feet got quite numb with the draught which struck them from under the door. Then I hoped to see the country: but no! we were so often between high cuttings; and when we were in the open, my eyes, being unused to the rapid movement, ached when I looked out of the high square windows.

I ventured to get out of the carriage at Birmingham, where we waited half an hour, and bought two large currant buns. When I returned to the train, I got into a wrong carriage—a softly-cushioned blue one, which looked very inviting. I had scarcely seated myself, when a lady opposite me said,—

"Are you aware this is a first-class carriage?"

I hurried out again, feeling much abashed;

and then, in my confusion, missed my own second-class carriage, and got into one which was so full I could hardly breathe. I had a lesson then I never forgot in my later journeys—not to leave my own carriage without looking at the number.

It was late in the evening when we reached Gloucester, and here I felt very lonely and miserable. There was a great crowd by the van where the luggage was placed, and I was nearly knocked down several times. At last a voice near me inquired,—

"Is there a young person here from Ladminster?"

"Oh! yes," I answered; and, turning, I saw a tall woman, dressed in black, who was Nancy's sister-in-law, of whom she often talked to us.

"I'm Mrs. Law," she said, "Nancy Crowe's sister; she asked me to meet you, and see you off by the Cisceter coach to-morrow morning. Where's your box?"

"Please," I replied, "I can't see it; I'm afraid it is lost; and I left my shawl in the carriage at Birmingham."

"You are a young traveller. I don't know, for my part, what your parents were about to send you off alone."

"Move off!" shouted a porter. "'A black box, with brass nails.' Eh! what's that then?"

"Oh! yes, that's mine," I exclaimed; and then, after some further delay, I found myself walking in the lovely autumn evening by Mrs. Law's side to her house, in St. Mary's Square.

The box was wheeled behind us with several others on a truck.

"I suppose I have lost my shawl," I ventured to say at last.

"Suppose you have lost your shawl!" repeated Mrs. Law, with some sharpness. "Why yes. Shawls don't walk or fly to their owners, that I know of. You should look after your property better than that!"

This was poor comfort, and I thought Mrs. Law very unkind; but I altered my mind when I reached her cosy little house, just through a curious archway, close to the Cathedral, and she took me into a comfortable room, where a bright fire was burning, and the kettle singing on the hob.

When I had washed off the dust in my neat little bedroom, and made my hair tidy, I felt more at home, and enjoyed Mrs. Law's tea.

She did not fail to tell me she had married beneath her, for Mr. Law's relations were of course in service, like Nancy; but she had never regretted it, for Law was a good steady man, and had left her "comfortable." She respected Nancy for her late husband's sake: "though of course," she added, "she is an ill-educated person, and not of my stamp."

Mrs. Law was of high stamp, no doubt, and thought herself superior to the rest of the world. She told me some interesting things about the old city, and bid me look out of the window in the morning when I woke, and think of a good bishop who was led out to be burned to death, just opposite the gateway, for his faith. Then she told me of a seed a good man named Robert Raikes had sown by thinking of the poor children who wandered about Gloucester streets and lanes on Sundays, and how he and a clergyman had opened a Sunday School, which was the beginning of other Sunday Schools in England. Mrs. Law was one of those people—of whom there are a great many up and down the world—who can talk a great deal of the good others do, and think that will answer instead of being up and doing good themselves.

However, it is not for me to say more about this here. Years and years have passed since that evening, when I first heard the name of Robert Raikes and a Mr. Stock, and how they were Christians indeed, and worthy of all praise. Never can I forget my surprise the next morning, when I came down to breakfast, to hear Mrs. Law's voice raised, as she rated and stormed at a little boy who came in to help her with the household work. Mrs. Law, who had talked so religiously the evening before, was now so angry because a little milk was spilled from a jug, that she thumped the poor boy in the back and boxed his ears, and then came into the little sitting-room to read a chapter and prayer out of a book, while the poor child was crying bitterly in the kitchen. He had a little pale sad face and patched clothes, and I thought how a few, loving words would have comforted him, and that the door ought not to have been shut on him when God's Word was read.

It was, I think, the first time I had been struck with the difference between preaching and practice. In our house at home there was not so much said about religion—not enough I fear, but no one could be with my dear mother without feeling she loved God.

I was off by the Cirencester coach about eleven o'clock. Mrs. Law walked to the office with me, and told me that as it was a short journey, I had better pay the extra fare, and travel inside. I was only too glad to do so, for the roof was crowded with men and boys, and only two sober-looking people were inside.

Mrs. Law stood grave and composed to the last moment; then, as the coach turned out of the inn yard, she gave a stately wave of her hand, and I was off once more.

My companions were silent for the first part of the journey. Then they began to talk to each other of the crops, of the apples, the cider and perry of the year, and the unusual beauty of the weather.

Presently one, the elder woman, asked the younger if she had heard any news from Breame St. Bernard lately. I pricked up my ears at once.

"Well, yes. I did hear that good-for-nothing Denys, and his eldest son, had gone off to New Zealand, or some such place. Good news, if it's true; the harm those two have done in our parts, words can't say."

"Well, the old man is the worst of the two. But if the poor idle piece of goods, Mrs. Denys, had been a better mother to the boys, they'd have turned out more respectable. They say she would sit dressed up in her satin and finery, and let them all go to rack and ruin."

"Well, poor soul, she's bad enough now with rheumatics and gout. I always pitied her. She was a lady born, and it's hard to come down in the world."

"The old squire, Denys, married her under false pretences, so my husband says."

All this time I was wondering whether I ought to sit so quiet and silent, without telling them who I was and where I was going; and I was just about to summon courage to speak, when the coach went rattling into the town of Cirencester, past the grand old church, and drew up at the King's Head, in the main street.

CHAPTER III.

A COLD WELCOME.

"THERE is no one to meet me," I thought, as I stood on the pavement, the box by my side, my basket and umbrella in my hand.

"How far is Breame St. Bernard from Cirencester?" I asked of one of my fellow-passengers.

"Eight miles, if it's one," was the reply, as the woman mounted up the steps of a high gig, sitting 'bodkin' between her travelling companion and a rosy-faced farmer. He was evidently in a hurry to be off. He cracked his whip, and the next instant, with a jolt that threatened to unseat one of the outside ones of the three in the high gig, it was swinging from side to side at a quick trot down the street.

"Did you say Breame St. Bernard?" the ostler belonging to the inn asked me. "'Cause 'Young Denys' is in here to-day with the shandry, and maybe he'd give you a lift."

"Or give her a fall!" exclaimed another man, with a rude laugh. "Bob Denys ain't the steadiest driver in the world."

"I am going to a house called the Manor, at Breame St. Bernard," I said, and I felt I was blushing scarlet; "my aunt lives at the Manor."

"Oh, ho! that's the ticket, is it? Here, Bob Denys, is a relation of yours, awaiting your pleasure."

This was addressed to a tall young man of nineteen or twenty, who came up in what was called in those days a shandry, or a double gig. It had a large high seat in front, and a narrower one behind, and was a clumsy heavy conveyance at the best.

The young man came up to me with a pleasant smile, and said,—

"I am sorry I've kept you waiting; you are Miss Brownson, I suppose?"

"Yes; I am Charity Brownson. I believe my aunt expects me."

My cousin Robert began to lift the box up on the back seat of the carriage, and the ostler helped him to tie it firmly in its place with strong cord.

Then I took my seat and waited, the ostler standing at the head of the big-boned horse while my cousin went into the King's Head.

He came out, after a few minutes, with a glass and a jug in his hand.

"I daresay you would be the better for a glass of ale," he said, offering me one.

"Oh, no, thank you," I exclaimed.

"Nonsense, you'd better; there's not too much to be had at the Manor!"

"I always drink water, thank you," I repeated.

"Very well; then I'll do duty for you," he said, pouring the ale down his own throat at one draught and refilling the glass.

I remember the strange shrinking I had from Robert at that moment—shrinking and pity. He was so handsome, and looked so pleasant when he first drove up; now his face was flushed, his eyes had an odd look in them, and he began to chatter to me, as we drove along, in a confused way.

When I was young, Temperance Societies were scarcely known; there were no Bands of Hope, as now-a-days, to bring up children to take to their natural drink in infancy, and to dislike any other. But in my father's house we scarcely saw anything but water drunk. My mother, whether rightly or wrongly, was ordered, I remember, porter by the doctor; but my father scarcely ever tasted beer or wine, nor my brothers.

It might be, probably was, more habit than principle; but the habit formed was become second nature, and I had never seen any one belonging to me the worse for drink.

We went along over the barren Cotswolds for some miles. I do not think we met three people, certainly not one cart or carriage of any kind. At last we came to a thickly-wooded range of low-lying hills, the road running between them, the Breame on one side. Then we ascended another hill, and Robert, pointing with his whip, said,—

"There is Breame Manor; grand, isn't it, outside? but not so grand inside. Wish it was at the bottom of the sea, and all of us along with it. Can't think what you are come for! You are a deal too good; you'll be sick of us all in a week. One comfort is, that the master is safe out of the way. I went with him, but came back, like a bad penny. Could not scrape up enough money to take us both to New Zealand. Here we are!"

We were at the door now of the Manor House, and a large lofty house it was, built of stone, with little balustrades to the windows, and a hanging stone canopy over the door. There was no garden before the house, but the road swept up to a flight of broad stone steps. The farm buildings lay on the other side of the road, shaded by three or four stately elms. Behind the house there was an orchard, and a little enclosure which had once been a garden, but was now a wilderness of long grass and weeds.

Nobody seemed about. I got down from the conveyance, and followed my cousin into a wide hall. The floor was black and white checks, like a chess-board, the walls were blackened with age and dust, and cobwebs hung from the ceiling.

"A fine place, ain't it?" Robert asked, with a disagreeable laugh; and the sound of his voice brought a young woman of about my own age to the top of the wide stairs.

I wondered who this could be, for Aunt Bella had spoken of herself as lonely and deserted, and she surely had no daughter. If she had a daughter, how could she want me or anybody else?

"Have you brought the physic, Bob?" a shrill voice inquired. "She's as cross as two sticks, and wants her draught."

"Yes, I've got it in the shandry; but, Blanche, here's Aunt Charity!"

"Aunt! you stupid goose; it's not an aunt."

"Well, cousin, then; it's all one; only she'll wish herself out of this dirty hole before the week's over. Can't you get her something to eat?"

"You go and look after the horse, and mind your own business."

"This way," the girl called Blanche said. "I am glad you are come to look after mamma, for I am a teacher in a ladies' school, and it is very inconvenient my leaving just now."

Blanche tossed back the long curls which hung, as was then the fashion, on either side of her face; and I, dumb with surprise, followed her to my aunt's bedroom. I have seen many a sad sight in my long life: I have tried to help and comfort many a sick and suffering one; but never did I feel so down-hearted as at that moment. My poor

aunt was half lying, half sitting up in bed; her appearance so untidy, her hair still thick and long, though grey and faded, all hanging about; the bed in disorder, dirty cups and glasses on a table near, a broken jug, a chipped basin half full of water, and—but I need not describe all this. My aunt held out her arms to me, and said, "Is this Pamela's child? Oh, little did I expect ever to be brought to this!" and my aunt broke out into a wail of crying, like a child.

"There, mamma, don't fret," said Blanche; "it's distracting to hear you. You'll get well, if you keep up your spirits. What an untidy creature that Barbara is, to be sure!" Blanche continued. "We must part with her."

All this time my aunt held my hands in hers, rocking herself to and fro, and moaning and wailing.

I was very tired and bewildered, and I looked round in dismay at the dirty aspect of everything. But I had come to be of use. I had come to help and to work, in the way my mother wished me, and I must not give way to discouragement.

"I should like to take my things off, please," I said, addressing Blanche. "Where am I to sleep?" Blanche replied by going to the top of the wide stairs and screaming for Barbara at the pitch of her voice. Barbara was the servant who did the work of the large rambling house, who was supposed to cook, and bake, and wash, and clean, and nurse the poor helpless mistress!

"But there was Blanche," you will say,—
"the daughter: what did she do?"

Alas! my poor aunt's foolish notions had not yet been cured. Blanche had been sent to one of those schools at Cirencester now happily almost unknown, but which were then common enough—schools where girls were taught to play the piano badly, do worsted work screens, make wax flowers, and write pointed hands with sharp steel pens; and then, with a smattering of history, and geography, and arithmetic, and bad French, were considered educated and genteel, and, worse than all, prepared to teach others. Blanche's school bills had of course been irregularly paid: but she was pretty, and had an air of smartness about her, and so the Miss Wares kept her as an "assistant governess,"

and, paying her no fixed salary, managed to make it answer. Blanche had come home two days before, till I could arrive. Her brother Charles having gone to represent his mother's condition to Miss Ware, leave of absence had been granted for four days, and Blanche was only too anxious that it should not be exceeded.

Barbara replied to Blanche's call by, "I can't come, so you may screech all night."

"I want Miss Brownson's things carried up."

"Here you are," shouted another voice, and my cousin Charles came up the wide stairs. He was so strong and big that he bore my box easily on his shoulder, and saying "Where is it to go?" he turned, as Blanche directed, up another flight of wide stairs, to a room on the top floor.

The box was dropped there with a great thud, which shook the old house to its foundation, and then my cousin held out his hand.

"How are you? I am glad you are come to look after mother; she is very ill. We are all going to rack and ruin here."

"I hope not," I said, and then Charlie left me, and I sat down on my box and cried.

"What have I come for?" I said to myself; "it is not only to nurse a sick aunt, it is to live in a dreadful untidy place. I can't do it. I shall go back in a week. I know mother would not like me to stay. I know she would be——"

I was crying now, and this was a poor beginning to my mission of usefulness. Pamela always said I could do so little at home, and I now thought she had been right. I felt so helpless and, what we call now-a-days, incapable.

Then I looked round my room. It was at the top of the house; it was large and airy, and the view from the window was lovely. An old oaken rafter ran across the ceiling with carved heads at either end, and the bed stood in a sort of recess, with oak carving over it.

There was a rickety chest of drawers, and one chair, and a washing-stand, with a basin; but no jug and no water, no towel and no soap.

A heavy knock at the door startled me from my reverie. I opened it, and there was

Charlie again, with a brown pitcher in one hand, and a piece of common soap and a towel with ragged edges in the other.

"I thought you'd like to wash the dust off," he said; "and then come down to get something to eat. There's some bacon and cider." He saw I had been crying, and I was vexed he should see it.

"Thank you," I said; "and, Cousin Charles, might I have tea, do you think?"

"Tea—oh! yes, if the kettle will boil; but won't you have some wine?"

"No; I never drink beer or wine," I said.

"Humph! it would be better for some of us here if we followed your example," he said, as he shut the door.

(To be continued.)

Wayside Chimes.

BY THE REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, M.A., VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, HAMPSTEAD.

IX. ALLELUIA.

"A voice came out of the Throne, saying, Praise our God, all ye His servants, and ye that fear Him, both small and great. And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia: for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."
—Rev. xix. 5, 6.



ARK, creation's Alleluia, rising from a thousand shores,

Vibrates sweet as angel voices, loud as many waters roars,—

"Blessing, glory, power, salvation to our God upon the Throne,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, Infinite, Supreme, Alone."

On and on from dawn to sunset, borne on every changeful wind,
From the myriad-minded peoples of the hoary climes of Ind,
From the ransomed sons of Afric, from old Sinim's crowded lands,
From the freeborn wanderers roaming Araby's unconquered sands;

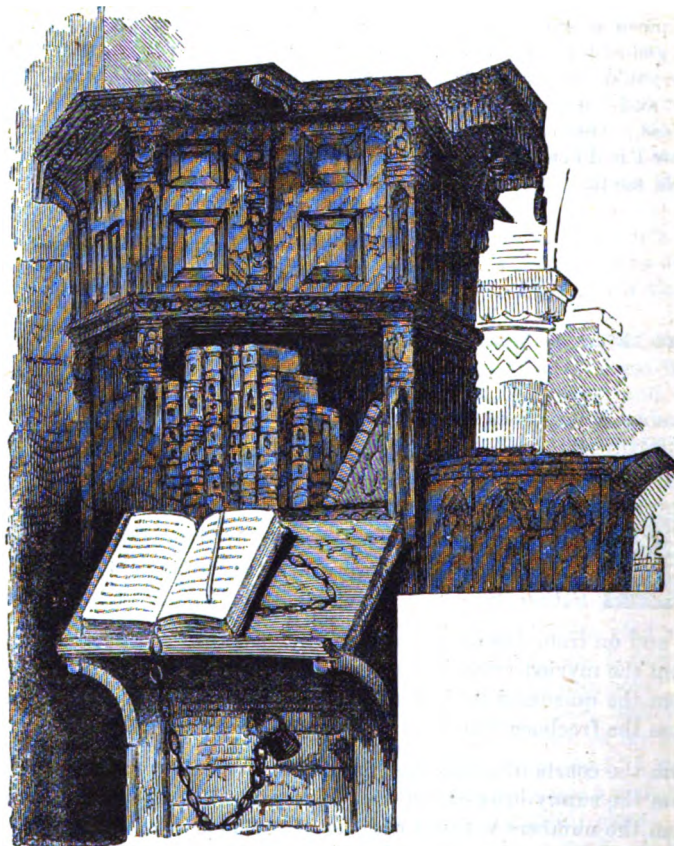
From the coasts of ice to regions where perpetual summer smiles,
From the sunny-hearted children of the far Pacific isles,
From the numbers without number of rejoicing Christendom,
From the watchers for His advent who will soon to Zion come;

Gathering strength from every nation, every kindred tribe and tongue,
Hark! that everlasting anthem, hark! that glorious tide of song
Floods the valleys with its music, echoes from the lasting hills,
Onward, upward, till the temple of the living God it fills.

Hark! it mingles with the raptures of the armies of the sky,
Who have passed through tribulation into perfect rest on high;
Clothed in robes of spotless beauty, palms of triumph in their hand,
Harping on their harps Hosannas, as before His Face they stand:

"Glory unto Him who loved us, Him who washed us with His blood,
Kings and priests henceforth for ever to our Father and our God.
Alleluia! saints and angels, raise your loudest, loftiest strains:
Alleluia! hell is vanquished: God, the Lord Almighty reigns!"





CHAINED BIBLE SET UP IN CHURCHES BY ORDER OF HENRY VIII.

Our English Bible : ITS HISTORY AND LITERARY INFLUENCE.

(Continued from Page 148.)



It is an interesting question, What effect the publication of the Bible in our own tongue had on the English people. Up to the date of Coverdale's translation in 1535 they had really no literature. Learning was in the hands of the clergy. The Latin manuscripts and works in early English were sealed books to the mass of the

population. No prizes were brought by the children from school to their cottage homes in those days; there were no well-filled bookshelves in the farm-houses; and even in the homes of the rich there were but few books. There were no public libraries, no circulating libraries, no parochial libraries. The literature now available to all classes of society did not exist, and education was reserved for the privileged few. The minds of the people,

however, were quite ready to receive instruction. When the Bible was placed in the churches, chained to the desk with a view to security, they flocked thither in crowds to hear it read. We are told: "Many well-disposed people used much to resort to the hearing thereof, especially when they could get any that had an audible voice to read to them." "In St. Paul's Cathedral one John Porter used sometimes to be occupied in that goodly exercise, to the edifying of himself as well as others. This Porter was a fresh young man and of a big stature; and great multitudes would resort thither to hear him, because he could read well and had an audible voice." The desire, which quickly arose, to read the Bible for themselves gave an immense impetus to education and study of all kinds.

The influence of the free circulation of the Bible on religious life and moral character we all know well; but its influence on language and literature is not so widely understood. From the time of its publication the language of the Bible became the English standard. Scriptural words, phrases, imagery, became familiar and in constant use. New words were imported into the language. The translators used the Latin Vulgate, and our vocabulary had not words enough to express all the new ideas the Book contained; so, like other English authors of that age, they had to adopt foreign terms. Ancient words, too, which would otherwise have become obsolete or lost, were, and are, retained in use by their frequent recurrence in the Bible. Through its influence the language of Lowland Scotland became more English, while the Pilgrim Fathers, carrying their English Bible to their distant home across the Atlantic, made free use of its phraseology in daily life.

Not only the spoken but the written language of our country has been affected by the Bible. When a language has become literary its orthography is more or less fixed, and the changes which have occurred in the spelling of our Bible since 1611 are very few. It was for long the only Book generally read, and therefore its spelling was very widely followed, and there are comparatively few words the spelling of which differs from the Bible now in use.

The language of the Bible is clear and terse, simple and energetic, poetical and musical, and has therefore always had a good influence on English style. It is pure English, but at the same time a very accurate translation. It has been said that no good style of writing or composition can be formed without an intimate knowledge of the Bible. Some of our great authors who did not revere it as a Divinely Inspired Book, knew this and acted upon it. Regarding the Bible even from this point of view, its value cannot be overrated. It would indeed be an irreparable educational loss for England if it were shut out from our schools.

Equally important has been the power the Bible has always exerted over the subject matter of our literature. For some time after its publication, religious questions and theological controversy formed almost the only subjects of the day; and from that time to this thousands of volumes have been written on the Bible and on topics connected with it. In secular writings also its influence is remarkable. "I have regularly and attentively read the Bible," writes the distinguished Oriental scholar, Sir William Jones, "and I am of opinion that this volume, independently of its Divine origin, contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, purer morality, more impartial history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than could be collected within the same compass from all other books ever composed in any age." Shakespeare quoted continually from the Bible. Milton said, "There are no songs to be compared with the songs of Zion." Lord Bacon wrote: "There never was found in any age of the world, either religion or law or discipline that did so highly exalt the public good as the Christian faith." Indeed, whether in the days that are past or in our own day, what book is there that does not bear some trace of the Bible and its influence? Apart from its Divine character as the Word of God, there never has been and never will be any other book which can so powerfully affect the many-sided life of the English nation.

L. M. HOARE.



SEPTEMBER

THE STORY OF THE MONTH.



SEPTEMBER is a busy month in the harvest field. There is work for every one to do.

"Husband and wife and child,
All lend a hand;
Now, in this gathering time,
None idle stand.
Busy as bees are all—
Young ones and old;
Out in the harvest-field
None help withhold."

Happy are they who labour with thankful hearts. We ought certainly to sing in the harvest-field. Jerome tells us that in his day "You could not go into the country but you might hear the ploughman at his hallelujahs, the mower at his hymns, and the vinedresser singing David's psalms." Joy in harvest is Nature's first lesson.

"Glad and joyful let us be,
God hath fed us plenteously;
Sower, reaper, both rejoice,
Lifting up a thankful voice!
Empty, we have sought for food,
And are filled, for God is good;
Now with gathered sheaves we come
To our feast of Harvest-home."

September was anciently the seventh Roman month. It derives its name from the Latin word *Septem*, seven, just as October, from *Octo*, eight,

November, from *Novem*, nine, and December, from *Decem*, ten. It is the ninth month in our calendar. The Saxons called it *Gerst-monat*, because they now gathered in *gerst*, or *barley*.

It is altogether a month of plenty. Men, horses, and birds are provided for by the grain harvest; the fields produce hay for the cattle; the trees are laden with fruit; and the waters yield their teeming population of fish.

"The feast is such as Earth, the general mother,
Pours from her fairest bosom, when she smiles
In the embrace of Autumn."

Garden flowers gradually become scarce; but we still have the laurustinus, bramble, ivy, wild honeysuckle, passion-flower, Michaelmas daisy, and the asters, in flower. Rural scenery is much enlivened by the variety of vivid and beautiful colours which, towards the end of the month, the fading leaves of trees and shrubs present.

Fresh cultivation must now be thought of. Reaping time reminds us of mistakes made in sowing time! How much is lost for lack of thoughtful precaution! The Divine order is this: the well-prepared ground, the good seed—carefully selected and sown, the constant care, God's blessing—and then the joy of Harvest!

C. A. H. B.

Lessons from the Book.

IX. HOW TO KEEP SUNDAY.

BY THE REV. J. E. SAMPSON, VICAR OF ST. THOMAS', YORK.



THE Sabbath is the oldest institution in the world. It began in Eden before the Fall of man, and has been kept, no doubt, ever since. But when Jesus by rising from the dead declared Himself to be the Lord, the day was changed. Since then the first day of the week has been kept instead of the seventh, to remind us of Redemption as well as Creation. It is THE LORD'S DAY. He claims it for Himself.

But we generally call it Sunday. This is really an old heathen name, given to the day when men worshipped sun, moon, and stars. And yet I like that good old name—Sunday. On this day the light of salvation first shone in its fulness on the earth. The Sabbath, with its church-going bells, preaches to us the Gospel. It tells us Christ is risen: salvation is accomplished: sin is atoned for. It invites, it demands our faith in Jesus as the Saviour of the world. It is fitly called Sunday, the sunniest, the brightest, happiest day of all, to those who have found salvation in Him who was raised from the dead.

Remember this: it is not to be a gloomy but a happy day; not dark but bright; a real SUN-day; the happiest and most cheerful day of the week; the best of all the seven. "This is the Day the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it." It shows us where true happiness is to be found—in holiness. In heaven, where all are only happy, all are only holy. And the more closely we copy heaven on earth, the more largely we drink of its joys. The man who counts holiness to be sadness would be gloomy in heaven. For heaven is all Sabbath.

Set apart some time on Sunday for secret prayer. Pray for yourself and for others, and especially for those who are serving in the ministry of the Word. Have an hour with your Bible, alone with God, reading its bright pages, treasuring up its golden promises, searching out its hidden riches, marking its holy precepts, turning the rays of its heavenly light upon your heart and upon your ways. Never let a Sunday go by without praying to "thy Father which is in secret," seeking to be filled with His Holy Spirit, and meditating quietly on His Holy Word. The best works and most zealous labours of love you can engage in can never release you from this. Even Satan will put you on public work if he can keep you thereby from private prayer. On Sunday especially—enter into thy closet.

Remember again, that though Sunday is a day of Rest, *it is not to be a day of idleness.* Be up betimes in the morning, in time for public worship, in time to have breakfast with the children before they go to the Sunday-school, in time to read a chapter and to pray, in time if you like for a quiet walk before the bells have ceased to ring. It is a pitiful way of spending Sunday to be lounging about the lanes, or at the corners of the streets, talking about horses and dogs, and never thinking about the great God in whose hands your breath is. The day is the Lord's, not yours.

Have everything ready for Sunday: the clothes brushed, and the boots cleaned, the doorsteps washed, the house in order, and everything bright and clean and sunny. If your husband is a working man, and has not a comfortable dinner on week-days, see that he has one on Sundays. Only get as much as you can ready for it on Satur-

day, and have on Sunday no work but what is really necessary.

Go to your own Parish Church, and attend the services, if possible, both morning and evening. Mother, take baby with you; if he happens to cry, you can slip out quietly; but most likely he will drop off to sleep, so that you can worship and listen. Never send your little ones to church by

themselves; they nearly always get whispering and disturbing all around them. Father, come with your boys; when it is church-time don't say Go, but Come. If you have a family of little ones and some one must stay at home—husbands take turns with your wives; so both will get to a service. Bear ye one another's burdens.

(To be continued.)

Thomas Cooper:

FROM SCEPTICISM TO CHRISTIANITY: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF "THE WAY HOME," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

LIFEWORSHIP.



THOMAS COOPER'S reason was now convinced of the folly of unbelief, and we cannot doubt that "the good work of grace" was indeed commenced in him.

But he was still a long way from peace; and a season of mind-darkness ensued. This state of mind is so strikingly described that we give the quotation at length. He writes:—

"I confess I am very incredulous respecting sudden conversions from the habitual scepticism of years. I had been twelve years a sceptic; and it was not until fully two years had been devoted to hard reading and thinking that I could conscientiously and truly say "I am again a Christian"—even nominally. The deep conviction which first arose within me, that I had been very guilty, as a public teacher, in not courageously and faithfully presenting the great truth of God's existence as the Moral Governor before men, gradually merged into the deeper and more distressful conviction of my own personal life of sin: the remembrance that I—I myself—had been living without God and without hope in the world; without the God that I had loved in my early manhood, and who had then given me to feel His love day by day and hour by hour.

"My conviction of personal sin deepened to such a degree, in the hours of reflection during the silent six months, that I dared not pray; and my wife said I never smiled for those six months. I told my dear friend Dr. Jobson, who was ever trying to strengthen and help me, that I believed God would shut me up in judicial darkness; that He would never suffer me to live in the 'light of His countenance' again, as a penalty for my great sin in deserting Him because I thought men ill-used me.

"'No, no!' said my dear friend; 'I don't believe it. God will bring you to the light yet, and fill your soul with it!'

"I told my friend Charles Kingsley, in a correspondence, that while I diligently read 'Bridgwater Treatises,' and all the other books with which he furnished me, as a means of beginning to teach sceptics the truth from the very foundation, that the foundations themselves seem to glide from under my feet; I had to struggle against my own new and tormenting doubts about God's existence, and feared I should be at last overwhelmed with darkness and confusion of mind.

"'No, no!' said my faithful and intelligent friend; 'you will get out of all doubt in time. When you feel you are in the deepest and gloomiest doubt, pray the prayer of desperation; cry out,—"Lord, if Thou dost exist, let me know that Thou dost exist; guide my mind, by a way that I know not, into Thy truth!" and God will deliver you.'



From a Photograph.

[Engraved by W. BALLINGALL.]

*Yours truly,
Thomas Cooper*

"But I dared not pray, as I said before. This bondage of dumbness of spirit was suddenly broken, one morning, as I awoke, by the words running through my mind that had been familiar to me when I was a blue-coat boy, and stood in the aisle of Gainsborough church,—'Almighty and most merciful Father, I have erred and strayed from Thy ways like a lost sheep; I have followed too much the devices and desires of my own heart; I have offended against Thy holy laws,'—and it went on to the end.*

"The words running through my mind,' did I say? Oh, was it not the Holy Spirit Himself, in ineffable condescension and love, leading my mind by a way that I knew not? The words came again, as I awoke, morning after morning, till at last I felt I could pray in my own words. I had no more awful gloom of mind; but I was far yet from getting back to Christ and receiving Him as my Saviour."

One of the first things he did, after winning in the conflict, was to return to the "Hall of Science," to undo, as far as he could, the mischief of former years. "I sometimes went home at eleven o'clock at night from these discussions," he says, "so completely worn down and enfevered that I thought I would give up my task; but I no sooner got on my knees than I felt I dared not."

For many years Mr. Cooper had no settled residence; but travelled from end to end of the kingdom, lecturing in defence of those truths which he himself had so surely tested. At the age of seventy-six this work is still continued; but the consciousness of failing strength has latterly induced him to yield to the desires of others by publishing some of his lectures, embodying in a popular form the Evidences of Christianity, "The Bridge of

History over the Gulf of Time," "The Verity and Value of the Miracles of Christ," "The Verity of Christ's Resurrection from the Dead," "God, the Soul, and a Future State," "Evolution, the Stone Book, and the Mosaic Record of Creation," have already obtained a wide circulation,—and other volumes are in preparation. Our hope is that, whether by the living voice or the printed page, Mr. Cooper, by his unanswerable arguments and affectionate appeals may yet reclaim many a wanderer from the thralldom of scepticism, and from the specious arguments of Secularist delusion.

The testimony he now bears is a testimony worth hearing and heeding, in a world where each soul has its conflict with sin and sorrow:—

"I have no doubt," he says, "while I write this, that I shall be with my Saviour in Heaven. I never harbour the fear for a moment, that I shall not be with Him. I love Christ. I never lost my love for His moral beauty, and never ceased to worship that, even when Straussian errors had the strongest possession of me. But my love for Christ now springs from other grounds. I have accepted Him as my Saviour; and through faith in Him and His Atonement for sin, and in the everlasting love of the Father, I feel God has accepted me. Living or dying, I am His; and trust to have this confidence until He shall call me home."

The lesson of Mr. Cooper's life impressively shows, on the one hand, that the doubts of the sceptic can neither make himself nor others *happy*: whilst on the other hand, in the highest sense, the religion of the Gospel is "profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, as well as the life which is to come."

[*"A Biographical Sketch of the Life of Thomas Cooper,"* comprising the papers which have appeared in these pages, can be supplied for circulation direct from *Home Words* Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings. 50 copies for 10s.; 100 copies for 17s. 6d.; or single copies can be ordered from Booksellers, price 4d. As an antidote for Bradlaughism copies will be found useful.]

* A remarkable instance of the impression often made by the Liturgy on the minds of the youngest worshippers.



Modern Hymn Writers:

"SPECIMEN-GLASSES" FOR THE KING'S MINSTRELS.

BY THE LATE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

(Second Series.)



V. HYMNS FOR SUFFERERS.

(Continued.)

NE other Hymn by Mary Shekleton we must give. It points to the unfailing Source of all true "joy in tribulation," the contemplation of the love Divine

"which passeth knowledge."

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

It passeth knowledge, that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus, Saviour: yet this soul of mine
Would of Thy love, in all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,
Know more and more.

It passeth telling, that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus, Saviour; yet these lips of mine
Would fain proclaim to sinners, far and near,
A love which can remove all guilty fear,
And love beget.

It passeth praises, that dear love of Thine,
My Jesus, Saviour; yet this heart of mine
Would sing that love, so full, so rich, so free,
Which brings a rebel sinner, such as me,
Nigh unto God.

But though I cannot sing, or tell, or know
The fulness of Thy love while here below,
My empty vessel I may freely bring:
O Thou who art of love the living spring,
My vessel fill.

I am an empty vessel—not one thought,
Or look of love, I ever to Thee brought;
Yet I may come, and come again to Thee,
With this, the empty sinner's only plea,
Thou lovest me.

O fill me, Jesus, Saviour, with Thy love!
Lead, lead me to the living Fount above;
Thither may I, in simple faith, draw nigh,
And never to another fountain fly,
But unto Thee.

And when my Jesus face to face I see,
When at His lofty throne I bow the knee;
Then of His love, in all its breadth and length,
Its height and depth, its everlasting strength,
My soul shall sing!

Our last "specimen," a very lovely and poetical one, we take from the hymns of Mrs. Crowdson, one of the few who combine exquisite elegance and imagination with deep and tender spirituality. She was an invalid for several years; but by this the Church of Christ was a gainer, as song after song was added to her "hymnal treasures." Her "little while" of suffering is past now, but its sweet results live on in such fair forms as the Hymn we select.

"A LITTLE WHILE."

Oh! for the peace which floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile.
Oh! for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "for ever,"

Amid the shadows of earth's "little while!"

"A little while" for patient vigil keeping,
To face the stern, to wrestle with the strong;
"A little while," to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves, and sing the harvest song.

"A little while" to wear the weeds of sadness,
To pace with weary step through miry ways;
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

"A little while," 'mid shadow and illusion,
To strive, by faith, love's mysteries to spell;
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,
Then hail sight's verdict, "He doeth all things well!"

"A little while," the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed;
Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

"A little while," to keep the oil from failing;
"A little while," faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
To haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver—

The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad "for ever,"
Will light the shadows of the "little while!"

Every verse is beautiful, but the last is probably amaranthine; I think it will live, suffering not by many a transplantation of quotation, when the acorns of to-day are the forest trees of another century.

Glimpses of China.

BY THE REV. A. E. MOULE, B.D., MISSIONARY OF THE C.M.S. AT NINGPO AND HANGCHOW;
AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF HEAVEN AND HOME."



IV.

THE MISSIONS.

HAT has Christianity done for China? We catch a far-off glimpse of Christian effort from the monument discovered at Si-ngan-fu in the Shensi province. This ancient monument records

that by the close of the seventh century "the illustrious religion," that is, Christianity as preached by the Nestorians, "had spread itself in every direction, and that temples were erected in one hundred cities." But this work, after languishing for some time, through causes which cannot be fully ascertained, was finally extinguished by persecution towards the close of the fourteenth century. About one hundred years before this, Roman Catholic emissaries reached the court of Kublai Khan, the great Mongol emperor, and for a while exercised considerable influence. Then followed a period of persecution and repression, and at the end of the sixteenth century, Xavier, foiled in his heroic attempt to reach the fast barred mainland of China, died on the island of Sancian, a far-off glimpse alone of the great heathen land being granted to his dying eyes. Ricci came next, with consummate talent and somewhat unscrupulous resources; and since his day, Roman Catholicism has maintained its ground in China. At the present day they claim 400,000 adherents, widely distributed over the different provinces, and a

large staff of European missionaries are labouring for the spread of their tenets.*

Alas! that the possessors and professors of the pure Christian faith should have been outstript in the race by those who own but a spurious creed. It was not till September 4, 1807, that Dr. Robert Morrison, commissioned by the London Missionary Society, arrived at the island of Macao. Labouring for some years quite alone, and all his life long fettered by Chinese exclusiveness and suspicion, he was content to work for twenty-six years without ever preaching in public, preparing for other labourers by compiling his great dictionary, and translating the Bible into Chinese. But the scene changes. China's fast closed gates of brass, before which the older missionaries used to sigh and cry, are now blown open by war, and Christian missionaries with their weapons of peaceful warfare enter in. Morrison had been joined by Milne and Medhurst; and other Societies, English, American, and German, press forward to occupy the land for Christ.

The Church of England (for many long years represented in China by the Church Missionary Society alone), after a tentative mission in 1836, definitely began work in 1845, stimulated and well nigh compelled to the effort by the noble gift from "*Less than the least*," of £8000.

But how was China opened? and how were the gates blown down? The war was caused in great measure by the *Opium Trade*—a trade execrated and denounced by Chinese politicians and moralists; protested against

* See "Church Missionary Atlas," article "China." Published by Messrs. Seeley & Co., for the Church Missionary Society.

and resisted by the Chinese government; fostered by the professedly Christian rulers of British India; patronized and defended in England by the government of the "Defender of the Faith;" contraband for sixty years, but flourishing and growing under England's flag. The irritation caused by this traffic, combined with the traditionary exclusive policy of China and the incurable pride of the Chinese, brought on war. But it required two sanguinary conflicts before the Chinese government, yielding to other

demands, and approving and tolerating Christianity, sullenly and reluctantly legalized the drug—the use of which this heathen China has never ceased to denounce as injurious and immoral; and the sale of which, for the sake of revenue alone, this Christian land of England continues to foster!

The Bible in one hand and opium in the other! How can Christianity prosper thus? Yet there are 40,000 adherents of Protestant Christianity, where forty years ago there was scarcely one!

England's Church:

NOTES AND TESTIMONIES

SELECTED BY THE EDITOR.

VI. THE MINISTRY OF THE PRAYER-BOOK.



RITICS in oratory have counted it one of the sublimest conceptions of a modern master of their art, that he pictured, at a single stroke, the world-encompass-

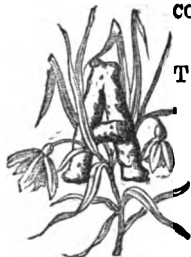
ing energy of the Empire of Great Britain, "whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." But how much loftier in sublimity, and how much grander a monument of national greatness than any military signal of the power which destroy's men's lives, is the simple fact that as the earth's shadow has kept sweeping slowly round the globe, along the two advancing lines of twilight and dawn, wherever the English tongue is spoken, the daily sacrifice of our Morning and Evening Prayer has "bowed down successive crowds of worshippers upon their knees"; so that perhaps there has not been an hour of day or night, since that month of May, in the second year of Edward's reign, when, from some high temple, or lowly chapel; or family group,

or chamber of sickness, or dying bed, or closet whose door was shut, these immortal confessions, supplications, and praises of our Prayer-book have not been ascending.

It has caused homesick and hungry prodigals—prodigal in sensual indulgence, prodigal in intellectual self-will, prodigal in a Pharisee's pride—to arise and go in spiritual repentance to their Father. It has healed those that had no health in them, till their spiritual "flesh came again, like the flesh of a little child." It has brought into the way of spiritual truth millions of "such as had erred or were deceived." It has filled with spiritual light such as were ready to despair because the "burden" of their sin was "intolerable," pledging pardon from the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who never desired the death of the vilest or guiltiest sinner in the world. And wheresoever two or three have gathered together, on any spot under the sun, in the Saviour's Name, at its call, there it has repeated the comforting assurance that a present Saviour will grant their requests—an assurance which is the very life of all spiritual sacrifices.—*Bishop Huntington.*

Anecdotes of Illustrious Abstiners.

COMPILED BY FREDERICK SHERLOCK, AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRIOUS ABSTAINERS."



VIII. DEAN HOOK.

THE York Church Congress, Dean Hook said that he most thoroughly sympathised with the Temperance movement, and that though there might be a higher course for a man to follow than taking the pledge, it was absurd to reject that particular means; for we were all of us liable not to follow the best course, and to fall back upon a lower motive of action than the highest. After a few more words the Dean caused great laughter by saying that he had never taken the pledge. Then, when the noise had subsided, he added:—"Because I am a teetotaler, and have been one for years."

IX. COMMODORE GOODENOUGH.

COMMODORE GOODENOUGH arrived at Sydney in May, 1874, having called by the way at the Fiji Islands. The next two months were spent in Sydney, where he speedily became very popular amongst the citizens, one of whom, in speaking of the favourable impression which he created, says:—

"There was nothing more touching than to see him at a feast. I have often met him when men, as they yielded to the exhilarating influence of wine, dropped their sullen and selfish look, and became cheerful and sympathetic; but there sat the solitary water-drinker from the beginning to the end of the feast, his countenance lit up with an intelligent smile, enjoying the company of his fellow-men, by reason of a far deeper bond than participation in the same pleasure. He had renounced this species of excitement, not because he had found any harm from it, or believed there was any harm in it to men of ordinary self-control: but he was a commander of men, and with him command meant beneficence, and command meant example."

The higher principle of action, self-denial for the sake of others, was thus practically recognized by this leader amongst men.

X. JOHN WESLEY.

JOHN WESLEY's views on Temperance were whole-hearted and thorough. He writes in his Journal:—

"I can hardly believe that I am this day entered into the sixty-eighth year of my age! How marvellous are the ways of God! How has He kept me even from a child! From ten to thirteen or fourteen, I had little but bread to eat, and not great plenty of that. I believe this was so far from hurting me that it laid the foundation of lasting health. When I grew up, in consequence of reading Dr. Cheyne, I chose to eat sparingly, and *drink water*. This was another means of continuing my health."

In a letter to the Bishop of London in 1747, he says: "Since I have taken Dr. Cheyne's advice, I have been free—blessed be God—from all bodily disorders."

XI. SIR RICHARD DACRES.

GENERAL Sir Richard Dacres, in writing from the Crimea, January 17th, 1855, said:—"Since I have become a teetotaler I have gone through great fatigues in hot climates: I have crossed the Atlantic, come here, been exposed to disease and some discomfort; and I have never been sick or had even a short attack of diarrhoea. I ascribe this to water; but, mind, I am a temperate eater also; I never eat animal food more than once a day; no lunch but a piece of biscuit; and I am a very early man. Now all these things combined enable me to do as much hard work at fifty-five as many ten or fifteen years younger. What I began with, as an example, I now continue, as I consider I am much better without wine, beer, etc., both in a religious and worldly point of view. I shall continue as I am, please God, to my life's end."

XII. DR. JOHNSON.

In William Ball's "Slight Memorials of Hannah More" is this remark:—"I dined last week at the Bishop of Chester's; Dr. Johnson was there. In the middle of dinner I urged Dr. Johnson to take a *little* wine; he replied, 'I can't drink a *little*, child, therefore I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult.'"



A Drink for Harvesters.

THE following recipe is given by the late eminent Dr. Parkes, in his valuable little book on "The Personal Care of Health":—

"When you have any heavy work to do, do not take either beer, cider, or spirits. By far the best drink is thin oatmeal and water, with a little sugar. The proportions are a quarter-pound of oatmeal to two or three quarts of water; it should be well boiled, and then one ounce or an ounce and a half of brown sugar added. Shake up the oatmeal well through the liquid. In summer, drink this cold; in winter, hot. You will find it not only quenches thirst, but

will give you more strength and endurance than any other drink.

"If at any time you have to make a very long day, as in Harvest, and cannot stop for meals, increase the oatmeal to half a pound, or even three-quarters, and the water to three quarts. If you cannot get oatmeal, wheat-flour will do, but not quite so well. For quenching thirst few things are better than weak coffee and a little sugar; one ounce of coffee and half an ounce of sugar boiled in two quarts of water and cooled, is a very thirst-quenching drink. Cold tea has the same effect, but neither are so supporting as oatmeal. Thin cocoa also is very refreshing and supporting, but more expensive than oatmeal."



What I Have to Do.

STORY is told of an old man who lived long ago. Forcible was the way in which he spoke of the struggles he had to carry on. A friend asked him the cause of his complaints, since in the evening he had so often complained of great weariness and pain.

"Alas," answered he, "I have every day so much to do. I have two falcons to tame, two hares to keep from running away, two hawks to manage, a serpent to confine, a lion to chain, and a sick man to tend and wait upon."

"Why this is only folly," said the friend; "no man has all these things to do at once."

"Yes, indeed," he answered, "it is with me as I have said. The two falcons are my two eyes, which I must diligently guard, lest something should please them which may be

hurtful to my salvation; the two hares are my feet, which I must hold back, lest they should run after evil objects, and walk in the ways of sin; the two hawks are my two hands, which I must train and keep to work, in order that I may be able to provide for myself and for my brethren who are in need; the serpent is my tongue, which I must always keep in with a bridle, lest it should speak anything unseemly; the lion is my heart, with which I have to maintain a continual fight, in order that vanity and pride may not fill it, but that the grace of God may dwell and work there; the sick man is my own body, which is ever needing my watchfulness and care. All this daily wears out my strength."

The friend listened in wonder, and then said:—

"Dear brother, if all men laboured and struggled after this manner, the times would be better, and more according to the will of God."

The Origin of Spinster.

FORMERLY it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set

of body, table, and bed linen. From this custom all unmarried women were termed spinsters.

Fables for YOU.

BY ELEANOR B. PROSSER.



XII. LET WELL ALONE.

"HAT a dull life we do lead in this old shed!" said a rake that was leaning against the wall, to a trowel that hung on a nail opposite the door."

"Speak for yourself," said the trowel; "I'm quite happy here. I can see all down the path, whenever the door is open."

"I'm glad you are so easily satisfied," said the rake contemptuously. "I must confess that I like a little more life."

"Ah, well, every one to his taste; I'm only too glad of a little quiet after the work I've had the last fortnight."

The gardener came in, and throwing down some flower-pots in the corner, took up the rake and carried it away.

Evening drew on, and the shed was shut up for the night; but the rake was not brought back. A week passed away, and the trowel had been left in undisturbed possession of the shed, when the door was hastily opened and a boy threw the rake into the corner, exclaiming as he did so, "There! you're about done for!"

"Glad to see you, friend!" said the trowel. "I began to fear we had parted company altogether. Have you had as much 'life' as you wanted?"

"Oh, don't!" implored the rake, as he leant wearily against the wall in his old corner; "I have been well punished for my discontent, and many a time have I wished myself back again. I wouldn't have minded the work the gardener put me to, but those children have nearly worn me out. They all wanted me at once, and quarrelled which was to have me; and then one of them threw me over the wall,

where I lay till one of the garden boys picked me up, and brought me back. I shall never be good for anything again."

"Don't be down-hearted, friend," said the trowel, "a little rest, and a rivet or two, will soon set you up again; and in the meantime, you needn't grudge the wear and tear that has taught you the value of a quiet home, even if you do find it a little dull sometimes."

XIII. WHAT NEXT!

"How hard you hit!" cried an india-rubber ball as it rebounded from a garden wall; "you pushed me quite out of shape for a moment."

"Well, I never!" cried the wall, "that's what you call justice, I suppose! You come and strike against me, and then grumble because I stand my ground to receive you; but that's the way with your agitators, they go about hitting their heads against stone walls, and then complain because they get what they deserve."

XIV. "DARKEST BEFORE DAWN."

THE sun was near its setting; a black cloud swept across the sky, and the rain, that had been falling gently all day, came down in torrents.

"What will become of us?" murmured a bed of golden crocuses; "it was bad enough before; but this is terrible; we shall never recover it."

"Cheer up, friends," chirped a robin who had taken shelter under the eaves of the gardener's cottage; "it will soon be over. Have you never noticed that it is always heaviest just before it clears?" and even as he spoke, the cloud passed over, the sun shone forth in renewed splendour, and the crocuses raised their drooping heads, while the robin poured forth his evening song of praise before going home to roost.

The Young Folks' Page.

XXXI. "DID YOU NOT HEAR THE VILLAGE CLOCK?"

BP, up," cries the wakeful Cock,
 "Did you not hear the village clock?
 I have been up for an hour or more,
 Crowing aloud at the stable door;
 Dobbin has gone with the boy to plough,
 Betty has started to milk the cow;

Sure there is plenty for all to do,
 And all are up, young friend, but you."

"Up, up," cries the soaring Lark,
 "Only sleep, my young friend, in the dark.
 Oh let it never, never be said
 You wasted the morning hours in bed;
 Out of the window glance your eye,
 And see how blue is the morning sky;
 Open the casement, your slumber spare,
 And smell how fresh is the morning air."

"Up, up," cries the busy Sun,
 "Is there no work, little friend, to be done?
 Are there no lessons to learn, I pray,
 That you lie dozing the hours away?
 Who would give light to the world below
 If I were idly to slumber so?
 What would become of the hay and corn,
 Did I thus waste the precious morn?"

"Up, up," cries the buzzing Bee,
 "There's work for you, as well as for me;
 Oh, how I prize the morning hour,
 Gathering sweets from the dewy flower;
 Quick comes on the scorching noon,
 And darksome night will follow soon;
 Say, shall it chide for idle hours,
 Time unimproved, and wasted powers?"

Rhymes worth Remembering.

XXXII. WHO DID THE BEST?

A COUNTRYMAN, says a German story, was returning one day from the city, and took home with him five of the finest peaches one would wish to see; and as his children had never seen this kind of fruit before, they were highly pleased.

The father divided the peaches among his four children, and reserved one for their mother. In the evening he

had the curiosity to ask what they had done with their peaches. The eldest boy answered promptly that he had eaten his, and liked it very much. Moreover, he had carefully kept the stone to plant, that he might have a peach-tree of his own.

The father commended his thoughtful prudence. Then the youngest reported that he had eaten his own peach, and thrown away the stone, and then helped his mother with half of hers!

The good man was not over well pleased with this early display of selfishness; but making all due allowance for so young a child, he waited to hear what the second boy had to say. "I picked up the stone," said he, "which my little brother threw away, cracked it, and have eaten the kernel. It was as sweet as a nut. My peach I sold at such a good price, that when I go to the city I can buy three or four with the money I got for it."

The father shook his head, and said with a grave tone, "Beware, my boy, of avarice. Prudence is all very well, but such conduct as yours is unchildlike and unnatural. God guard thee, my child, from becoming a miser."

Turning to the other son, he asked what had become of his peach. "I have given my peach to George, the sick boy who has been so long laid up with the fever. He did not seem willing to take it; so I left it on his bed and came away."

"Now," said the father, "who has done the best with his peach?"

The three cried out with one voice, "Brother Edmund!"

Edmund was silent, while his mother kissed him with tears of joy.

XXXIII. A SUNDAY SCHOLAR'S LETTER.

THE following letter was written by a Sunday scholar to his pastor:—

"I have the consumption very badly. I know that I shall not live long, and have felt so for a good while. Yesterday, the doctor called mother out of the room, and when she came back, tears were in her eyes. I could very readily guess what the doctor had told her. I do not fear death, for I feel that God will call me to a better world, where there is no more pain."

Happy boy on the brink of the river of death. Those who walk in religion's "ways of pleasantness" and her "paths of peace" whilst they live, have only to cross over the dark river when they come to it, with Jesus holding their hand, and be happy for ever.

The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. WHAT very godly person do we read of belonging to one of the ten tribes long after they were lost?
2. How did Jesus acknowledge Himself to be a King?
3. In what different ways was a bed employed by our Lord and His Apostles to show the cure of those whom they had healed?
4. What man whose name we know not, without seeing our Lord, showed the strongest faith in His word?
5. What is the earliest business transaction mentioned in the Bible?
6. Show from one verse of Scripture that salvation is the work of the Trinity.

7. What signal instance have we recorded of the faith of a whole nation?
8. When do we first read of a money-box being used for helping on the work of God?
9. What day was most remarkable in Bible history for prayer being answered?
10. From which of the prophets do we learn that the Son of God often appeared previous to the Incarnation?

ANSWERS (See Ave. No., p. 191).

I. 2 Chron. xxxiii. 12, 13. II. Rev. xxii. 16. III. 2 Chron. xxxvi. 20, 21. IV. Mark iv. 38, 39; John iv. 6-10, etc. V. Exod. xix. 19, with Heb. xii. 21. VI. Deut. xv. 6. VII. Gen. xvi. 9; Philom. 10-17. VIII. Acts xxvi. 14. IX. Jonah iv. 11. X. Deut. ix. 20; Num. xii. 13.

GRACE

LIFE

THE WEEKS OF HARVEST.

PEACE

LOVE

Beware lest
thou forget the Lord.

Deut. vi. 12.

- | | | |
|---|----|---|
| 1 | Th | The pastures of the wilderness do spring. Joel ii. 22. |
| 2 | F | The tree beareth her fruit. Joel ii. 22. [Joel ii. 22. |
| 3 | S | The fig-tree and the vine do yield their strength. |
| 4 | S | 12th S. after Trinity. The floors shall be full of |
| 5 | M | Ye shall eat in plenty. Joel ii. 26. [wheat. Joel ii. 24. |
| 6 | Tu | Be glad . . . and rejoice in the Lord. Joel ii. 23. |
| 7 | W | How great is His goodness. Zech. ix. 17. |
| 8 | Th | The time of her harvest shall come. Jer. li. 33. |

Bless the
Lord, O my soul!

Ps. ciii. 1.

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 9 | F | The eyes of all wait upon Thee. Ps. cxlv. 15. [29. |
| 10 | S | I will call for the corn and will increase it. Es. xxxvi. |
| 11 | S | 13th S. after Trinity. He that gathereth in sum-
[mer is a wise son. Prov. x. 5. |
| 12 | M | Their soul shall be as a watered garden. Jer. xxxi. |
| 13 | Tu | They shall revive as the corn. Hos. xiv. 7. [12. |
| 14 | W | They shall grow as the vine. Hos. xiv. 7. [Neh. ix. 25. |
| 15 | Th | They delighted themselves in Thy great goodness. |

BLESSED
SHALL BE THY BASKET
AND THY STORE.

I will
send grass in thy fields.

Deut. ii. 15.

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 16 | F | Beware lest thou forget the Lord. Deut. vi. 12. |
| 17 | S | The Lord hath dealt bountifully. Ps. cxvi. 7. |
| 18 | S | 14th S. aft. Trin. Thou givest . . . meat in due season. |
| 19 | M | Behold the fig-tree, and all the trees. Luke xxi. 29. |
| 20 | Tu | Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance. |
| 21 | W | St. MATTHEW. By their fruits ye shall know them. |
| 22 | Th | We are labourers together with God. 1 Cor. iii. 9. |
| 23 | F | Speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee. Job xii. 8. |

Thou
openest Thine Hand.

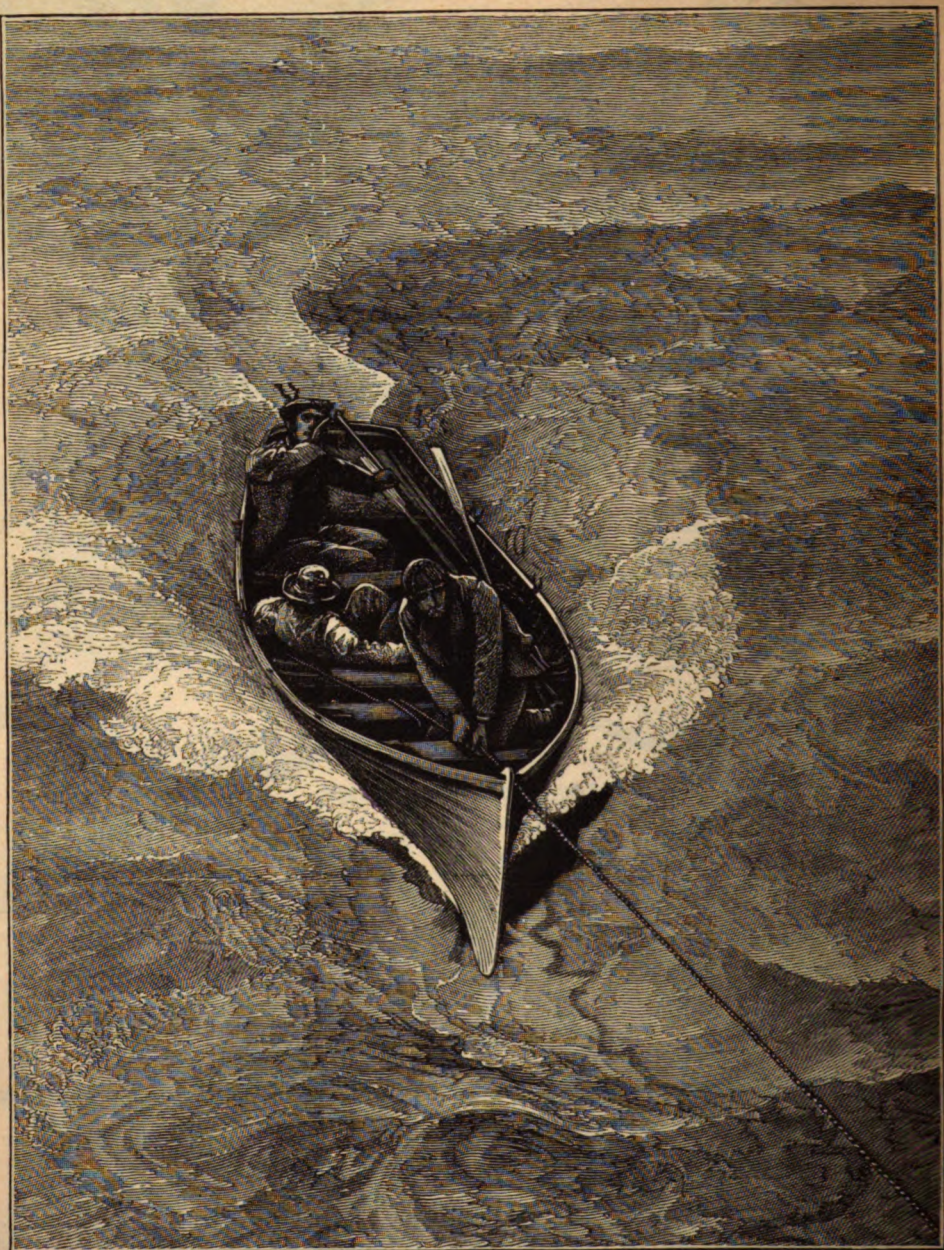
Ps. civ. 28.

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 24 | S | The field is the world. Matt. xiii. 38. |
| 25 | S | 15th S. after Trinity. The good seed are the chil-
[dren of the kingdom. Matt. xiii. 38. |
| 26 | M | The harvest is the end of the world. Matt. xiii. 39. |
| 27 | Tu | Then shall the righteous shine forth. Matt. xiii. 43. |
| 28 | W | He will . . . gather His wheat into the garner. |
| 29 | Th | St. MICHAEL. The harvest of the earth is ripe. Rev. xiv. 15. |
| 30 | F | He reserveth . . . the appointed weeks of the harvest. |

GRACIOUS first-fruits here may meet thee of the
reaping-time begun,
But upon the Hill of Zion, 'neath the uncreated Sun,
First the fulness of the blessing shall the faithful
labourers see,
Gathering fruit to life eternal, harvest of eternity.

Give us holy love and patience; grant us deep humility.
That of self we may be emptied, and our hearts be full
of Thee;
Give us zeal and faith and fervour, make us winning,
Single-hearted, strong, and fearless,—Thou hast called
us, we will rise!—F. R. H.

The Interpreter of the Word.—“We want to remember more constantly our need of the Spirit as the Interpreter of the Word; our need of the anointing of the Spirit that our eyes may be more fully opened. Then we shall indeed behold ‘wondrous things’ in God’s Word—the things into which the angels desire to look.” Its reception, its entrance into the mind, will bring Light, and in the Light thus brought we shall indeed rejoice,—rejoice in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost,—rejoice with ‘joy of the Holy Ghost.’—The Forgotten Truth.



From the Drawing by ARTHUR HOPKINS.

IN TOW.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

“Merrily! Merrily on we Sail!”



MERRILY! merrily on we sail!
The sailor's life is gay!
His hopes are on the favouring
gale,

And whether it freshen, or whether it fail,

Or whether by night or day,
He reckes not, cares not, no! not he:

For his home is ever upon the sea,
And his God is near, his guide and stay;
Then should not the sailor's life be gay?

Merrily! merrily on we go!

The sailor's life is free!
Cares but few his heart may know,
For wherever the breeze that bears him blow,
There still his home shall be:

And by night or by day the darkling deep
Is the same to the Eye that never doth
sleep,

And his God is the God that rules the sea;
Then should not the sailor's life be free?

Merrily! merrily on we sweep!

The sailor's life is blest!
For he knows the wonders of the deep,
And Who alone his bark can keep
By night or day at rest;

He knows by Whom each breeze is given;
Each calm he feels comes fresh from
heaven:

And the thought of his God ever buoys
his breast;
Then should not the sailor's life be blest?

Merrily! merrily on we fly!

The sailor's life is dear!
There's not a cloud across the sky,
His throbbing heart is beating high,

For ah! his home is near!
And his eye glistens as he sees
His native vale, its cots and trees:
But the God of comfort dries the tear;
Then should not the sailor's life be dear?

Thus the sailor's life is gay and free,
And it is blest and dear;

Then should not he speed merrily
Along the deep and dark blue sea,
With nothing there to fear?

For with his Father at the helm,
No tempests can his bark o'erwhelm,
His sea is safe, his haven near,
For the sailor's life to his God is dear.

J. S. B. MONSELL.



Hardest Home; or, The Reapers' Song.

BY EMMA MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF "MRS. HAYCOCK'S CHRONICLES," "ROGER BECKENSALL'S STORY," "THE LOST JEWEL," ETC.



CHAPTER IV.

SIN AND ITS BITTER FRUITS.

MADE myself tidy as quickly as I could, and then ran down the three wide flights of stairs to the hall, which I have described. A door to the left stood open, and there in a room, half kitchen and half parlour, was a table spread for a meal, and a big-boned woman had just set down a large ham and a huge pie.

There seemed no chance of starving, and my three cousins—Robert, the one who had driven me from Cirencester; Charles; and another whom they called Paul, a mere child of twelve, with a mass of rough reddish hair and twinkling eyes—set themselves to eat in good earnest. Blanche did not appear, and there was not much talk. I was not hungry, but I was very thirsty, and the tea was refreshing.

Tea was in those days much dearer than now, for the duty had not been taken off, and I saw Barbara eyeing the teapot. When Paul said he should like some tea instead of cider, he was told to hold his tongue, for tea was only for those that were too fine to drink what other folks did.

I made my escape as soon as possible, and, beckoning Paul, asked him to show me the way to his mother's room.

"First door on the left," Charles called out. "Here, I'll show you."

I expected, as well I might, to find Blanche with her mother; but no, poor Aunt Bella was alone. Blanche had gone to spend an hour or two with some "friends" in the next village, Breame St. Denys.

"I suppose I can't expect a girl of that age to sit with a sick mother. She was brought up to expect something different. So was I, but I am a miserable woman. Now sit down, my dear, and tell me about Pamela, your mother, how does she look? and—oh dear! the pain!" Aunt Bella moaned.

"Before I sit down, I should like to put you comfortable," I said. "I brought you some medicine; have you had it?"

"No, there wasn't a glass. Blanche went to fetch one, and didn't come back. She is very pretty, isn't she, Cherry?"

The question provoked me. Pretty! Well, I said to myself, "pretty is that pretty does." I left the room in search of a glass, and with great difficulty found one. "I should like a jug of hot water," I said, turning to Charlie, "if you can let me have one."

Again Charlie befriended me, and carried the jug up for me.

"What do you think of mother?" he asked.

"I think she is very ill," I said.

"So do I," he replied; "and I tell you what, she is dying of neglect and a broken heart."

It would not answer my purpose to write here all the details of the next few hours or even days. Blanche returned to Cirencester. Barbara, indignant at receiving no wages, went off in a huff, and I was left with my sick aunt. It is strange that when we feel all depends on us, we have power to bear it—power we never suspected to be in us till the trial comes.

My poor aunt looked to me for everything, and made me the confidante of her many troubles in a way that is touching to me to think of even at this distance of time.

On the third day after my arrival at the Manor, the doctor came. He gave a start when he entered my aunt's room.

"Why," he said, "what fairy has been here? I should not know the place for the same!"

I had only cleared away the rubbish, cleaned the windows, scrubbed the floor—little bits at a time, and made the bed to which my aunt was confined as neat as I could. Her long hair was brushed and combed, and plaited tight under a nice white cap, and I had mended her night-gowns, so that she could have a proper change. The doctor signed to

me to follow him from the room, and said,—
 “You are a relation, I believe?”

“Yes, sir,” I answered; “my mother is Aunt Bella’s only sister. I came here to try and be of use to her, for she wrote my mother a letter which nearly broke her heart.”

“Well, look here,” said the doctor, “Mr. Denys is gone off deeply in debt; the sons are not much better than the father. And my advice to you is, to try to remove your aunt out of this house as soon as possible. There is a cottage in the next parish which belongs to me. I will let Mrs. Denys have it for a trifle; and you might move out a few things and leave the rest of the rubbish to young Denys. He will have it all seized for debt before long, and, to tell you the truth, it is the best thing, for he would only lead the two younger ones into mischief. Well, speak to your aunt about the cottage, and if she falls in with my plan, we will make arrangements. The daughter is still at the school at Cirencester, I suppose?” and Dr. Thornton shrugged his shoulders. “Poor child! brought up with ridiculous notions, and taught to think herself a fine lady. Mrs. Denys was, I believe, the daughter of a professional man?”

“My grandfather was a lawyer, sir, at Ladminster. My mother married my father, who is a linen-draper in the town, very soon after his death. Poor Aunt Bella went out as a governess, and fell in with Uncle Denys in one of her situations. My mother thought it was a good marriage.”

“Good! Denys never bore much of a character. He holds this place on a long lease from his father. It is all going to ruin. Well, I must be off. You must speak to your aunt, and let me know.”

When I returned to my aunt’s room, I heard loud angry voices—Robert’s voice and my aunt’s: the one loud, almost furious; the other high-pitched, till it was nearly a scream.

I collected myself, and had to be calm, asking God to help me; and then I saw Charlie coming up the stairs.

“He is at it again, I do believe. Go in, Cherry, and stop him.”

I opened the door, Charles saying,—“I will wait here. I only make him worse,”

and found Robert stamping his feet, and saying,—

“Give me the money! You’ve got the money. I know it’s under the bed. I’ll have it! Mocking and pretending to be ill, and buying yourself dainties!”

“Robert!” I said, advancing, as firmly as I could, “will you please leave your mother’s room?”

“Get out; what business have you canting here?”

“I am in charge of my aunt, Robert; and I tell you you must leave the room. You do not know what you are saying,” I said, looking at his heated, flushed face.

“I know well enough. I’ll have the money,” he said; “and I’ll shake her till she gives it to me.” And he made a dart at his sick mother.

Oh! I was frightened, so frightened, that though I could hardly raise my voice I was going to call Charles, when I remembered that Charles said he always made his brother worse. So I went up to Robert, and said,—

“Robert! wait till the evening, and I will speak to Aunt about the money. Look at her, Robert, your own mother. Look, how you have hurt her.” For my poor aunt was shivering and crying out in a way that was dreadful to see.

“She shouldn’t keep the money, then, and spend it on gew-gaws for that stuck-up girl of hers, and see her sons in such a plight. She has sent her husband off, and she wants to get rid of me. You skulking hypocrite,” he roared, as, turning, he caught sight of his brother standing by the half-open door, “I’ll teach you;” and, springing forward, he gave Charles a heavy blow, which sent him reeling back, striking his head against the corner of the wide staircase, where he lay insensible.

The noise brought up little Paul, and the only farm-servant on the premises, to see what was the matter. Paul screamed,—

“Bob has killed Charlie. Oh, Bob, you wicked Bob!”

Robert stood sobered and paralysed with terror. Charles lay motionless, a dark stream of blood coming from a cut in his temple, and Carter, the man, as he stooped down, said,—

“You’ve been and killed your brother, Mr.

Robert. I wouldn't be in your shoes for something, that I wouldn't."

Ah, I never, never can forget that scene. How little did my gentle mother, my good steadfast father, my brothers, think in what a position I was placed! How little could Pamela imagine it!

Sin, and death by sin—sin which is truly born of drink—what evil, what ruin it works! With a groan, such as I trust none of my children may ever hear burst from the lips of any fellow-creature, Robert Denys put his hand to his head, and fled.

CHAPTER V.

TRUST WITH PATIENCE.

I CAN hardly write of what happened during the next few hours.

I know Paul ran for Dr. Thornton, whose gig had been seen standing by Farmer Barter's gate, not half a mile down the road, as he came home from school. Carter's wife and several other village women came to offer help. I had to stay with poor Aunt Bella, who could not move from her bed, but who knew something dreadful had happened.

"If he is dead, Robert has killed him. And it will kill me too. Oh! Cherry, Cherry, pray God to help me."

I think this was the first time in my life that I had *felt* God to be near. What I mean is, I had lived in a quiet, well-ordered, religious household; but I had not felt for *myself* that there was One who was my Saviour from sin, and my refuge in the needful time of trouble.

I think, too, that my young heart by this great blow learned the life-long lesson of the exceeding sinfulness of sin.

This home, where this dreadful scene was enacted, what might it not have been! The voice of joy and health might have been heard within its walls, instead of the bitter weeping of the stricken mother, who refused to be comforted.

"He was in liquor," Carter said to me. "Mr. Robert wouldn't hurt a fly when he is sober. His temper was hot, and drink always just makes it at boiling heat. I don't believe as ever he'll speak again, poor boy."

Carter and his wife were leaning over the prostrate figure of Charles Denys; and I, through the open door, by my station from my aunt's bed, could see Anne Carter's tears falling, as she tried in vain to stem the stream of blood which flowed steadily and slowly from the deep cut.

I knew afterwards what seemed hours was, in reality, scarcely half an hour, when Dr. Thornton returned.

I heard him say, "Help me to carry him up to a bed."

And then my aunt's cries and hysterical screams and struggles became so great that I could scarcely hold her.

How I prayed, not in so many words, but in my heart of hearts, for the help of God, to keep me calm to do His will, and to do what was right. For I was an inexperienced girl, and I had always depended on Pamela to act in any emergency. When our mother's cap caught fire, it was Pamela who rushed instantly to put out the flame; though, I remember, I sat with her afterwards, and she said holding my hands quieted her nerves. When one of the boys cut his hand with a bit of glass, and Nancy screamed that he would bleed to death, it was Pamela who bound it up so tight below the cut, though for a minute it seemed as if it made the wound bleed all the more; but it was I that George asked to stay with him afterwards, and read to him till he was well enough to go to school again. In our house Pam was *first*, and I was always second. Now every one seemed to turn to me.

Well might I pray for the help of One who is mighty and able to help, as I have found all through my long life. And these are not mere words, but the experience of an old woman, who would fain persuade others to lean on the same staff which has never failed her.

Dr. Thornton came down to me in about a quarter of an hour. He spoke firmly and kindly to poor Aunt Bella, telling her that her son was living, and he might yet recover. Then he smoothed the pillows, and said, "She must be quiet." After giving her a sleeping draught, he said he must speak alone to me. Perfectly exhausted, Aunt Bella lay back, her cries subsiding into low moans,

"This is a serious affair," Dr. Thornton said, when we had left the room. "Was there any provocation?"

"None, sir; except that Charles stood by in case violence was used to his mother."

"Humph! it is a sad story from first to last. It is a hard thing for you, my girl, to be brought in for all this. Your parents did not know what you were coming to, I suppose?"

While Dr. Thornton was speaking, steps were heard approaching, and a grey-headed clergyman appeared, who, turning to the doctor, asked what had happened.

He had, as I afterwards learned, only very recently been presented to the living of Breame St. Bernard and Breame St. Denys, which in those days were served by one minister. He knew nothing of the people or the neighbourhood, and said to Dr. Thornton,—

"Is this a sister of the young man?"

"No; a cousin," Dr. Thornton replied. "Come up with me, sir, and look at the patient; and you too," he added. "Sleep will soon make your aunt forget her sorrows for a time. You may leave her safely."

I followed the two gentlemen upstairs, trembling. Mrs. Carter and another woman were standing by the bed where Charlie lay.

His eyes were open, and they were fixed on me, but he did not speak.

Mr. Massey, the clergyman, knelt down at once, and prayed. The others stood, but I fell on my knees by him. Ah, that prayer! it seemed to bring the Great Physician to the bed; and I could almost have thought He laid His hand on Charlie, for a strange look came over his face, and when the prayer was over, he said,—

"Cousin Cherry."

I went and bent over him.

"Do they know how it happened?"

"I—I know, and Carter, and Paul, and your poor mother."

"Don't tell any one else. *Don't.*"

For many days Charles lay between life and death. What days they were! I wrote to my mother, and told her of what had happened: and, to my great surprise, my letter was answered by my father in person.

It was a long journey for a man who was

behind his own counter, year in and year out, and I felt it showed how much he cared for me.

I threw myself into his arms in the big hall, crying like a child.

"I'm come to take you home, Cherry. This is no place for you. Mother and Pam made as big a mistake as ever they made in their lives when they sent you off to a den of wickedness like this."

"Oh! hush, father; little Paul will hear. It has been very dreadful; but come in, dear father, I'll get you some supper. You look tired out," I said.

"It's a long journey, child; and as to those railroads, they are enough to drive all the sense out of a man's head, whistling and screeching and flying along, till it makes one giddy to look out of the window. Those railroads will never answer, depend on it."

It may well provoke a smile now, to think of an opinion like this of my father's forty years ago—an opinion shared by many a good tradesman in humdrum country towns throughout England, who could not see that the great tide of progress had set in, and must carry all with it.

Well, my father stayed that day, and the next, and the next; and on the evening of the third, he told me to come out with him, as he wanted to talk to me.

"You must come home along with me to-morrow, Cherry. I can't leave you behind."

"Father," I replied, "please let me stay, at any rate till Charles is up and about again, and till my aunt is removed to the small house at Breame St. Denys. Let me stay!"

"Stuff and nonsense," said my father; "let her send for her own daughter to nurse her and look after her. She was always eaten up with her selfishness and vanity. No, no, Cherry; you must come along with me."

My heart was full; the thoughts of home were sweet: Frankie's joy at seeing me; the other boys' pleasure; above all, the thought of my mother's kiss. But if I went back, my mother was only half done. It would be cowardly to turn from it; and yet I must not disobey my father.

So we walked along silently, till we came to the next village. It was a glowing

September evening, and as we crossed a little bridge which spanned the stream, my father stopped, and looked this way and that, saying,—

"This is a pretty spot, Cherry."

Ah, it was pretty! So peaceful and quiet, as if the storms of sin and the strife of angry tongues could never reach Breame St. Denys.

The little Norman church was just behind us, with its small churchyard and rough headstones. Before us, on the other side of the river, the ground rose suddenly, and a tangled copse covered the hill-side, now showing all the varied hues of autumn. Beyond, in the valley, lay a field which had been late in being gathered in. But the last load was just being carried, and we heard the voices of the men and boys singing.

The river rippling below us, over its stones, seemed to answer the song, and I was lost in thought, when a voice near said,—

"Beg your pardon, miss; but I think you live at the Manor. Can you tell me if the young man there is better?"

"Yes, he is better," I replied; "we hope, with care, he will soon be well."

"That's good hearing, for we have been afraid his brother's blood would be upon young Bob Denys. Has aught been heard of him?"

"No," I said, "nothing."

"Ah, he's off to Australia by now, no doubt. Well, well, he was a nice-spoken young fellow, and free-handed; but then the old squire, as we call him, he was a bad father to them all. I am glad the young one is doing well, that I am. Good evening, sir!" This was addressed to my father. "A pretty scene, isn't it? That's a late crop yonder,

a very late crop; for, you see, there was a lot of rain fell at seed-time, and Farmer Cooper got his first sowing all but washed away; his fields lie so low, you see. But he is never one to give up, and he had patience, and he is carrying a very fair crop, that he is. There they go!" And as he spoke the wagon moved off out of the field, and the men and boys followed, singing and waving their handkerchiefs, tied on the long poles, and sweetly the reapers' song came up the valley. Farmer Cooper had suffered a loss, but did not lose heart; he had patience, and he sowed another crop, and there was a harvest after all.

The man who had spoken to me moved on, my father returning his "Good evening to you, sir," somewhat gruffly. Then we were left on the bridge together. The sun had nearly set now; but the low beams struck the windows of a cottage at the top of the village street, which went straggling up the hill in an irregular fashion. Two tired children, with their bundles hanging at their backs, passed us. Everything seemed tired and going to rest.

I drew near my father, and put my hand in his arm.

"Father, please let me stay with Aunt Bella till I have settled her in the little home in the village, and till I can feel that she will be taken care of. Mother wished me to do what I could for Aunt Bella."

"You've done enough as it is," my father said; "but if I go home without you, you give me your word to tell us exactly how things are; and if you want me, I'll come, or send one of the boys for you."

So it was settled, and the next morning my father left me, and went back to Lad minster.

(To be continued.)

The Heart that Trusts.

THE child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by its nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

The heart that trusts for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs.
Come good, or ill,
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will.

"Heart Cheer" in "The Fireside."

Our Church Portrait Gallery.



XXXIII. THE REV. DANIEL MOORE: XXXIV. THE REV. R. W. FORREST:
 XXXV. CANON DUCKWORTH: XXXVI. THE REV. R. P. BLAKENET.

THE Rev. Daniel Moore, M.A., is one of the most distinguished of the London clergy. He is a man of marked ability and learning, and equally gifted as an able and powerful preacher. He was educated at Cambridge, where he took an honourable place amongst the Senior Optimes in 1840. He had previously received the Norrisian prize for the best essay on a theological subject; and also gained the high distinction of Hulsean prizeman.

Mr. Moore's first Curacy was at St. Bride's, Fleet Street. His appointment to the Incumbency of Christ Church, Maida Hill, speedily followed. In 1844 he succeeded the gifted and eloquent Henry Melvill, at Camden Chapel, Camberwell, and in the same year was Select Preacher before the University of Cambridge. In 1856 he became for the second time the successor of Canon Melvill, as "Golden Lecturer," at St. Margaret's, Lothbury. In 1866 he became Vicar of Holy Trinity, Paddington, and in 1870 Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. He is also a Prebendary of St. Paul's. As a methodical organizer of parish work, he could scarcely be excelled.

Many volumes of Mr Moore's remarkably thoughtful sermons have been published; and his name has become a household word in many homes, on account of the use of his work on "Daily Devotion." Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Lombardi, Pall Mall.

The Rev. R. W. Forrest, D.D., Vicar of St. Jude's, South Kensington, was born at Mitchelstown, in the county of Cork. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. After labouring for five years in Cork, he was appointed Vicar of St. Andrew's, Liverpool. The deepest regret was expressed on all sides on his leaving Ireland, where his ministry was highly valued. In Liverpool he gained a marked influence over young

men, who largely attended his church and Bible classes. In 1865 he became Chaplain of the Lock Hospital, Paddington. On his appointment to St. Jude's, Kensington, he was most heartily welcomed. The church was, we believe, built for him by Mr. J. D. Allcroft, treasurer of Christ's Hospital, one of the most generous Churchmen in the metropolis. Dr. Forrest's sermons are practical, earnestly evangelical, and truly eloquent. He has considerable intellectual power, and his gifts eminently fit him for the important post which he fills so ably. In 1877 his University honoured him with the degree of D.D. Our portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Lock and Whitfield.

The Rev. Canon Duckworth, D.D., Vicar of St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace, is the second son of the late Robinson Duckworth, Esq., a Liverpool merchant. His early education was received at the Liverpool College and Liverpool Royal Institution, after which he was elected to a scholarship at University College, Oxford, where he took high honour.

He was ordained in 1858, and became an assistant master at Marlborough College, under Dr. Cotton. Two years later he obtained a Fellowship at Trinity College, Oxford, and early in 1866 became tutor to H. R. H. Prince Leopold. A year later he was appointed Governor to the Prince, and when he resigned his post, in 1870, he received several tokens of respect from members of the Royal Family.

About this time Mr. Duckworth was nominated to the charge of St Mark's, Hamilton Terrace, where he speedily secured the esteem of his congregation. Working Men's Clubs, Friendly Societies, Bible Classes, Lending Libraries, and Winter Classes, vigorously maintained, have given proof of his parochial activity.

In 1875 he was presented to a Canonry in Westminster Abbey. In the same year he accompanied H. R. H. the Prince of Wales on his tour through India. He preached

upon several occasions in India; and after a sermon at Lucknow, in aid of the Church Missionary Society, the largest collection ever received for the Society in that city, was made. It will be remembered that he was stricken by typhoid fever towards the close of the tour, and his life was despaired of for some time. He is a total abstainer, and well known as one of the ablest advocates in the ranks of the Church of England Temperance Society. His testimony in "*The Temperance Witness Box*" (London: *Home Words* Office) is given in the following terms:—

"At one time he believed in a general way that drink was a great curse; but it was never brought home to him fully until he came to *close quarters* with the souls of men. Then it was that he found the sin had grown to a colossal height, and that it was not to be dealt with as other sins; that it had grown out of all proportion to other sins; and that it must be made the subject of special attack." Our portrait is from a photograph by the Stereoscopic Company.

Canon R. P. Blakeney is a member of an old Norfolk family which settled in Ireland. He took honours at Dublin University, and was ordained in 1843 to the Curacy of St. Paul's, Nottingham. His public lectures on Romanism, and the issue of the "Nottingham Tracts," rendered great service, and he was appointed in 1844 to the Incumbency of Hyson Green, near Nottingham, whence, in

1852, he removed to Christ Church, Cloughton, near Birkenhead. Here for twenty-three years he laboured with unflagging zeal. His winter lecture classes, in Liverpool and Birkenhead, were attended by thousands of persons, and exercised a most important educational influence, in diffusing Bible, Reformation truth.

In 1874 he became Vicar of Bridlington, Yorkshire. Before leaving Cloughton, he was presented with a silver salver and a purse of £500 by his attached flock, "as a token of deep respect and high esteem." In 1875 the Archbishop of York appointed him Rural Dean. The noble church of Bridlington has since been restored, at an outlay of about £20,000; and both as a preacher and a pastor, Dr. Blakeney's ministry is most highly valued.

It should be added, that Dr. Blakeney has distinguished himself as the author of several most important works. His treatise on "The History and Interpretation of the Book of Common Prayer," is a monument of learning and research. Soon after its publication, the University of Edinburgh conferred on him the degree of D.D. His "Protestant Catechism" has passed through no less than seventy editions of one thousand copies each. It is admirably adapted for school use. Another manual (a larger work) has reached the seventeenth edition. Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. G. V. Yates, Sheffield.

President Garfield:—A Mother's Prayers.

IN early life, President Garfield left home and got work as driver to a canal-boat. His mother's mind was set upon his becoming a scholar. He had several narrow escapes from drowning, and at length resolved to "go home, get education, and be a man."

"He acted on this sudden resolution (says his American biographer), and not long afterwards stood in front of the little cottage in the depths of the Ohio wilderness. It was late at night; the stars were out, and the moon was down; but by the firelight that came through the window he saw his mother

kneeling before an open Book which lay on a chair in the corner. Her eyes were off the page, looking up to the Invisible. 'Oh, turn unto me,' she was saying, 'and have mercy upon me! Give Thy strength unto Thy servant, and save the son of Thine handmaid.' More she said in the language of prayer, but this is all the boy remembered. He opened the door, put his arm around her neck and his head upon her bosom, and there by her side devoted to God the life which God had given. So the mother's prayer was answered. So sprang up the seed which in toil and tears she had planted."



THE REV. DANIEL MOORE, M.A.,
CHAPLAIN IN ORDINARY TO THE QUEEN.



THE REV. R. W. FORREST, D.D.,
VICAR OF ST. JUDE'S, SOUTH KENSINGTON.



THE REV. CANON DUCKWORTH, D.D.,
VICAR OF ST. MARK'S, HAMILTON TERRACE.



THE REV. R. P. BLAKENEY, D.D., LL.D.,
VICAR OF BRIDLINGTON, YORKSHIRE.

(Drawn from Photographs, by T. C. SCOTT: Engraved by R. & E. TAYLOR.)

OUR CHURCH PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Lessons from the Book.

IX. HOW TO KEEP SUNDAY.

BY THE REV. J. E. SAMPSON, VICAR OF ST. THOMAS', YORK.

(Continued from Page 206.)



SUNDAY is most especially *a day for Home*. See that the light and warmth of the Sabbath sun shines there. Let your children feel that there is rest and re-

ligion in the house. The fourth is especially a family Commandment; it speaks of thy son, thy daughter, thy servant. You may make Sunday a happy as well as a holy day, even in a family of young children. You need not always be talking to them about God and the things of God. Chat with them and laugh with them in their own childish way. There is nothing contrary to Sabbath holiness in this. Only have no boisterous games, no toys or tops out on Sunday. So you will teach even the very little ones that God has put a difference between this Day and other days.

Instead of their week-day toys, have one or two good picture books. You will not need many, for children never tire of looking over and over again at the same pictures. Take in one or two good magazines for Sunday reading. Teach them a text or a hymn. Tell them a Bible story. What child was ever tired of Joseph and his brethren, or Daniel, or Samuel? When they are old enough, let them get their Bibles and read a chapter verse by verse round the table. Children always like that. Ask them about what they have learned at school, and what was the text at Church. If they can sing, have them round the fire with their hymn books; and as you sit with them singing the songs of Zion, if you and your wife are not happy all I can say is—you don't deserve to be.

It is a pleasant way of spending an hour

indoors on Sunday to go through the alphabet with texts. Father starts with a text beginning with A. Mother follows with B. Then the children in their turn go on with C, D, E, and so on until Z is reached. Or take anything you see, a tree, a house, or water, or bread, and try how many texts you can all remember in which the thing is mentioned. It will beget in you a habit of thinking of Scripture texts. All things around you will remind you of some holy word of God, and your mind will so get into the habit of calling up texts that they will come up without calling, just when they are needed, to comfort you in your troubles, and to guide you in your difficulties.

Let your children say the Catechism to you, and the older ones might very profitably commit to memory the Articles, and the books of the Bible, the names of the Patriarchs and Judges, and Kings of Israel and Judah, and of the Apostles. Make the Bible the basis of everything. Show them how to make the references, and how to find their places in the Prayer-Book. Only in giving your children something to learn on Sunday, do not make it irksome. In these days of education they have generally more to do at school and for school than they can well get through, and you must not overtax their brains on Sunday.

A quiet walk, husband and wife together, before or after service is always refreshing. Only let your conversation be as becometh the Gospel of Christ. Then as Jesus walked with the favoured two, and their hearts burned within them as He talked with them by the way, so will He draw near to you and make His presence felt in your hearts.

Let all books and papers that have to do with work and the world be put out of sight. Never let a newspaper be seen in your house on a Sunday. Never let your Sunday be a day for writing letters, or looking over accounts, or discussing politics, or buying and selling, or talking about business and markets, and profits and prices. Never use it as a day for pleasuring trips abroad, or baking cakes at home. Try to let Sunday be a consecrated day. "Turn away thy foot from (trampling on) the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and honour Him, not doing thine own ways, or finding thine own pleasure, or speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord."

Can you devote an hour on Sunday to do some work for God beyond your own house? Perhaps help is wanted in your Sunday-school. Or you might take a tract district, or visit two or three sick or aged people to read the Word and to pray. Or a few tracts given, or kind words spoken to those who give no heed to the Lord of the Day, might by God's blessing be use-

ful. But never sacrifice real home duties for this. We do most good by being good.

Hold fast your Sundays. Resist by all lawful means the efforts which are made to secularize the Lord's Day. "The Lord blessed the Sabbath Day and hallowed it." If museums and exhibitions were opened, places of amusement would soon follow. In Paris, shops and theatres are open everywhere, and the day is a day of vain amusement to the rich, and of hard toil and weariness to the poor. God forbid that it should ever be so in this land. Our English Sunday is one of our greatest blessings. Hold it fast.

It is said that drunkenness is our great national vice. I believe that the strong current of intemperance which hurries its victims to destruction, most frequently takes its rise in broken Sabbaths. Parents, if you would guard your children from this moral pestilence, make Sunday in your house, and in your heart also, a holy day, and a happy day. Remember Sir Matthew Hale's golden maxim:—

A Sabbath well spent brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of to-morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned, whatever be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

WAYSIDE CHIMES.

BY THE REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, M.A., VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, HAMPSTEAD.

X. ETERNAL LIFE.

"That Eternal Life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us."—1 John 1. 2.



LIFE, life, eternal life;
My spirit craves to know
Its calm amid the feverish strife
Of shadows here below.

The world with all its bloom,
Its laughter and its song,
Throws garlands only on the tomb:
It cannot last for long.

Life, life, it is not found
In depths of human lore,
And science with fresh laurels crowned
Is faint with thirst for more.

"For ever"—who shall climb
The height that scans that sea?
Or gaze, unblenched, from passing time
On dread eternity?

O Jesus, Thou alone
The living Fountain art,
A well of rapture all its own
Within the contrite heart.

My Saviour, let me drink
Of Thee, until I stand
Beside the crystal river's brink
In Heaven, my Fatherland.



THE STORY OF THE MONTH.



In October the year seems to begin to fade away; but there is beauty still in Nature.

"Autumn hath winning power to please,
When in clear sun and gentle breeze
The leaves look golden on the trees."

And another poet sings of—

"Beauty still in all the landscape blending—
The beauty born of faith, and hope, and rest:
As in a saintly life when near the ending,
When all its strife and labour has been blest."

October, the eighth month in the Roman calendar, is in old pictures represented as a man sowing corn; also as a person clothed in a mantle, coloured like decaying leaves, and bearing a basket of chestnuts.

The ripened berries—the hip or fruit of the wild rose; the haw, that of the hawthorn; the blackberry, that of the bramble; the sloe, that of the blackthorn—enrich the hedgerows, affording a plentiful supply of food to the now departing feathered tribes; and by the remarkable care of Providence, they appear to be most abundant when the season is of greatest severity.

The farmer sows winter corn in October; or if the weather be too wet, he ploughs the stubble-fields for winter fallows. Acorns are also sown at this time, and forest and fruit trees are planted.

There is thus a looking forward in the season of decay to fresh vegetation, and ever new tokens of Divine wisdom and love. The dispersal of seeds especially is a wonderful provision of the Creator. Plants have gone through the stages of flowering and seeding; and now the seeds, by various means—sometimes by the autumnal gales, sometimes by attaching themselves to passing animals, sometimes in berries on which the birds feed, discharging the seeds without injury—are scattered widely to produce in due season a more abundant harvest. Nature thus speaks to the humble Christian of better and brighter things in store, in the Paradise above:—

"Where everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."

Seasons of darkness and distress may overtake him; yet, waiting on the Lord, he shall "renew his strength," and to the winter of this world shall succeed the ever-blooming spirit of immortality.

"The harvest time is past. But there remaineth
The well-stored treasure-house—the hidden seed
That dead leaves help to nourish, which containeth
The germ and promise of true life indeed."

Ada Cambridge.

C. A. H. B.



FIRST STEPS.

[See Page 232.]

First Steps.



O you've found your feet at last,
Merry little one!

'Tis a long and weary path
You have just begun.

Now the gold of morning shines
Thro' your skies so blue,
And the blossoms wait your tread
Fresh with early dew.

Now a father's guiding hand
Leads you on your way,
And a mother's watchful love
Guards you night and day.

By-and-by the little feet
Rougher paths must tread,

When the morning gold is dim
And the roses dead.

Will you battle for the right,
With a purpose strong?
And your feet, in spite of thorns,
Bravely press along?

None can tell what life may bring,
Little child, to thee;
But the Father's tender love
Cares for thee and me.

We can trust His sleepless eye
Though our sight be dim,
Safe in any path we tread,
If we walk with Him.

ANON.

"They Say;" or, The Tongue of Calumny.



"'Tis slander whose tongue outvenoms all the worms of the Nile;
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the earth." *—SHAKESPEARE.

HERE is a Latin saying, which may be rendered in plain English—"Only throw plenty of mud; some of it is sure to stick." There are certain unknown and untraceable personages in the world who are called by the simple cognomen "They"; but these mysterious personages do an immense deal of mischief. *They say*—there is the evil; but who these mysterious personages "They" are, no one can ascertain. *They say* "that Mr. A. is a drunkard;" *They say* "that Mr. B. is insolvent;" *They say* "that Mrs. G. has left her husband and children, and gone off with another man." And so all sorts of false reports are set on foot and propagated from one to another with "They say."

A certain poor man had a bitter enemy, who, to gratify his malice and hatred, set about a variety of calumnious reports concerning the said poor man, who took them so much to heart that he fell into a severe

illness and was in danger of his life. The calumniator heard of this, and was struck with remorse. He, therefore, determined to visit him and ask his forgiveness. He found him, as had been represented, dangerously ill. After having expressed his sorrow and repentance he earnestly begged for forgiveness.

"Well," said the sick man, "as a Christian, I cannot refuse to forgive you; but as a proof of the sincerity of your repentance, I require that you shall fulfil two tasks which I will prescribe to you."

"What are they?" asked the calumniator; "if it be at all possible to accomplish them I will not fail to do so."

"Well, then," replied the sick man, "the first is, that you shall take this pillow with you to the top of the church tower, and there open it and shake out all the feathers it contains to the winds."

"That," replied the other, "is very easy; I will at once fulfil the request." Accordingly, he proceeded to the church tower, and

* That is, carries its lies into all corners of the earth.

having shaken out all the feathers, soon returned with the empty pillow-case.

"Now," said the sick man, "go and gather up again all the feathers that were in the pillow."

"That," replied the calumniator, "is impossible. The wind has carried most of them far away, and has dispersed them in every direction. No man living can accomplish such a task."

"Well," said the sick man, "you see what you have done by your calumnious reports concerning me. You set a machine in motion which you had no power to stop. Your calum-

nies have gone from mouth to mouth, and, like the dispersed feathers, have been carried far and near, and scattered in all directions. I forgive you, as I have before said; but let me exhort you never again to set in movement a power of evil which you will afterwards find it totally out of your own power to control."

Perhaps if individuals, before they propagate calumnious reports by beginning with "They say," would reflect a little on what they are doing, they would abstain from so giving the football of slander an additional onward kick.

A PASTOR.

Glimpses of China.

BY THE REV. A. E. MOULE, B.D., MISSIONARY OF THE C.M.S. AT NINGPO AND HANGCHOW;
AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF HEAVEN AND HOME."

V.

A CHINESE CHRISTIAN.



T the close of a long day spent in wayside preaching, I proposed to my Chinese assistants to press on into a large market town in front of us, for one more proclamation of the Gospel before nightfall.

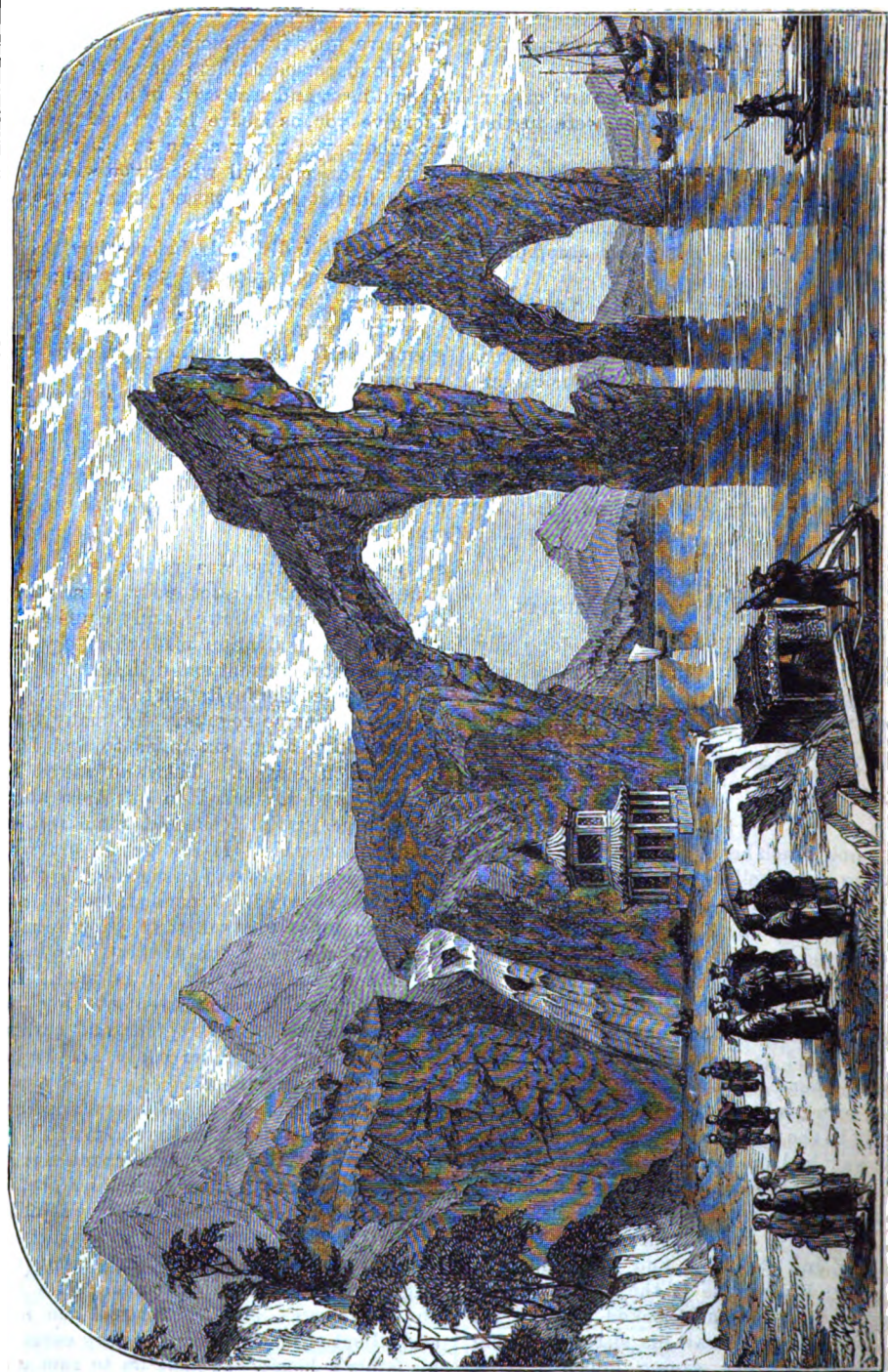
"Why not preach *here*?" the catechists replied, pointing to a small hamlet of about one hundred souls, which we were passing; "is not every creature to hear the good news?" "Be it so," I said; and we entered the courtyard.

Bamboo chairs were placed at once for us to sit upon; and the women ran indoors to prepare tea for our refreshment. I began to converse, and as I spoke an old deaf man brought a chair, and placing it close in front of me, with his hand up to his ear, he listened eagerly to the strange message. Presently a hand was laid on my shoulder, and looking up I saw an old woman standing behind me. "Give it to him well," she said; "that's my brother, and a bad brother he is to me, swearing, and shouting, and quarrelling all day long; his tongue is the plague of our village." The old man looked up, and his eye twinkled as he saw his sister, knowing well what she was saying. The blessed

story of the Cross was related to the old man, and as point after point struck him, conviction of sin followed, and then the glad news of free salvation made him clap his hands in astonishment and delight.

He accepted the invitation to attend Divine service, and came regularly for many Sundays, walking about six miles to and from the Mission station. Then he asked for baptism, and we asked in our turn about his tongue. "Oh!" the old man replied, "*that* is incurable. It has grown old with me; and it is too late to change *that*." "But it *must* be changed," I replied, "or at any rate you must give proof of your earnest desire to change." "I will try," he said; but for a while it was all in vain. His sister reported no improvement; and so, though he continued a regular and earnest Christian worshipper, he could not be accepted as a catechumen.

One day, however, the old man appeared radiant with smiles. "I have done it," he exclaimed. "Will you not baptize me now?" He had a younger son, an undutiful lad, and one who had taken a strong prejudice against foreigners, and who was therefore enraged at the idea of his father joining the foreigners' religion. This son had set a hen on twelve eggs, and had placed her nest and all out of doors under the deep eaves of his father's house. It came on to rain and



CHINESE VIEW ON THE TAI-HOO, OR GREAT LAKE, NEAR NANKIN.

blow; and the old man took the basket indoors. Presently father and son sat down to dinner; and when they had done, the father returned thanks and rose up from his chair. "What should I do," he said (relating the story to me), "but step back right into the nest, and break half the eggs. Didn't my son's tongue go? Didn't he storm and swear? And time was, sir, when my tongue would have beaten his; but I didn't move it. I felt that it was my fault, however unintentionally; I knew that it would do no good to get angry; I prayed for God's help; and I didn't move my tongue."

sistent example. He was confirmed and admitted to the Lord's Supper to his great joy. Of his own accord, and without a hint from any friend, he burnt a cross into his wrist, so that he might remember the love of the Crucified. He attended an aggregate meeting of all the Christians connected with the different missions in Ningpo, and was lifted several steps nearer to heaven, (as he told me) by the thought that there were so many as four hundred Christians in the world! A strange revelation to him who was alone in his native village, and formed a member of a congregation of only twelve.



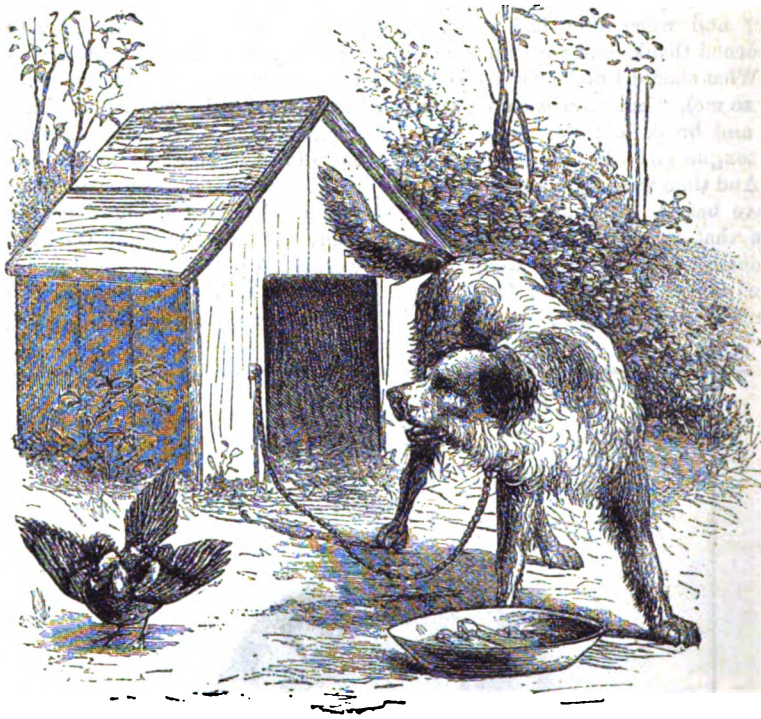
STEPHEN DZING: A Chinese Christian Teacher.

(From a Photograph by the Rev. T. S. FLEMING.)

"Enough," I replied, "that will do. God help you by His Holy Spirit's grace to go on conquering and to conquer."

The day for his baptism was fixed; and he received the name *Simeon*. The old man grew in grace. Sixty years he had spent in darkness. Two years were passed in growing light, and then the perfect day burst upon him. Those two years were full of earnest work for God; seeking to bring others to Christ, and stirring up even the old Christians by his fervent and con-

Then he fell ill and died; a peaceful courageous death. Bidding his elder son follow the same path, and trust in the only Saviour if he would meet his old father in heaven, "he gave commandment concerning his bones." No Buddhist priest was to be called in, no incantations, no tinsel paper burnt. He died, and the Catechist who came to tell me burst into tears, with almost the very words of the Bible on his lips—"A prince and a great man is fallen to-day."



Fables for YOU.

BY ELEANOR B. PROSSER.

XV. TEMPTATION TESTS HONESTY.

"M ashamed of you, Mag—you needn't pretend to look another way—I saw your eye on my dinner. You're a born thief. It's time you began to lead a respectable life like mine; and if it weren't for this tiresome chain I'd teach you a lesson you wouldn't forget in a hurry."

"Exactly so, sir," said Mag; "but you see, if it hadn't been for that 'tiresome chain,' as you are pleased to call it, I wouldn't have made so bold as to come

near you. And perhaps, sir, you'll excuse me if I venture to remind you that gentlemen like you, who have their dinner found for them regularly, and plenty of it, haven't the same temptation to thieve that we poor waifs and strays have. It's very easy for you to call me hard names; but wait till you're as hungry as I am, with no chance of a meal but what you pick up by hook or by crook, and then see how your morality would hold out."

XVI. FLOWERS AS WELL AS FRUIT.

"WELL, I'm thankful to say I'm of some service in the world," said a wild raspberry that grew near the edge of a



small plantation; "not like those useless rose brambles, that go trailing all over the hedges and trying to attract everybody's notice with their great white blossoms. It's all very well to talk about perfume, but I wonder which is the most useful, flowers or fruit?"

"Each in its turn, friend," whispered a delicate pink blossom from the hedgerow.

"Well, I'm determined I'll never waste my strength in that sort of nonsense, but save it all to put into my fruit."

"I think you're mistaken, friend," whispered the same voice. "I don't waste my strength by using some of it now to give pleasure to the passing wayfarer; and I don't fancy the birds—who have many a winter's meal off my fruit, remember, as well as yours—will find it any the less sweet because they have tasted some of its fragrance beforehand."

XVII. TWO LESSONS IN ONE.

"Oh dear!" sighed a young sparrow as he perched for a moment on a slender twig, to trim his ruffled feathers and rest his weary little wings, "how terribly rough the wind is: I wish I were safe in the nest under my mother's wing."

"Cheer up, my boy," cried a robin who was picking up some seeds in the garden just below; "you'll be better when you've rested and had some dinner. There's plenty here for us both, if you'll come down."

"Thank you," said the sparrow in a melancholy tone, "but I can hardly fly at all in this wind; how I wish I'd listened to my mother's advice, and not come so far from home."

"Ah! you're not the first young sparrow

that has wished that, depend upon it; and if this wind has done you no other good, you owe it something for teaching you that lesson; and remember too, for your comfort, that roughly as it handled you when you were trying to fly *against* it, if you will only let it do its work, it will blow you straight home."

XVIII. "MORE THAN ONE WAY."

"How long have you been here?" asked a fresh-looking young poplar that grew in a hedgerow, of a spreading oak not far off.

"I don't exactly know," said the oak, "somewhere about a hundred years, I suppose."

"A hundred years! and no taller than that. Why, I was only planted last spring twelvemonth, and I am nearly as tall as you now."

"Yes, I think you are," said the oak.

"You must have wasted a lot of time," said the poplar.

"That depends on what our time is given us for."

"Well, I suppose there's no doubt it's given us for growing," said the poplar as she bent her head to the evening breeze, and scornfully fluttered her pale green leaves.

"True, friend; but you seem to forget that there is more than one way of growing, as you would soon find if you came to measure my trunk round and compare it with yours. If a banner pole were wanted, they might take you, though I doubt it: for from the way you are bending now, I question if you could stand in a gale of wind; but if they were looking for timber for a man-of-war, I know pretty well which of us would be chosen."



Anecdotes of Illustrious Abstainers.

COMPILED BY FREDERICK SHERLOCK, AUTHOR OF "ILLUSTRIOUS ABSTAINERS."



XIII. HUBERT HERKOMER,
A.R.A.

R. Herkomer's testimony on the Temperance question is brief and emphatic. In a note received from him by the compiler a few months ago the celebrated artist remarks:—

"It is no credit to me for being an abstainer. The credit is due to my father, who gave up smoking, drinking intoxicating drinks, and eating meat at the same time, about twenty years ago; and as I was only ten years old then, I naturally grew into my father's habits (I now eat meat, however). The blessings of that reform have come down upon my children."

XIV. CHARLES WATERTON.

In 1863, Mr. Charles Waterton, the well-known naturalist and traveller, wrote to Dr. Higginbottom, a Nottingham physician:—

"I am now fourscore and one year and three months old: and I can stand upon the upper branches of a tree, or upon the top of a high wall without fear of falling. I rise every morning, winter and summer, at half-past three o'clock. I do not even know the taste of wine, nor of any spirituous liquor: sixty-seven years have now passed over my head since I drank a glass of beer: and I have passed twenty years off and on in the pestilential swamps of the tropics."

XV. SIR WILLIAM KING-HALL, K.O.B.

ADMIRAL Sir William King-Hall, K.C.B., has for many years taken an active interest in Temperance work. His reason for so doing is best stated in his own words:—

"I see and feel that there is a vast amount of crime, ruin, and punishment, misery in families, wife-beating, and desertion of children arising from *drink*: and on the other hand a great amount of happiness, health, and contentment for those who abstain; and if I in my humble endeavours can assist in

reducing the former and adding to the latter, I feel it to be a privilege, an honour, and a duty to do it, and believe that God will approve and bless all those who for His sake work in this cause."

XVI. "STONEWALL" JACKSON.

It is related of the famous General "Stonewall" Jackson, that upon one occasion, when very much exhausted, he was asked by a brother officer to join him in a glass of brandy-and-water. "No," said he; "I never use it: *I am more afraid of it than of Yankee bullets!*"

XVII. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

In Carpenter's "Six Months at the White House," an interesting account is given of Lincoln's reception of the deputation that waited upon him, to request his acceptance of the nomination to the Presidency.

"After this ceremony had passed, Mr. Lincoln remarked to the company that, as an appropriate conclusion to an interview so important and interesting as that which had just transpired, he supposed good manners would require that he should treat the committee with something to drink; and opening a door that led into a room in the rear, he called out 'Mary! Mary!' A girl responded to the call, to whom Mr. Lincoln spoke a few words in an undertone, and, closing the door, returned to converse with his guests. In a few minutes the maiden entered, bearing a large waiter, containing several glass tumblers and a large pitcher in the midst, and placed it upon the centre table. Mr. Lincoln arose, and gravely addressing the company, said:—'Gentlemen, we must pledge our mutual healths in the most healthy beverage which God has given to man; it is the only beverage I have ever used or allowed in my family, and I cannot conscientiously depart from it on the present occasion; it is pure Adam's ale from the spring.' And, taking a tumbler, he raised it to his lips, and pledged them his highest respects in a cup of cold water. Of course, all his guests were constrained to admire his consistency, and to join in his example."

The Young Folks' Page.

XXXIV. LITTLE THINGS.



BOY accidentally threw over a lamp in a stable. The blazing paraffin ran among the straw: the place was on fire in an instant. Up shot the flames above the wooden roof; they were caught by the stormy wind, then hurried from building to building; the very air became red hot; and in one night a great city—the Corinth of our times—was well-nigh destroyed. And there, in those five square miles of the smoking ruins of Chicago, the world may learn “how great a matter a little fire kindleth.” Yes, we never know what may come of one least word or least act.

XXXV. THE CAVILLER ANSWERED.

A roos man was returning from his church one Sunday afternoon. As he walked slowly along the road, he was overtaken by a quick-walking, gentlemanly-dressed young man, who spoke to him as he came up.

“So,” he said, “you’ve been to the church yonder, my good man, have you?”

“Yes, sir,” said the old man, resting on his stick, and looking his questioner in the face.

“And what have you been there for?”

“To worship God,” was the quiet reply.

“Now, can you tell me, for I am anxious to know,” said the infidel, “how big or how little God is?”

“Yes, sir,” answered the old man, “yes, sir. He’s so big, that the heaven of heavens cannot contain Him; and He’s so little, that He can enter and live in my heart.”

XXXVI. THE TWO VOICES.

THE Holy Spirit says: “Be kind, be generous, be unselfish; if you are not treated well, return good for evil; try to set a good example; never say an angry word, or an untruthful word, or an impure word.” But another spirit—an evil spirit, Satan—is always prompting you, “Don’t go out of your way; he never helped you. Why be kind to her?—she is never very kind to you. Why give it away?—keep it for yourself. Don’t bear that,—say something cutting back; be angry, and he’ll be frightened and not dare to meddle with your things again!”

I heard of a boy once who found himself in a room where many beautiful ripe pears were spread out to keep. Satan said in his heart, Take one—they are not counted;

look how good they are, and just one out of so many cannot matter; no one will know—no one sees you. But something told the boy to run out of the room at once, and so he did. God “delivered him from the evil one.” He was afraid, he said; for though no one was there, he should have seen himself steal, and God would have seen it too.—THE DEAN OF DENVER, COLORADO.

XXXVII. SONG FOR THE BOYS.

Strive to learn, strive to learn,
Time is marching on, boys;
Summer days will pass away,
Youth will soon be gone, boys.
Seize the moments as they fly,
Make the most of time, boys;
Onward! onward! be your cry,
Bravely labour till you die.

Persevere, persevere,
In the path of truth, boys;
Labour hard to store your minds
In the days of youth, boys.
There are spirits great and true,
Join the noble band, boys;
Let not trifles conquer you,
Ever keep the goal in view.

XXXVIII. WHY WE ARE TEMPTED.

SUPPOSE I made a very wonderful steam engine, and put it into a ship, to make it into a steam packet. It is all beautifully made, and complete, and I want to “try” whether it is all good; whether the machinery is right, and works well. Where should I send it, into a smooth sea, or a rough sea? Should I send it “up the rapids”—up the river—against the stream, to see whether it would go up? I should.

So God does with you. He furnishes you with everything you want,—then puts you up “the rapids,” sends you on the rough water,—just to “try” you, to see what you are made of.

In eastern lands swords are made of such fine steel, that men can almost bend them double without breaking them. In order to “try” them, when they are being made, men bend them, to see if they can be relied upon. So God “tries” you—to see what you are made of. In this way, then, it is a good thing to be “tempted.” Even Jesus was “tempted.” Luther said, “Prayer and temptations make the Christian.”—THE REV. J. VAUGHAN.

The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. WAS Pharaoh drowned when his army perished in the Red Sea?
2. How is Jerusalem last described in Scripture to show her evil and corrupt condition?
3. What two men, while in the very act of speaking, received a message from heaven, the one in judgment, and the other in grace?
4. Who says that it is a matter of rejoicing to be tempted?
5. Who was killed by God for listening to a lie instead of adhering to His word?
6. Show from one verse of the Bible that the human nature of Christ was without sin.
7. What is the only word in Scripture which we find

each of the Persons of the Trinity directly recorded as saying?

8. Is there any case in the Bible to show that mere conscientiousness does not, of itself, please God?
9. What animals gave proof of God’s overruling power by acting contrary to their natural instinct?
10. What two things were the Jews forbidden to do during the night?

ANSWERS (See SER. No., p. 215).

- I. Luke ii. 36. II. Luke xxiii. 43. III. Matt. ix. 6; Acts ix. 34. IV. Luke xxii. 11, 12. V. Gen. xxiii. 16. VI. 1 Pet. i. 2. VII. Heb. xi. 20. VIII. 2 Kings xii. 9. IX. Josh. x. 14. X. Micah v. 2.

LIGHT
FAITH
GRACE
HOPE

JOY
PEACE
LOVE

LIFE

FRUITFUL IN EVERY GOOD WORK.

Herein
is my Father glorified,
John xv. 8.

That ye
bear much fruit.
John xv. 8.

1	S	Without Me ye can do nothing. John xv. 5.
2	S	18th S. after Trinity. To do good . . . forget not.
3	M	With such sacrifices God is well pleased. Heb. xiii. 16.
4	Tu	The Lord recompense thy work. Ruth ii. 12.
5	W	Establish Thou the work of our hands. Ps. xc. 17.
6	Th	That women adorn themselves . . . with good works.
7	F	Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants. Ps. xc. 16.
8	S	The Lord shall bless all the work of thine hand.

9	S	17th S. after Trinity. Prepare thy work. Prov.
10	M	Consider the work of God. Eccles. vii. 13. [xxiv. 27.
11	Tu	There is no work in the grave. Eccles. ix. 10. [17.
12	W	The work of righteousness shall be peace. Isa. xxxii.
13	Th	Abounding in the work of the Lord. 1 Cor. xv. 58.
14	F	Prepared unto every good work. 2 Tim. ii. 21.
15	S	Be ye doers of the Word. Jas. i. 22.

16 S 18th S. after Trinity. Ambassadors for Christ.

Do
ALL IN THE
NAME OF THE LORD

Be ye
doers of the word.
Jas. i. 22.

Col. iii. 17.

Faith
without works is dead.
Jas. ii. 26.

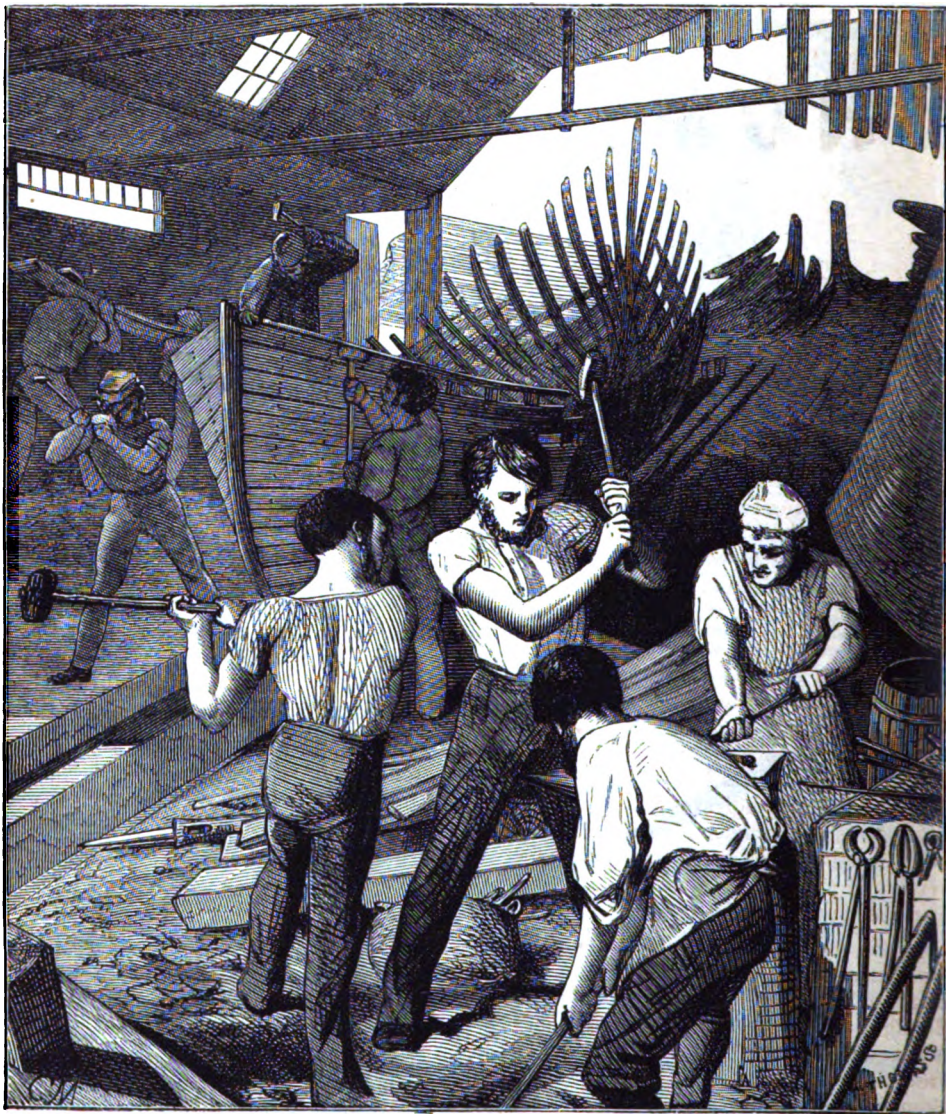
17	M	Workers together with God. 2 Cor. vi. 1.
18	Tu	St. LUKE. He hath built us a synagogue. Luke vii. 5.
19	W	He knoweth their works. Job xxiv. 25.
20	Th	He considereth all their works. Ps. xxxiii. 15.
21	F	I made me great works. Eccles. ii. 4.
22	S	Let her own works praise her. Prov. xxxi. 31.
23	S	19th S. aft. Trinity. God saw their works. Jonah
24	M	Full of good works. Acts ix. 36. [iii. 10.

25	Tu	The night cometh, when no man can work. Jn. ix. 4.
26	W	Be careful to maintain good works. Titus iii. 8.
27	Th	Their works do follow them. Rev. xiv. 13.
28	F	St. SIMON AND St. JUNE. Let him shew out . . . his
		[works with meekness. Jas. iii. 13.
29	S	Let us cast off the works of darkness. Rom. xiii. 12.
30	S	20th S. after Trinity. God is able.
31	M	Your labour is not in vain in the Lord. 1 Cor. xv. 58.

LET sunshine of Thy grace increase
The fruit of love, and joy, and peace;
With purple bloom of gentleness,
That most of all our home may bless;

While faith and goodness meet
In ruby ripeness, rich and sweet,
May these in me be found,
And ever to Thy praise abound.—F. R. H.

Mission Power.—"Ah, what a mission power to the world would be exerted if the Word of the Gospel were 'received' by all who name the Name of Christ, 'with joy of the Holy Ghost!' As with the Thessalonians, the Word of the Lord, so received, would 'sound out' from us to others with such convincing testimony that the preachers of the Word might again say with Paul, 'We need not to speak anything!' (1 Thess. i. 8.) Mightily indeed would 'the Word of the Lord' grow and prevail, if thus the voice of the living Church of true believers sustained, and almost rendered needless, other testimony. (Jer. xxxi. 34.)"—The Forgotten Truth.



BUILDING THE LIFEBOAT.

"Work then with heart and might,
Fit every joint aright;
Let all be deftly done,
Our work's a noble one.

Swing, then, the hammer swing,
Deep-chested voices ring:
Work and pray, work and sing,
God speed our Lifeboat.

(See Page 244.)



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

"God Speed our Lifeboat."

BY J. GODDARD.



MEASURE the planks to a hair-
breadth line,
Swing the hammer and drive the
nail :

Deftly fix each spar in its place :

Eye nor hand must in cunning fail.

Fit every joint aright,

Fasten the rowlocks tight :

Shape we the bows, that light

Cleave they the storm-waves.

Work ! every nail we drive

Is worth a human life ;

Work ! every spar shall strive

'Gainst yawning sea-graves.

Stout arms the hammer swing,

Deep-chested voices ring,

Work and pray, work and sing ;

God speed our toiling.

Over the waves our boat shall bound,

Swift as a bird upon the wing,

Eager as darts the unleashed hound,

Straight as an arrow from the string.

Manned by a sturdy crew,

Iron-sinewed men and true,

Stout hearts that brave anew

Dangers, unswerving :

Yet men of mortal clay,

Men whose strong hearts obey

Impulse of gentler sway,

To great deeds nerving :

Men whose firm faith shall rise

Higher than stormy skies,

Catch glints of Paradise

Through the dense cloud-rifts :
Men in whose ears shall ring
Words that the wild waves fling,
Words that the angels sing,
Clear whilst the storm drifts :—
" Fear not the raging deep,
Fear not the winds that sweep ;
Mine is the power to keep
All men in safety."

Swing the hammer and drive the nail,
Every stroke doth a blessing bear ;
Plant the sternpost and shape the keel,
Build up the gunwale and ribs with care.
Toil on, toil on for despairing souls ;
Eyes straining through the tempest-strife,
Tongues that are dumb with speechless
fear

Shall wake through your working to hope.
—to life.

Many a mother glad
Joy-weeping o'er her lad ;
Many a sailor bold
Rescued from death's dark hold ;
Many a wife and child,
Fear-stricken, anguish wild,
Saved from their grief have smiled,
Loved ones caressing ;
And in the prayers they raise
Gratitude, blent with praise,
Lingers like sunlight rays
For us a blessing.

Swing the hammer and drive the nail !
Spread the life-lines, our boat shall ride,

Manned by a tried and trusty crew,
 Over the seething tide.
 Through giant waves they plough:
 On! on! God help them now!
 Right through the breakers steer:
 Courage! for help is near!
 Out rings an answering cheer
 Over the ocean.
 Hope's banner flutters free
 Over the wreck at sea,
 Over the souls that be
 Saved from the yawning grave,

Since He who rules the wave
 Hath over death at sea
 Given man the Victory

Work then with heart and might,
 Fit every joint aright;
 Let all be deftly done,
 Our work's a noble one.
 Swing, then, the hammer swing,
 Deep-chested voices ring:
 Work and pray, work and sing,
 God speed our Lifeboat.

Hardest Home; or, The Reapers' Song.

BY EMMA MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF "MRS. HAYCOCK'S CHRONICLES;" "ROGER BECKENSALL'S STORY;" "THE LOST JEWEL;" ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LIGHT ON THE HILL.



Y slow degrees Charles
 struggled back to life.
 He was very patient, and
 said but little: never re-
 ferring to the cause of
 his illness: never men-
 tioning his brother's
 name.

I read twice a day to him from God's Word, and I can fancy I see now the eager hungry way he listened. For the Bible was a new book to my cousin, and his ignorance of things which every child in our village schools knows now-a-days was surprising. But, ah, the Bible was new; so I think the words came with great power and freshness. I remember how depressing it was to go from poor Charles to my aunt. She had known much; but the good seed seemed choked, and truly in time of tribulation it seemed to have withered quite away.

As soon as Charles could be safely moved, we were to go to the cottage in Breame St. Denys, which Dr. Thornton had offered. The first time I went to look at it, I found it was the very cottage at the top of the hill, the last cottage of the straggling irregular street, the windows of which had caught the bright light of the setting sun on that evening when I had stood by my father on the bridge. I took this for a good sign, and the

words came into my mind: "Let your light so shine."

All my long life I have noticed that words from God's Book come suddenly at times to our heart like a message: we hardly know why, or what brings them there. I think they are as a whisper of God the Holy Spirit, who, we know, cometh and goeth like the wind, as He listeth. Over and over again have these whispers helped me on my way.

It was no easy matter to uproot Aunt Bella. She clung to the large old Manor, even in its decay and desolation, and disliked the notion of going to live in a cottage. However, the thing was settled for her. The articles of the house and what was left of farm and dairy utensils were seized by the creditors. So was the horse and gig which Robert had driven to meet me at Cirencester. So, in short, was everything. Dr. Thornton, Mr. Massey, and some other kind neighbours, bought in a few articles of furniture, and Carter took them up to the cottage, while his wife was kind and helpful.

These people were faithful to their poor mistress, and did not desert her in her distress. I was up at the cottage all one afternoon, trying to give it a home-like appearance, and contriving and planning, with Anne Carter's assistance.

"Now, we must get her here to-morrow," I said, as I looked round the bedroom: "but to get her here is the difficulty. I must tell her to-night it is all arranged, and Dr. Thorn-

ton will come in a close carriage, and take her to her new home in the twilight of the following evening."

"Poor lady!" said Anne Carter, "my heart does ache for her. For, you know, miss, I saw her all dressed so smart at the christenings of the first children, and holding her head so high. But there, it has been going on from bad to worse ever since little Paul was born; and as to Miss Blanche, *she* has been brought up to think of nothing nor nobody but herself. The way she has been dressed up and sent to the boarding school, and money found for that—that's been the sore place with Mr. Robert. He always thought his mamma had got some money hid away, and that this money bought his sister smart dresses and trinkets; but there, I don't know."

These words of Anne Carter set me thinking, and I certainly did remember a little leather-covered box which Aunt Bella kept under her pillow, and never let me touch when I made the bed.

Was it that box which Robert had been hoping to get hold of on that dreadful day? and had he reason for believing his mother secreted money there? It seemed so unlikely; for where could Aunt Bella get it from, or who gave it to her? Still, Anne Carter's words had a significance for me; and as I ran down the hill in the twilight of the October evening, they made me feel uncomfortable.

At the bottom of the village, I paused. There were two ways to Breame St. Bernard: one lay through the copse which skirted the hill-side, and across the fields; the other over the bridge and past Breame St. Denys' church and rectory, and round by the road. I had left Anne Carter in charge for the night at the cottage, and, looking back, I saw she had lighted the candle, and it was twinkling like a star through the lattice window.

Again I thought of the light that must not be hid under a bushel, and I hoped and prayed there might be some shining in our lives who were to live in the cottage on the hill.

It was getting late, and I thought I would take the path by the copse, and go across the fields. The dark figures of the cattle stood

up in the meadows, the dew was falling, and a thin white mist rising from the little rapid Breame.

I was getting quite a country girl now, and had employed the village shoemaker to make me a pair of stout, strong boots, such as one could hardly meet with in a town.

As I went quickly through the fields, I did not heed the damp; and pausing to climb an awkward stile which would let me down into the road, I thought I heard a sound near me under the high hedge. "A cow or a sheep, perhaps," I thought; and then there was a rustling. I was never a nervous person; but that rustling made my heart beat—why, I could hardly tell. I gave a hurried glance round, and felt almost sure I saw a man crouching close to the stile. I gave a spring from the upper ledge, and reached the ground in safety. Such a jump it was! I wonder I did not break my leg.

I ran as quickly as I could along the road, and never slackened till I saw the light in the blacksmith's forge in our village glowing, and heard Paul's voice from the steps of the old Manor.

"Come, Charity, how late you are! I've had the kettle boiling ever so long, and mother is wondering why you don't come. Charles has got a surprise for you. Look!"

"Oh, Charles," I exclaimed; for the poor fellow had dragged himself down from the bedroom he had never left since that dreadful day when Dr. Thornton had carried him there.

His pale face, and lines round the large eyes, his shrunk figure, all were indeed a contrast to the rosy, laughing Charles who had seemed to me on my arrival the only bright thing in the old Manor.

"I've got a start out of you," he said, "Cousin Cherry. I *must* get well. I must help you. I must work."

Tears were in his eyes, and I could hardly answer cheerfully,—

"All in good time, Charles. There is no hurry." Then I ran up to my aunt's room, whom I found complaining of the noise below, which was caused by the removal of the goods. And then I told her what was decided—that we were all to go to the cottage the next day. It was very cruel, she said, to turn out a poor

sick woman, and she could not see why every one plotted and schemed to do it!

To reason with Aunt Bella was always a waste of breath. One could soothe her and humour her; and I did pity her. She had never seen Charles since that awful day; and though she asked how he was, both of the doctor and me, she did not show any desire to see him.

I helped Charlie upstairs at nine o'clock, and Paul went to his little bed on the floor quite cheerfully, soon after. My bed was gone also, and I was thinking of sleeping on an old sofa in my aunt's room. Before the boys went I read the Psalms, and they were for the seventh evening of the month—the 37th Psalm. Ah! how wonderful is the teaching and the wisdom of the Psalms. It was when I was at Breame St. Bernard that I first began to read them regularly; for being young and unaccustomed to reading, it was pleasant to have the particular portion put down for every day. The 37th Psalm was another of those messages I have spoken of.

"Fret not thyself because of the ungodly, neither be thou envious against the evil doers. Put thou thy trust in the Lord, and be doing good; dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

It seemed just what I wanted; for we were certainly at a low ebb; and though my dear father had left me some money, do what I would we were living on credit at the butcher's and baker's, though the kindness of people about was very great. When the boys were gone upstairs, I went to my aunt's room, and she told me to take from under the bed a box.

"Nobody ever opens that box but me," she said. "If your uncle had known of it,—well, you saw what Robert did; he would have been worse if he had been angry."

"I don't see any box," I said, placing the candle on the floor, and peeping under the bed. "Besides, Aunt Bella, I have swept and cleaned under here dozens of times."

"There's a square place in one of the boards," Aunt Bella said, "with a little knob like a nail. You press that hard, and you will see it lifts up."

The boards were of old oak, and very wide. I mean every plank was wider than the common floors of deal. I felt for the knob, and

pressed it, when it flew up: and then, by the light of the candle, I saw a small tin box shining.

"Have you got it?" Aunt Bella asked eagerly. "No one but Blanche has known of it. I kept money there to dress her like a lady, as she is, and to pay for her schooling at first. Give it to me;" and with a hungry glitter in her eyes, Aunt Bella took it from my hand. "I'll put it under my pillow to-night. Don't tell any one—don't, Charity."

"If there is money in that box," I said, half frightened at my own boldness, "I don't think you should take so much from charity. Dr. Thornton has been so kind, and so has Mr. Massey. Dear Aunt Bella, if you have any money, let it pay Mr. Carne, the butcher, and Mr. Smith, the baker. You know we owe them a deal of money, and——"

"A deal of money! As if I could pay that! Blanche must have a winter dress and cloak, and——"

"Oh, Aunt Bella!" I said, "Blanche has no right to these things; she ought to work for them." Then poor Aunt Bella went off into one of her fits of crying.

"Oh, I see you are tired of me. Go home, then, and I'll send for Blanche to look after me. I wonder I ever asked Pamela for help, that I do! I am a miserable woman, set fast in my legs, racked with pain, and worse than a widow, broken-hearted."

I had heard this, alas! very often; and I was getting used to it. But, as I said, pity for Aunt Bella, memory of my mother's old love for her, and desire to do something to help, was very strong. I told her I hoped to see her comfortable in the cottage on the hill before I left her and went home; and then I went down to make her a cup of arrowroot.

Anne Carter had kindly slept in the Manor since Charles's illness, but to-night she was keeping guard at the cottage, and I was alone in the house with my two cousins and my aunt.

I went down and raked together the ashes of the fire, set on the kettle to boil the water, and then sat down to think. They say "a watched pot never boils," and it certainly seemed so now. But I forgot the kettle and everything else in the sense of loneliness which came over me. Somehow, a picture of

home rose before me, and I could see Frankie jumping about,—the dear boisterous fellow we all spoiled,—then the elder boys, and Pamela, setting us all to right, but so clever and ready with hand as well as head. Then my mother and father, one on each side of the fire on a winter's evening,—my mother knitting, my father with his newspaper; and Nancy coming in with the supper tray. Home love, home brightness, and this desolate kitchen! I looked round at a slight noise, and I saw a man quite close to me—my Cousin Robert!

CHAPTER VII.

HOPE.

I DID not scream or cry out; I did not speak. I was, as it were, turned into stone. Robert was so changed, a mere shadow of his old self. I don't think any one would have known him for the same man. He laid his hand on my arm, and spoke in a hoarse whisper,—

"He is alive, then? I have been hidden in the wood-house. I followed you home. I was lying under the hedge as you passed by. But he is alive? Oh, Charity!" and he shuddered convulsively, "I have been nearly mad all these weeks, thinking he was dead and I had killed him. Can't you speak to me?" he said. "I heard you reading just now. I wish you'd pray for me, Cherry."

"Oh, Robert!" I said, "you must pray for yourself. Oh, Robert! Cousin Robert! do pray for yourself. God will hear."

"I am such a wretch," he said. "I don't think there is any hope for me. Even you turn from me; you hate me!"

"No, Robert," I said; "you have been very kind to me; so has Charlie, so has every one here. But do give up drinking; make that a first step."

"I will try," he said. "I am near starving, and I don't know where to turn for money. My mother has a store; she hid it away when some old things were sold a few years ago. If I had some money, I would leave the country. Can you get it for me out of my mother, can you? Say it is for yourself, or for Charlie, or——"

"I will tell no lies," I said. "I shall tell the truth."

"Then she will never let me have it," he said gloomily. "Then I must go to destruction. You know, Charity," he went on almost fiercely, "if I choose I can go and get the money by force; you can't stop me."

"Yes," I said faintly; "that is quite true, Robert. I cannot stop you, but God can; and I shall ask Him to change your heart, and make you loving and kind." So then and there I knelt down, and in a trembling, faltering voice said a short prayer; and my Cousin Robert, flinging himself on his knees, his arms resting on the table, said, "Amen."

I rose silently, and went on making the arrowroot. I poured a cup out, and put it by his side, with some bread, and then I said,—

"I am going to take some arrowroot to your mother; I will come back in ten minutes." Robert made no sign of hearing what I said, and I left him. I made no remark to my aunt. I gave her her supper, put her bed comfortable, and said, "Good-night."

"Come to bed soon, dear," she said. "You look worn out, and as pale as a ghost."

Well I might; but a voice seemed to say, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; and put thy trust in Him." I kissed my aunt, and then went softly to the room where I kept my box. My father's gift to me was there, and Mr. Abel's sovereign in a leather purse—six pounds in all. I took four, and put away the rest, and then I went back to the kitchen.

"Robert," I said, "here is some money. If you can get to Bristol, you may find a ship there to take you to America. Take the money, Robert."

He raised his head, and I saw he had been crying.

"How did you get it from her?"

"I did not get it from your mother at all," I said; "it is mine—yours now. Take it, Robert, and some day let me hear that you are well and, I hope, happy."

He tried to speak, but tears choked him.

"Eat the arrowroot and the bread, Robert, before you go," I said; "it will do you good."

He swallowed the arrowroot, put the bread in his pocket, and turned to leave me.

"Let me hear from you, Robert; and when

it is good news, I will tell your poor mother about you."

"She won't care; but, Charity, I should like you to tell Charles and Paul to take warning by me, and do their best to gain an honest living. You see, we have all been brought up to think ourselves above the common; and that, maybe, has helped me to sink below it. Tell Charles I beg him to forgive me, and that much as he has suffered from that blow I gave him, he can't have suffered torments like mine all these weeks."

Then Robert took both my hands in his, and kissed them, saying,—

"If ever I come to any good, it will be your doing. Good-bye!"

The next moment I was alone in the dreary, desolate house, the wind moaning in the wide chimney, the last ember of the fire dying out, all outward things dreary and sad enough. But in my heart was a hope that I had, by God's grace, sown a tiny seed, and that I might live to see the fruit of it.

The next day all was trouble and confusion; but we got over the removal to the cottage far better than I expected. So it often happens that the mountains of difficulty often turn out to be mole-hills, when we are determined to meet them bravely.

Friends were not wanting to me, and both Dr. Thornton and the rector rendered substantial aid. Charles recovered health and strength: and about Christmas-time Mr. Hoskyns, a very prosperous farmer, lost his only son, who had looked over his farm for him, and been his right hand. Charles was, at Mr. Massey's recommendation, taken on, with a small wage to begin with, to fill the place; and though Farmer Hoskyns said he was somewhat afraid of "the Denys lot," he was too much bowed down with grief to refuse any chance of help in his business; and before Charles had been at the Home Farm three months, his value had been tested, and the poor bereaved father said he had been very fortunate in securing his services. He still lived with us, and he and I had many happy evenings, reading and working. We got into the habit of doing this in Aunt Bella's room, and I persuaded her to try to knit a little, to pass the weary time, and to employ her hands, though she could not use her legs.

I got her up every day now, and though she was as helpless as a child below her waist her health was the better for the change from bed. She would take fits of weeping and lamenting over the lost Manor House, now standing empty and desolate. She would mourn a little over her husband, and wonder if she should ever hear from him again. But Robert's name she never mentioned. Charles and I alone knew of his visit to the Manor on that night in November.

A deep scar on Charlie's forehead told the tale of that dreadful scene months before, and that scar Charles will take to his grave. He had always been cheerful and good-tempered, but now every good and pleasant thing in him seemed deepened. He had never touched any drink since the day of his accident, and seemed to shrink from it with loathing. Paul was sent to a school, as weekly boarder, at Cirencester, which was kept by a brother of Dr. Thornton's, who consented to receive him almost free of cost; and what expense there was, our good doctor met.

I have happy memories of the spring that followed that dreary winter. I had never seen a country spring before, and I was like a child amongst the flowers.

The whole course of the little Breame is marked by a profusion of wild flowers, and I used to gather basketsful every day, and make the house gay and bright. At Easter Blanche wrote to say she was coming home for a holiday, and she arrived one lovely April evening. She was smarter than ever, and seemed to me strangely unfeeling and unconcerned.

There is nothing like selfishness for hardening the heart. She complained of the low ceilings of our rooms, of the little diamond-pane windows, of everything about us.

"Take yourself off, then," Charles said one evening. "I am sure no one wants you." I looked at Charlie, for Aunt Bella began to cry, and said he was rough and unfeeling.

"I am sure," she faltered, in her querulous voice, "it's a treat to see her; she looks so nice and lady-like."

Charlie could not bear this. He got up, and pushed back his chair, saying,—

"It's easy to be lady-like, when other people

do the hard work for her. Why should Charity cook, and wash, and bake, and she sit up dressed like a peacock?"

"Nonsense, Charles," I said, trying to laugh. "I cook, and wash, and bake, because I like it; it is no merit. Then Anne Carter does all the rough work, you know."

"I know," he began, and then he stopped; and soon after, I heard him whistling as he went down the hill to the village. I thought it a good time to put in a word about myself, however; and I told Aunt Bella that my father wished me to go home in the summer, and perhaps Blanche could take my place for a time.

"Dear me! you want to leave me!" Aunt Bella cried. "Oh! very well; it is very heartless, I must say."

"As to taking your place, Cherry, I may as well say at once, I can't; besides," Blanche said, with a toss of her head, "by the summer I shall be most likely otherwise engaged."

"If my father and my mother wish to see me, I must go to Ladminster," I said; "and I hope you will think better of leaving your

mother, helpless as she is, without any one to look after her."

"That's as it may be," was the reply; "and, anyhow, it's no business of yours."

Poor Blanche! she stayed ten days, and then returned to the Miss Longs, at Cirencester. Six weeks after that, Aunt Bella had a letter from her, written on pink paper, and signed Blanche De Montfleurs. She had married the Frenchman who taught dancing at the school, whom Miss Long, in a letter to Aunt Bella, described as an adventurer, and she feared that the poor girl had taken a very rash step! This was poor comfort to the distracted mother.

For Blanche she had been ready to sacrifice everything, fondly hoping that she would do a good thing in the matrimonial way, and marry a real gentleman. Oh! it was a bitter pill for Aunt Bella to swallow, and I pitied her from my heart.

But from this time I think she really loved me more than she had ever done before, and I had not the heart to leave her, so I put off my visit to my old home for another year.

(To be continued.)

WAYSIDE CHIMES.

BY THE REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, M.A., VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, HAMPSTEAD.

XI. "PEACE, BE STILL."

"He arose and rebuked the wind, and said to the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm." "They found the man, out of whom the devils were departed, sitting at the feet of Jesus."—*St. Matt.* viii. 23-26; *St. Mark* iv. 35-v. 20; *St. Luke* viii. 22-40.



HE sun was set, the night was wild,
Rough winds o'er sullen waters swept;
But calmly as a tired child
Jesus slept.

"Save us, we perish; save us, Lord."
He rose, and only breathed His will:
The winds and waters knew His word—
"Peace, be still."

Ah! wilder than the wildest waves,
Dark passions, surging up from hell,
Within the breast of Satan's slaves
Rage and swell.

He spoke, and at His accents sweet
Demoniacs trembled, sore afraid,
And soon, as learners at His feet
Knelt and pray'd.

O Master of creation's realm,
O Lord of human hearts Divine,
When rugged tempests overwhelm
Me and mine;

Come then to me, my Saviour, come;
Bid Thou the stormy tumult cease,
And whisper through the troubled
gloom—
Peace, Thy peace.



Old Oscar, the Faithful Dog.

OUR readers will not have forgotten the touching and graphic story of "Old Oscar, the Faithful Dog,"* one of the nobility of the dog creation, which appeared in *Home Words* in 1880. In various forms Old Oscar's life has been reproduced to the number of nearly half a million copies, a rare circulation for any book of modern date. It is as justly popular as "Rat and his Friends." The same minute acquaintance is exhibited with the habits and instincts of dogs, and the same interest is shown on their behalf.

We are glad to see that this beautiful prose-poem, for such it is, is now published as an art volume for Christmas presentation with illustrations after original sketches by

Landseer, Wilkie, and Weir, in the possession of the author, Mr. H. G. Reid of Middlesbrough. We are courteously permitted to give two of the illustrations, and although they cannot be produced so effectively as on the plate paper of the volume, they will, we are sure, be highly appreciated. Mr. Reid truly observes:—

"The nature of the dog has its higher developments: unchanging fidelity, depth of insight, and bravery in the moment of danger. What will he not do for a friend? What has he not done even for a hard master?"

We can hardly imagine it to be possible for any reader of "Old Oscar" to be "a hard master;" but the circulation of this exquisite edition of his noble life cannot fail to win for his race a truer appreciation and a wider and more practical interest.

Holy Scripture.



HAVE a garden fair,
With Heavenly breezes
fanned,
To which each morning I
repair—

It is my Lord's command—
To gather fruits and blossoms sweet
Before the busy world I meet.

I have a fountain pure,
At which I love to drink
Morn after morn for health and cure,
And sit upon the brink
To catch its murmurs, soft and low,
Ere to the noisy world I go.

I have a faithful Friend
Accustomed to advise,
With whom some time each day I spend,
That I may be made wise
To find and keep the only way
That issues in eternal day.

I have an armoury bright,
With shield and helm hung round,
Where duly as the morning light—
The Spirit's sword is found;
By which I overcome the foe
That harasses the way I go.

I have a mirror keen,
Which shows me all I am;
When lo! behind me there is seen
One like a dying Lamb;
And as I view His imaged Face,
My sins are lost in shining grace.

O send Thy Spirit, Lord,
And make me wholly Thine;
That I may love Thy precious Word,
And feel its power Divine,
And walk on calmly in its light,
Till faith is lost in glorious sight.

RICHARD WILTON, M.A.
Londesborough Rectory.

* "Old Oscar, the Faithful Dog." By H. G. Reid, author of "Art Studies from Landseer." An Art Illustrated Edition. Richly bound. Price 5s. London: Home Words Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.



"A friend, the trusted son of his worthy master."



"Lingering in meditative tenderness, with mother and child by the humble cot."

OLD OSCAR, THE FAITHFUL DOG.



“Job Trinder: ‘Home Words’ for Christmas.”

OUR Christmas Supplemental Number is now an established institution. It proves such a welcome guest, and the circulation is so large, that we are under the necessity of issuing it with the November “Home Words,”

in order to get a sufficient number printed in time.

This year the Number contains, in addition to other Christmas reading, a new *Christmas Story*, by the Rev. P. B. POWER, M.A., the Author of “*The Oiled Feather*.” The title is “*JOB TRINDER: How Job did something to somebody, and got somebody to do something to him.*”

If we are not mistaken, this Christmas Tale will be as popular as “*The Oiled Feather*” itself, and

do a world of good in helping to make “Happy Christmas everywhere.”

The price, with the November Magazine, is *Two pence*: but further single copies, price *One Penny* each, can be ordered from the Booksellers.

To save disappointment in the supply, the Publishers have arranged to send with the November Magazines a proportionate number both to the Clergy who localize “*Home Words*,” and also to the Trade. Copies unsold, if any, will not be charged, but should be returned as early as possible before Christmas Day.

The Number will be a suitable “Christmas Box” for the guests at Parish Gatherings, Robin Dinners, etc. In quantities it can be supplied direct for 6s. per 100. Address: The Manager, “*Home Words*” Office, 1, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C.

“The Church Standard:”

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL AND REVIEW.



OUR Readers will notice that in order to give greater prominence to the News Department of “*Hand and Heart*,” its title has been changed to “*THE CHURCH STANDARD*.” In every respect the principles advocated remain unchanged. It is published every Friday, price 1d.

At the same time we do not intend to part from our “old Friend,” which will in future appear as a Monthly Supplementary Number under the title of “*HAND AND HEART: A Family, Social, and Temperance Journal*.” It will supply reading for the Home on topics of general interest, with a summary of the month's news. The First Number will be ready at all Booksellers, on Friday, Nov. 4th, price 1d.

In taking this “step forward” it would be impossible for us to express too strongly our sense of gratitude to God for what has been done in the past. The establishment of a cheap Newspaper, of the highest class, literary and artistic, involves effort, outlay, and expenditure, which only experience can calculate; but an issue of *Hand and Heart* during the past six years of about 12,000,000 copies, sufficiently indicates the high position the Journal has attained. Its circulation includes members of all classes. Literally, we may say it has its place in the Queen's palace, is read by Bishops of our Church and by members of the Legislature, as well as by the wide circle of those

who take a general interest in Christian and philanthropic work.

The past, however, ought only to stimulate further progress. As the *Record* remarked, the other day:—“Next to the pulpit, the Press commands more power than any other agency over the souls and destinies of men in countries like Great Britain: and the counteraction of the notorious evils of the day must mainly be effected through the medium of wholesome literature of a high order.” But when we remember that there are twelve thousand parishes in our land, and that an average circulation of even fifty copies in each would represent a total of 600,000 copies weekly, we do indeed see there is room for “a step forward.”

The mission is a glorious one. As a negative consideration, the Press is more influential than the police, and it costs the public nothing. Prevention is better than cure. How can we complain of the advance of Bradlaughism if we do not use the Press ourselves? In the words of Bishop Thorold, “To deplore the evil and do nothing is but the silly whimpering of a feeble and dishonest sentimentalism.” But then there is the positive as well as the negative gain. Let high-toned principles of thought and action prevail, and the happiness of society and the true exaltation of the nation follows.

We ask our readers, one and all, to do what they can to aid the increasing circulation of “*THE CHURCH STANDARD*.”

The Rev. Hugh Stowell, M.A.

(See Portrait, Page 255.)



N open Bible and a preached Gospel, are England's shield and England's lock of strength." So said Hugh Stowell, in one of those massive and magnificent speeches, which, in bygone years, gave him such immense influence for good throughout the length and breadth of the land. "Truly," said Dean McNeile, in his funeral sermon, "he was a genuine successor of our best Reformers. His soul beat in full harmony with Hooper, and Latimer, and Cranmer, and Bradford; he was one of the noblest spirits we had in this realm of England."

Hugh Stowell was a genuine Protestant; and therefore, *because* as a Protestant he regarded Romanism as the very essence of intolerance, he was truly tolerant, truly Catholic, truly Christian. "A commanding sense of duty to my country, my faith, and my God, constrained me," he said on one occasion, "to make Protestant truth the polestar of my public conduct;" but he added, with fervid enthusiasm:—"Love the Romanists; pray for them, feel for them, show them kindness, and show them that you love them, though you hate Popery. Emphatically, let all your doings be done in a right spirit—in a spirit of prayer."

As a pastor and preacher he was equally beloved and revered. His sermons were practical, pointed, and experimental; and he was, to a remarkable extent, considering the public claims on him, a house-going parson. Dr. Prince Lee (Bishop of Manchester) said of him, "He could testify from personal knowledge to the fact that every corner in his parish had been covered, and every house had been cared for by himself and his curates." He was also essentially a family man. He loved his home, and

delighted to unbend to the so-called "little things" of daily life, which have so much to do with home happiness. Alike in his public and private bearing the combination of gentleness with power, humility with dignity, kindness with firmness, has rarely been more winningly presented. The true "dignity of childhood" which the Divine Master so markedly recognised both by His example and teaching, was faithfully reflected in his noble and generous bearing.

Canon Stowell was born at Douglas in the Isle of Man, in 1799; he was educated at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, and ordained in 1823 by Dr. Ryder, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, to the curacy of Shepscombe. In 1824 he removed to Trinity Church, Huddersfield, but was soon after invited to take charge of St. Stephen's, Salford. In 1831 Christ Church was built for him; and here for thirty-four years he ministered to his attached congregation. During the first twenty-one years of his ministry, the communicants increased from 180 to between five and six hundred. In 1846 he received a present of £1,500 from the congregation, and in 1860 a second presentation was made of a silver salver and £5,000. His characteristic liberality to others made it necessary that the givers in the latter case should make this "only condition"—that the sum "should be applied for the benefit of Mr. Stowell and his family as he might think fit." Mr. Stowell himself demurred to accept the sum of money for personal purposes.

In 1845 he was made an honorary Canon of Chester, and in 1851 Bishop Lee appointed him as one of his chaplains, and afterwards Rural Dean of Eccles. He was the author of a volume of poems, entitled,

"The Pleasures of Religion." The exquisite hymn beginning—

"From every stormy wind that blows,"

was written by him. He also published several volumes of sermons, including one on "Nehemiah, a Model Man of Business."

Canon Stowell died on Sunday, October 8th, 1865. In the volume from which we gather this sketch* a touching account of his closing hours is given by his son, the present Rector of Christ Church. He dwells especially on his love and delight in prayer, his deep humility and most entire self-distrust, and his simple and firm trust in his Saviour. "When near the end, during his waking moments, he frequently exclaimed: 'Very much peace;' and several times: 'No fear,' 'Abundance of joy.' Another and remarkable expression was: 'Oh the comfort and the support of the society of Jesus!'"

"The morning of his death, the only articulate words that we could catch, uttered two or three hours before his decease, were 'Amen! Amen!'"

"His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven by prayer."

"At one o'clock in the afternoon, on God's blessed Day of Rest, without a struggle, and without the shadow of pain crossing his peaceful countenance, he entered into rest, the 'sabbath-keeping that remaineth for the people of God' (Heb. iv. 9).

"I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them" (Rev. xiv. 13).

"May God give us grace to follow him as he followed Christ." THE EDITOR.

Our Church Portrait Gallery.



XXXVII. THE LATE CANON HUGH STOWELL: XXXVIII. CANON T. ALFRED STOWELL: XXXIX. THE REV. T. HOWARD GILL: XL. THE REV. JOSEPH NUNN.

MEMORATIVE services which are being held in Manchester in connection with Christ Church, Salford, the scene for so many years of the devoted labours of the late Canon Hugh Stowell, will add special interest to our Portrait Gallery this month.

A brief sketch of Canon Stowell's life, as one who has entered into rest, is given in another paper.† In the fullest sense it may be said, his gifted son, the Rev. Thomas Alfred Stowell, now rector of Christ Church and Honorary Canon of Manchester, exhibits his father's spirit, and walks in his steps. He was born in 1831, and was educated at the Manchester Grammar School and at Queen's College,

Oxford, where he graduated in double honours in 1855. He was ordained by the Bishop of Ripon in 1857 to the curacy of Calverley in Yorkshire. He held the sole charge of Bolton, near Bradford, for three years, and was then nominated the first incumbent of St. Stephen's, Bowling. This post he held until the death of his father in 1865, when he was appointed as his successor at Christ Church. In 1876 he was appointed Rural Dean of Salford, and in 1879 Honorary Canon of Manchester.

Mr. Stowell manifestly inherits the remarkable energy of character and capacity for work which distinguished his father. He is also an admirable organizer. He works heartily and unsparingly himself, but he is able to stimulate others to work also, and to direct and guide the workers to the accomplishment of the desired ends in view.

* "Hugh Stowell: A Life and its Lessons." Price 2s. 6d. (London: Home Words Office). † See Page 253.



THE LATE CANON HUGH STOWELL.



CANON T. ALFRED STOWELL.



**THE REV. T. HOWARD GILL, M.A.,
RECTOR OF WHALLEY-RANGE.**



**THE REV. JOSEPH NUNN, M.A.,
RECTOR OF ST. THOMAS'S, ARDWICK.**

(Drawn from Photographs, by T. C. SCOTT: Engraved by R. & E. TAYLOR.)

OUR CHURCH PORTRAIT GALLERY.

He is thus the central motive power of parochial administration. Methodical arrangements prevail everywhere: no one department seems to remain neglected. The aim is to have a place for everything and everything in its place—the secret of successful work in all cases. In his preaching, his visits, his classes, his schools, the various Societies with which he co-operates, and in discharging the duties of his rural deanery, his motto clearly is to give his whole mind to the work in hand, and to see that it is the right work for the time given to it. As a preacher he is always thoroughly prepared. Earnestly persuasive, thoughtful, and sympathetic in commending Evangelical truth, he adapts his teaching to all classes, arrests attention, and carries the convictions of his hearers with him in his conclusions.

It should be added that Mr. Stowell has taken a very active part in educational work. He has been instrumental in building three schools in Yorkshire, and establishing two additional day-schools in his present parish. The scholars attending his schools are on Sundays between eighteen and nineteen hundred, and on week-days nearly sixteen hundred. For eleven years he was honorary secretary of the Manchester Diocesan Board of Education. He has also taken an active part as one of the Honorary Secretaries in the Sunday Closing movement. One of the ablest and most powerfully written papers on this subject appeared in *The Churchman* for September.

Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. J. White, Salford.

The Rev. Thomas Howard Gill, M.A., is the son of the late Rev. W. Gill, who was for fifty years Vicar of Malew, Isle of Man, and nephew of the late Canon Hugh Stowell. He was born in 1836. He graduated in Mathematical honours at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1859, and was ordained in the same year to the curacy of Malew.

In 1863 he was appointed to the church of St. Mark, Isle of Man, where he thoroughly restored the church and parsonage. In 1865 he was appointed rector of St. Jude's, one of the largest and poorest parishes in Manchester. During the three years he was there

the church was rebuilt on another site, the parish divided, and the building of the church of St. James-the-Less commenced. In 1868 Mr. Gill was nominated by the trustees to the important rectory of Whalley Range, a wealthy suburb of Manchester. The population then was about 5,000. The creation of a large public park in the parish brought the builders on to the ground, and from 5,000 it has increased to over 30,000. It is needless to say such an increasing population has taxed all the energies of the rector, but he has spared himself no labour, and has been nobly supported by his people. A second permanent church and parsonage, and two large temporary iron churches were provided, since which £10,000 has been raised towards a third permanent church and parsonage, which is to cost £14,000. The foundation-stone of this church has just been laid by Mrs. Fraser, wife of the Bishop of Manchester. The church accommodation has thus been increased from 550 to nearly 3,000, to become 4,000 next year, and the clergy are now six instead of two. As an example of the advantages arising from the parochial system of the Church of England under a devoted pastor, Whalley Range claims a foremost place.

Five years ago Mr. Gill tried the experiment in his parish of a "Middle School." A handsome building to accommodate seven hundred children was erected in a suitable locality. In three years it was full, and the school-pence alone now exceed £1,000 a year. There are also large Sunday-schools in this building, the children in which contribute over £100 a year for missionary purposes. Mr. Gill has taken a great interest in day and Sunday schools, and his experience may encourage others in similar efforts. He is thoroughly at home with the young. His quarterly Sunday-school sermons are often attended by over a thousand scholars. He has also taken a practical part in parochial services in various large towns. He is an able and powerful preacher, and his principles are thoroughly in accord with those of his uncle, Canon Hugh Stowell. He has published several sermons and lectures: "A Letter to the Bishop of Manchester," has reached a sixth edition. Two small books, "Confirmation, an Allegory;

being a Simple Introduction to the Rite," and "The Lord's Supper: What it is, and why I should go to it," (Hatchards) have passed through several editions, and are admirably adapted for wide parochial circulation.

Mr. Gill's announcement of his resignation of the rectory of Whalley Range, on the ground of health, has excited universal regret. He has accepted the rectory of Trowbridge as affording a more favourable climate.

The Rev. Joseph Nunn, M.A., Rector of St. Thomas's, Ardwick, is the fifth son of the late Rev. William Nunn, M.A., who was for twenty-three years Vicar of St. Clement's Church, Manchester. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in Classical and Mathematical honours in 1857.

His first curacy was at Christ Church, Everton, after which he was successively curate of St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square, London; St. Paul's, Kersall Moor, Manchester; and St. Thomas's, Ardwick. In each of these important curacies he was called to minister to large congregations, and gave himself devotedly to parish work. The high esteem in which he was held led to his appointment to the Rectory of St. Thomas's in 1868 upon the resignation of the Rev.

Canon Gibson, who had held the living for nearly forty years.

Mr. Nunn is known as an earnest promoter of Popular Education, and has published "The History of a Compromise," and other pamphlets on educational work. In 1873 he was elected a member of the Manchester School Board. For three years he worked with untiring zeal against the secularists, and to him Manchester owes the scheme for religious instruction now accepted in its Board Schools. His own schools were built mainly by his efforts at a cost of upwards of £8,000, and are admirably conducted. The scholars in attendance exceed one thousand.

St. Thomas's parish is one of the most populous in Manchester, containing upwards of 11,000 souls. The church was resented in 1865, but the greater portion of the roof is now in a very unsatisfactory state. A bazaar is shortly to be held to raise £1,000 towards the restoration of the building. Those who live in parishes where abundant Church provision exists would do well to remember other poor and populous parishes like St. Thomas's, Ardwick. We are sure the Rev. J. Nunn would be glad to be remembered by any of our readers.

Our portrait is from a photograph by Mr. T. Edge, Llandudno.



Sixpence a Day.

LONDON paper recently furnished the following:—

"There is now an old man in an almshouse in Bristol who states that for sixty years he spent sixpence a day in drink, but was never intoxicated.

A gentleman who heard this statement was somewhat curious to ascertain how much this sixpence a day put by every year, at 5 per cent. compound interest, would amount to in sixty years. Putting down the first year's saving (three hundred and sixty-five sixpences) nine pounds sterling eleven shillings and sixpence, he added the interest,

and thus went on year by year, until he found that in the sixtieth year the sixpence a day reached the startling sum of three thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds sterling nineteen shillings and ninepence."

Judge of the old man's surprise when told that, had he saved his sixpence a day, and allowed it to accumulate at compound interest, he might now have been worth the above noble sum; so that, instead of taking refuge in an almshouse, he might have comforted himself with a house of his own and fifty acres of land, and have left the legacy among his children and grandchildren, or used it for the welfare of his fellow-men.

Glimpses of China.

BY THE REV. A. E. MOULE, B.D., MISSIONARY OF THE C.M.S. AT NINGPO AND HANGCHOW;
AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF HEAVEN AND HOME."

VI.

THE FUTURE.



ARE isolated instances of conversion of much avail for the evangelization of a whole nation? Undoubtedly they are: for mankind is made up of individuals, and is not a conglomerate mass!

Yet nevertheless in China there are signs of the coming universal triumph of the Gospel. So far back as the year 1863 I can remember the glimpse which I enjoyed of the progress of Christianity on the Island of Amoy. In the church of the Dutch Reformed Mission, the Lord's Supper was administered in Chinese by a Chinese pastor to ninety Chinese communicants. In those days the Foochow Mission of the Church Missionary Society seemed well-nigh a failure. The devoted and courageous missionary George Smith was dead; and his young colleague Wolfe was seriously ill. Only eleven converts had resulted from twelve years' labour; and it was the day of trouble and almost despair. Now there are four thousand converts; and the Gospel has spread in the face of persecution and manifold trial into one hundred centres in the Fuhkien province.

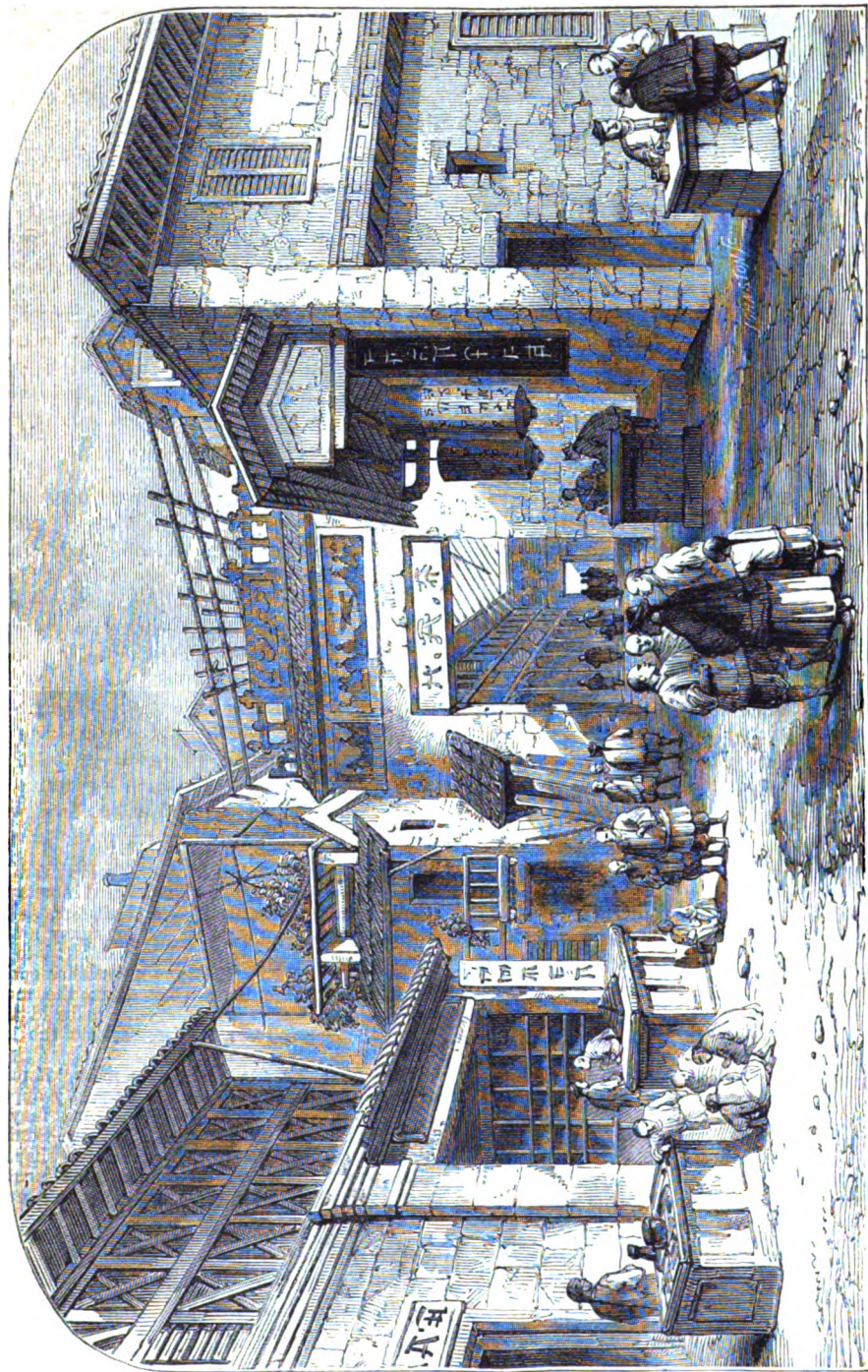
Four years ago, in the Chu-ki district of the Chehkiang province, there was not a single resident Christian; the Gospel was unheard; and the Name of the Lord Jesus unknown. Now, there are one hundred and thirty baptized Christians in connection with the Church Missionary Society, as well as many inquirers scattered through thirty cities, towns and villages. An accident as we should say, but surely God's providence as we ought to say, caused a passer-by (a stranger from a mountain village eighty miles away) to catch a glimpse of the sign written on a strip of red paper over the

doorway of a humble Mission room outside the great city of Hangchow. The name *Jesus* was there:—"The church of the holy religion of Jesus." That Name conquered. The stranger was led to ask its meaning. He was directed to the Mission house in Hangchow. He received the Gospel himself, and was the means, with the help of other evangelists, of spreading the good news far and wide through the mountain regions round his native place, Great Valley.

The terrible famine in the northern provinces of China and the benevolence of England and America, of which the Christian Missionaries have been the chief almoners, have combined to shake the faith of the people of those desolated regions in their idols; and have inclined them to inquire into the claims of a religion which calls forth such philanthropy.

I offer in conclusion one fancy glimpse at China, and one which is a certainty. (1) What a future must be before a country where coal, iron, and gold exist in rich profusion. What do I see? Has the iron way superseded the narrow paved paths of the foot traveller, and the water ways of river and canal through the land? Even now steam is on the coast and up the Yangtse for eight hundred miles. Can you not see it in the near future threading in long white lines the great plains and valleys of China? Hark! the trains go roaring into the tunnels under Chinese mountain and hill. The land is revolutionized by this peaceful agency. (2) And yet, it is but a little while, and all the changes and chances of this mortal life, and all the upheavings and revolutions of kingdoms are forgotten in the terrors and glories of the Advent of the Son of God; and in China as in all lands, in the Name of Jesus every knee is seen bowing, and every tongue is heard confessing that He is Lord to the glory of God the Father!





OLD CHINA STREET IN CANTON.



THE STORY OF THE MONTH.



NOVEMBER, the ninth month of the Roman year, became the eleventh by the insertion of January and February. By our Saxon ancestors it was called *Blot-monath*, from the word *blotan*, to slay; because at this time it was necessary to kill and salt the flesh of the animals which were to furnish the winter's board with provision. In old pictures November is represented as a man in a changeable suit of green and black: he holds in his hand a bunch of culinary roots, and wears upon his head a crown of evergreens.

Nature's desolation is not complete even in November. Mosses are now in their spring-tide of promise, and grow as fresh and green as if an April sky were overhead. How we should miss this beautiful tribe of plants from our woodland paths, and still more among our mountain scenery, where they clothe with verdure what otherwise would be naked rock! By their decomposition they not only prepare the earth for the growth of larger and more varied forms of vegetable life, but they are useful to the lofty forest trees, by covering

up their roots from the frost and cold that might otherwise injure them. Unnumbered insects also find among them both food and shelter, and in winter they form a snug retreat for many a little half-torpid creature that will be awakened to life and activity only by the suns of another spring. It is then that birds will resort to the mossy hedge-side for materials wherewith to build their nests, and each little architect selects the kind that suits him best.

The grey, delicate "fairy cup moss," if raised carefully from the soil, has a very pretty appearance when placed in a flower-pot, and may be preserved in the window for some time. Some of these mosses take their name from the shape of their seed-vessels; but the microscope must be employed to detect the exquisite skill and beauty of their construction.

As the short days advance upon us, we do well to keep in mind that—

"Nature soon, in Spring's best charms
Shall rise refreshed from Winter's grave,
Expand the bursting bud again,—
And bid the flower rebloom."—*Southey*.

C. A. H. B.



Fables for YOU.

BY ELEANOR B. PROSSER.



XIX. USE BEFORE ORNAMENT.

"OTHER, mother," squeaked a little pig; "I saw such a pretty creature to-day in a cage; they said he was a sort of cousin of ours, but he wasn't a bit like you, mother, much smaller, and a great deal prettier. I wish we were like him. Who was he?"

"A guinea-pig, I suppose, child," grunted the old sow; "you're young and thoughtless now; but you'll soon find out that beauty is but skin deep, and use comes before ornament. They are all very well in their way, and some people are foolish enough to make pets of them, but who ever heard of a guinea-pig being made into bacon?"

XX. TOLERATION.

"I SHALL have to change my quarters if this sort of thing goes on," said Toby, a

fat pug, as he stretched himself on the barn-door step and blinked his eyes at the sun; "what with the cows, and the pigs, and the poultry, I can't get a wink of sleep for the noise!"

"Oh, it's quite unbearable," said a tabby cat who was sitting inside the doorway watching a hole where a mouse had disappeared a few minutes before. "One has no peace of one's life, and I should have had that mouse just now if it hadn't been for Rover giving that sharp bark that frightened him straight into his hole."

"And the night is as bad as the day," said Toby; "for when the fowls have stopped their cackling and gone to roost, and everything else is quiet, you and your friends raise the neighbourhood with the row you make. You'll forgive my saying so, but I think it's worse than all the rest put together."

"Indeed," said the cat with her back up, "under these circumstances you'll excuse my mentioning a remark I overheard this morning, that if something wasn't done to

stop you from walking round and round the house a dozen times a day with your nose in the air, barking at nobody, you would find yourself some day with a noose round your neck; every one is agreed that it is a most intolerable nuisance and must be put a stop to."

"Ah!" said Toby thoughtfully, as he laid his nose between his paws and watched the cat disappearing up a ladder into the loft; "there may be some truth in what she says, and I suppose I brought it on myself, but it never struck me before how differently one listens to a noise one makes one's self, and a noise made by other people."

XXI. HIGH PLACES.

"WHAT a terrible gale there was last night," said a rook to his neighbour, as they picked up their breakfast from the newly-turned sods in a ploughed field. "I really thought our tree would have been blown down; the branches cracked and splintered all round us."

"It was rough, and no mistake," said the other. "And we're worse off than you, for we've no shelter at all; still, it is awkward for any one in a storm like that."

"Quite true, gentlemen," said a lark who had just come down from his morning flight, and was looking about for a caterpillar to take home with him; "but if I might make so bold as to say so, you'd find the wind wouldn't trouble you if you were content to have your nests on the ground like me; but if you will build so high, you must take the consequences."

XXII. WAIT AND SEE.

"WHY don't they bind us up with the rest?" said some ears of corn that lay scattered over the field, while the loaded waggons passed out at the gate. "We are as well grown and as full as those in the sheaves; why should they be stored up in the granary, while we are left to wither on the ground?"

Ere the murmur died away, a tiny hand

joyously grasped, one by one, the discontented ears, and a little voice cried out merrily, "Mother, mother, see what a store I've got, and how full they are; as good as any in the field; won't they make us a beautiful loaf, mother; what a good thing nobody saw them!"

And the discontented ears listened, and were thankful, for they knew now why they had been left behind."

XXIII. THE REASON WHY.

THE shepherd gathered his flock together to lead them to a better pasture ground.

"Mother," cried a little lamb mournfully, as it followed the rest across the common, "the road is so rough, and the stones are so sharp they hurt my feet."

"Cheer up, my child," said the old sheep, "the sun is nearly setting, and we shall soon be home."

"But, mother, why does the shepherd lead us over this stony road; couldn't he find an easier one?"

"Perhaps he could, my child, but he knows best, and it may be that if the path were smooth and the grass pleasant to walk on, we should not look forward so longingly to the rest at the end."

XXIV. WHERE SAFETY LIES.

THE sun shone brightly on the waters, and the tiny waves sparkled merrily in its glancing beams as they bore upon their bosom a gaily coloured boat.

"Ah!" said one as he stood upon the shore, "yonder painted toy rides joyously enough upon the waters now—but what if a storm came?"

The sun set and the angry clouds gathered in the west, the tempest rose, and the waves lashed themselves in fury against the rocks. Where was the boat? Still riding triumphantly on the crest of the waves, safe alike in calm and storm, for its cable was of tempered metal and it was anchored to a rock.

The Young Folks' Page.

XXXIX. THE DOG OF SANDAY.



ALL day the furious tempest raged
Along the Pentland shore,
And the surges broke like green wood smoke
On the cliffs of Skerryvore.

The sun was sinking in the west,
Lurid and red sank he,
While a little band stood on the land,
And gazed along the sea.

The farewell gleam of dying day
Shone on a sailor's form,
As he clung to the deck of a surf-swept wreck
That drove before the storm

"Alas! alas!" the gazers cried,
As darker grew the sky,
"Must he find a grave 'neath the rushing wave?
What a dreadful death to die!"

A giant-billow sweeps the deck;
He has loosed his hold at last!
And his drowning cry came shrilling by
Upon the stormy blast!

See! there speeds a dog with leap and bound
Adown the rugged steep!
Ere the eye can wink, from the rocky brink,
He plunges in the deep!

High on the waves and low between,
He breastes the angry sea,
Away from the shore, through the stormy roar,
Right onward swimmeth he.

Speed Oscar! speed thou noble dog!
Upon thy fearful path,
Speed Oscar! speed! nor hear nor heed
The raving tempest's wrath!

He hath seized the sailor, ere he sinks,
By the jacket collar tight,
And back to the shore, through the stormy roar
He strains with all his might.

No word is spoke nor breath is drawn,
Among the little band,
As through surf and spray he breastes his way
And gains the rocky land.

They bore the sailor to their home,
Where long in swoon he lay,
And tears were shed and prayers were said
By joyful hearts that day.

Long, long in Sanday's lonely isle
This story shall be told,
And coming days shall hear the praise
Of Oscar true and bold.

8.

XL. "FOR CHARLIE'S SAKE."

SEVERAL years ago, during the American civil war, a well-known judge who had shown much interest in the suffering soldiers, resolved that while he was occupied with a very important suit, which engaged his time and thoughts, he would pay no attention to any appeal for charity: or for anything else. One day a soldier came into his office, miserably clad, and his thin face marked with deep lines of care. The judge made as though he did not see him, and kept on with his writing. The soldier fumbled in his pockets for some time, and then said, in a tone of disappointment and concern, as if he knew that he was unwelcome—"I did have a letter for you."

The judge, who was really a man of very tender feelings, concealed the better emotions of his heart, and made no reply.

Presently the soldier's thin, trembling hand pushed a little note along the desk. The judge raised his head slightly, and was about to say—"I have no time to attend to you," when he discovered that the handwriting was that of his own son—a soldier in the army. He took up the note, which read as follows: "Dear father: the bearer is a soldier, discharged from the hospital. He is going home to die. Assist him in any way you can, for *Charlie's sake*."

All the tender emotions of the judge's soul were aroused in a moment. He welcomed the soldier, "for *Charlie's sake*." He placed him at the table, where *Charlie* was wont to sit. He supplied him with every comfort, for the sake of his own dear son.

Our Heavenly Father deals thus with us. He grants us His best and choicest gifts, for *Jesus' sake*.

XLI. A NEGLECTED RULE.

"Have a place for everything, and keep everything in its place."

The Bible Mine Searched.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. **W**HAT prophecy did Joshua make, which was literally and terribly fulfilled?
2. Does the devil know the secrets of our hearts?
3. What did our blessed Lord say upon earth which is not recorded by the Evangelists?
4. Why was Saul slain and his kingdom given to David?
5. How did God teach the people that sin was really borne by the scapegoat?
6. Which of the four elements, employed by God to describe the work of the Holy Ghost, were miraculously connected with rocks?

7. In what way does the Holy Spirit show Isaac to be a type of Christ?

8. What had the Jews to do with God's arrangement of the nations of the earth?

9. Which is to be saved first, Israel or Judah?

10. How do we know that St. Paul's Epistles were as much inspired as the rest of the Bible?

ANSWERS (See Oct. No., p. 239).

- I. Ps. cxxxvi. 15. II. Rev. xi. 8. III. Dan. iv. 31; ix. 21. IV. Jas. i. 3. V. 1 Kings xiii. 26. VI. 1 John iii. 6. VII. Isa. i. 18; Matt. xi. 28; Rev. xii. 17. VIII. Acts xiii. 1. IX. 1 Sam. vi. 12. X. Lev. xix. 13; Deut. xxi. 23.

GRACE

LIFE

WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF.

HOPE
 JOY
 PEACE
 LOVE

We are
 but as yesterday.
 Job viii. 9.

Lay hold
 on eternal life.
 1 Tim. vi. 12.

1	Tu	ALL SAINTS. Thou hast made summer and winter.
2	W	Remember how short my time is. Pa. lxxxix. 47.
3	Th	I will remember the works of the Lord. Pa. lxxviii. 11.
4	F	Clouds and darkness are round about Him.
5	S	Unto the upright there ariseth light in the dark- [ness. Pa. cxli. 4.
6	S	21st S. after Trinity. His tender mercies are over [all His works. Pa. cxiv. 9.

7	M	He scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes. Pa. cxlvii. 16.
8	Tu	The darkness hideth not from Thee. Pa. cxxxix. 12.
9	W	Praise the Lord from the earth. Pa. cxlviii. 7.
10	Th	Snow and vapours, stormy wind, fulfilling His
11	F	He giveth snow like wool. Pa. cxlvii. 16. (word.)
12	S	He casteth forth His ice like morsels. Pa. cxlvii. 17.
13	S	22nd S. aft. Trin. Who can stand before His cold?
14	M	He sendeth out His word, and melteth them.

I SAW A
 NEW HEAVEN AND A
 NEW EARTH.

In the
 midst was the tree of life.
 Rev. xxi. 2.

There shall
 be no more death.
 Rev. xxi. 2.

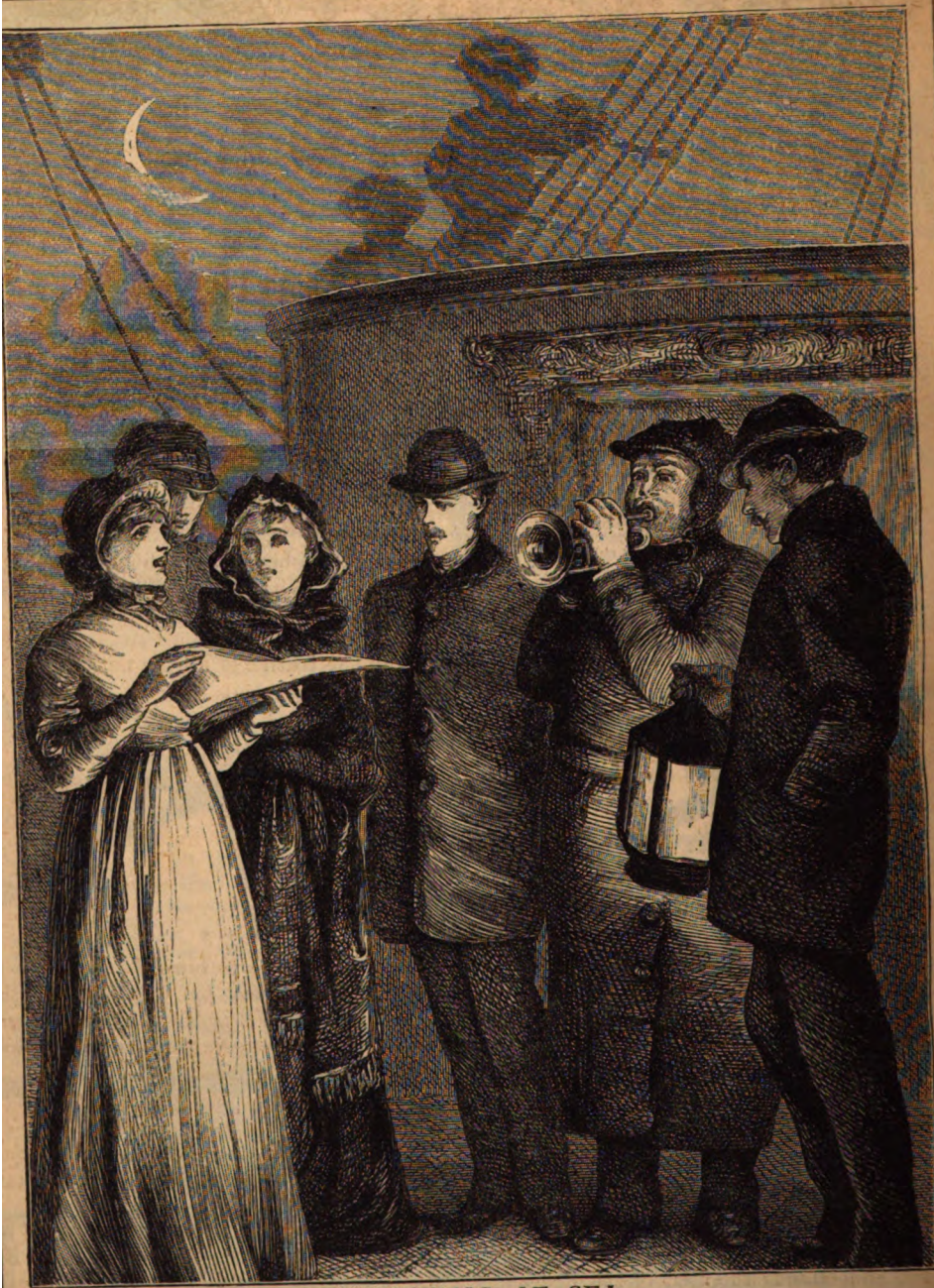
15	Tu	He careth for you. 1 Pet. v. 7.
16	W	I know their sorrows. Exod. iii. 7. [Isa. xxxii. 2.
17	Th	A man shall be as a hiding place from the wind.
18	F	And a covert from the tempest. Isa. xxxii. 2.
19	S	An inheritance . . . that fadeth not away. 1 Pet. i. 4.
20	S	23rd S. after Trinity. God is a Refuge for us.
21	M	Be not dismayed; for I am thy God. Isa. xli. 10.
22	Tu	I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

23	W	Yea, I will help thee. Isa. xli. 10.
24	Th	I flee unto Thee to hide me. Pa. cxliii. 9.
25	F	Behold, I come quickly. Rev. xxii. 8.
26	S	Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Pa. h. 7.
27	S	1st S. in Advent. We look for the Saviour. Phil. iiii.
28	M	Your redemption draweth nigh. Luke xxi. 28. [20.
29	Tu	The days of thy mourning shall be ended. Isa. li. 20.
30	W	St. ANDREW. The Lord is full of compassion. Pa. cxiv. 5.

I AM so weak, dear Lord! I cannot stand
 One moment without Thee;
 But oh! the tenderness of Thine enfolding,
 And oh! the faithfulness of Thine upholding,
 And oh! the strength of Thy right hand!
 That strength is enough for me.

One by one, no longer gently bid to wait,
 One by one, they entered through the Golden Gate;
 One by one, they fell adoring, at the Master's feet:
 Heard His welcome, deep and thrilling,
 "Enter thou!" each full heart filling,
 All its need for ever stilling, all its restless beat.—F.R.H.

The Promise of the Father.—"No petition can be more in accord with the mind and will of God than the petition for the fulfilment, in the gift of the Spirit, of 'the Promise of the Father.' All that an earthly parent's heart can prompt in loving solicitude for the children God has given him, can but faintly image the 'waiting grace' of our Heavenly Father. 'If ye being evil,—sinful, imperfect, and prone to err,—'if ye being evil know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more,—these are the words of Jesus,—'how much more shall your Heavenly Father give His Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?'—The Forgotten Truth.



CHRISTMAS AT SEA.



HOME WORDS

FOR

Heart and Hearth.

Christmas Voices.



VER hills and oyer plains
Clash a thousand bells ;
Each the same great truth pro-
claims—

Each the story tells.
Old, old story, ever new,
Wondrous story, ever true.

Shepherds watching once by night,
Watching long ago,
Heard a seraph choir bright
Murmur soft and low—
“ Good will and love, love and good-
will : ”
The angels spoke, and all was still.

Though the voices of God's angels
Now are heard no more,
Yet their words of holy promise
In our hearts we store.
Faith in heaven, and hope on earth
Came with that great Saviour's
birth.

Sound the truth o'er all the nations,
Wide the joy-bells ring ;
Christ has lived—our bright Exemplar,
Brother, Lord, and King.
Sound, Christmas bells, ye seem to
say,
“ God's Peace be unto all this day ! ”
ANON.

The Manger and the Cross.



IFE and death lay in the manger
of Bethlehem. The Eternal Life
was there, who should be deliv-
ered unto death for us. Without
Good Friday there is no Christ-

mas. We were not born in Bethlehem, we
were born on Golgotha, whither Bethlehem
directs us. Bethlehem's manger fetches its
light from the cross.

He who goes to the cross of Christ, honours
the Infant in the manger of Bethlehem. He
who, through the death of Christ, dies to
sin, understands the birth of the Redeemer.
He who is regenerated in the merits of Christ,
comprehends the birth of the Child Jesus.

Let no one deceive himself. Let each go
towards Bethlehem by way of Golgotha.
Mere contemplation of the Saviour born into
the world does not give life ; it is the Saviour
offered for sin who does this.

He who has this life contemplates aright
the Infant in the manger. He rejoices over
the new-born Saviour, who, by His death,
gives life and union with God to all repentant
believers.

The footsteps of the life of Christ go
straight towards the death for us. But
where there is no love to the Word on the
cross, there is none to the Infant in the
manger.
A. CASPERS.

Hardest Home; or, The Reapers' Song.

BY EMMA MARSHALL, AUTHOR OF "MRS HAYCOCK'S CHRONICLES;" "ROGER BECKENSALL'S STORY;" "THE LOST JEWEL;" ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEW LIFE.



TIME passes rapidly enough; and yet as day is added to day, and week to week, we scarcely feel how they are making up the year, and how they are really counting out "like a tale that is told."

God prospered us at Breame St. Bernard, from the day that we left the old Manor. I have noticed in my long life that when a real hearty effort is made to be just and fair in our dealings with our fellow-men, a blessing comes. I feel that it was so with my cousin Charles. His one aim was to redress the wrong that the sin and wickedness of others had brought on his family.

As soon as his health was established, he worked early and late, and became so useful to Farmer Hoskyns, that he treated him like a son.

"Who would have thought," the village people said, "that a Denys of the Manor would ever turn out like this?" It was surprising.

Then Charles had such a good way with his mother. When my father offered to take Paul into the shop at Ladminster, and bring him up to the business, Aunt Bella began the old strain about trade and all she had been brought up to expect. But Charlie would not hear it or take it seriously. "Paul is more fit for the counter than for the plough," he would say. "This is a chance that we can't overlook, and I shall close with Uncle Brownson's offer at once. As to linen-drappers, mother, they will soon be the lords of the land. We shall see Paul in his carriage and pair one day!"

Who could resist Charlie? He was always so kind and cheery.

One day, a son of our rector's was visiting him, and Charles was down at the Rectory consulting about the draining of the meadow

in front of the house, which was often under water in the winter.

I was coming up the village from the school, when Mr. Massey called me in. Charles was on his knees on the grass, measuring a distance, and his hat fell off. As he raised his head to speak to the rector, the thick curl of hair which generally hid the scar on his forehead was displaced. Young Mr. Massey said,—

"Why, what have you done to your forehead? What a blow you must have had!"

The colour came into my face, and I wondered what Charles would say.

"That's an old story now, sir," he replied pleasantly. "I had a fall, and cut my head open. Now, sir, will you pull the line tight across there?"

But I think the question touched the silent chord. As we were crossing the bridge to the hill to the cottage, Charles said,—

"I wonder if we shall ever hear of him again, or of father?"

"It will be four years in November since we saw Robert," I answered. "I think we shall hear of him and see him again. I always feel Robert will come home a new man."

"I wish he would!" and Charlie sighed. "It is hard to feel one's own people are wanderers. Poor Blanche, too; that last was a sad letter from her. But we are happy here, Charity."

"Yes," I said, "very happy."

"And yet you are going to leave us next week, Cherry."

"Only for a month," I said. "I think it is right to go home and see them all once in two years."

"You call Ladminster home, then," Charles said. "Stop here a minute, Cherry," he said, leaning on the stone coping of the bridge—the very spot where my father and I had stood years before. Yes, the very spot; and the scene was the same.

The low-lying field was covered with the sheaves of corn, the sun was shining on them

till they were like a deep-burnished gold. Over the valley came the song of the reapers, and the air was clear and soft, and mellowed it as it came.

"Look here, Cherry," Charlie said, and there was a strange earnestness in his voice. "I have got to-day the offer of the Home Farm from Farmer Hoskyns. It was the one his son was to have had under him had he lived. The old man offered it to me a year or more ago, but I could not take it then. Except for making the cottage a little comfortable for you and mother, and paying Anne Carter's daughter her wages, I haven't thought it right to spend what I have earned. I have been paying up some of my father's debts. There were several of the neighbours of whom he had borrowed money between this and North Leach and Cirencester. Ever since I had Farmer Hoskyns' good salary, I have been paying bit by bit, those who wanted it most. Now I see my way to living at the Home Farm, and taking mother there, and I want you to come too—but as my wife."

We had been friends so long, Charles and I, that his words startled me, and I remember I repeated, as one in a dream,—

"Your wife, Charles?"

"Yes," he said; "that's been my hope all these years. Do you remember, Cherry, when I brought up your box, and let it down with a great thump on the floor, at the old place, and you turned, and said, 'Oh, thank you,' with just that smile that no one else ever has for me, anyhow. We weren't used to smiles in the old Manor: plenty of frowns and hard words, but few smiles. Well, then, Charity, you know how you helped us through that bad time—you, so quiet and gentle—and, you mustn't mind my saying so much, you made me feel first that love can do anything—God's love, shown in love to others." Oh, he said much more, but this is enough to write here.

Then, as we stood in the golden light, with the harvest-field before us, and the song of the reapers in our ears—then I put my hand in his, and promised to be his wife.

I went home as I had arranged, and made ready my wedding-gown, and my dear father gave me a handsome outfit. I left Mary

Carter in charge at the cottage, and I was away two months.

When I returned, I was Charles Denys' happy wife; and oh, thank God, I am his happier wife still.

For time has only made our love stronger and, I may say, purer. We have had griefs and sorrows. We have lost two dear children, and we have had trials by the loss of money, and bad years with the crops: and at one time of my life I was very ailing, and a great charge and expense, too, to my dear husband. But through all God has helped us, and through all we can say—we are one in Him "who is the Head over all things to His Church:" and as bride, wife, and mother, *He* has given me the richest blessings.

So now you see that it was to please Charles, my husband, whom I mentioned in that first chapter, that I have written this story of our early life. He says that I must add yet another history of "ingathering" or it will not be complete. Therefore, I will do as he wishes me in another chapter, which will be the last.

CHAPTER IX.

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

WE were married in November, and in the spring we removed from the cottage on the hill to the Home Farm. It is not often that a house looks so exactly the same after the lapse of years as the Home Farm does. Our eldest son lives in it now, with his dear wife and children; and when I went to see them the other day, I felt as if nothing had grown old but myself. The Home Farm is built of grey stone, and has two wings which stand out from the centre, having been added on in later times. The house is covered with ivy, and the sparrows twitter and chatter in it all day long. The windows are deep-set mulioned windows, and from one of these there is a view of Breame St. Denys' church, and the straggling street up the hill-side. I was glad to be able to see the cottage on the hill, and used to watch for the light twinkling in the window. Our poor mother—for I called her mother now—was delighted with the

change. Charles had a wheel-chair made for her, like one he had seen the invalid lady at Breame Court using, when he went to the grounds surveying one day. This chair could be wheeled about by the person who used it; and how pleased Charles was when he lifted his mother into it for the first time, and said, "Here, mother, is your own carriage, all to yourself." Aunt Bella had of late always been carried downstairs by her kind son, and her health was much improved, though of course she was as helpless as ever. She was very much the same in all other respects. When my mother and Pamela promised to come, with Paul, and spend the second Christmas of my married life at the farm, it was almost amusing, though pathetic, to notice how anxious Aunt Bella was to look her best—so particular about her cap, and to put on a brooch with pearls, which she had preserved from her trinkets, and to show off her rings.

Then she was so afraid my baby was not smart enough, and said he ought to have a sash, and hoped my mother would bring him one.

"It will be the outside of things with my poor mother to the end," Charles said.

"But I think she has learned something of the value of the *inside* things, dear," I replied. "She would not miss her chapter and psalm of a morning and evening for anything now, and she often says, when she speaks of poor Blanche, 'She would have been different if I had been a wiser mother.'"

"She never speaks of my father or Robert to you, does she?" Charles asked.

"Never," I replied. "I think she has come to look on them both as dead."

"Ah!" sighed Charles, "I wish I could hear of them. I should like to shake Bob by the hand once more. Poor Bob! so clever and so handsome. Ah! Cherry, we must do our best with this boy of ours, and try to keep him safe for the God who has given him to us." Then he took the child from my arms, and kissed him, tossing him up and down till the boy laughed and crowed with joy, and then he went out to get the covered cart to go and meet the travellers at Cirencester.

It was the day before Christmas, and I was very busy in the house. There was so much

to do in the kitchen for our farm people's families and our poor neighbours, and there was the house to decorate with laurels and holly, and the wreaths I had made to send down to the church. We were content in those days with very simple decorations, but our rector had a great deal of taste, and he had asked me to help him for several years to introduce something prettier than the thick, awkward branches which Mr. Simpson, the clerk, used to tie upon the seats with coarse string. I was so busy that I heard the wheels of the cart coming up to the door long before I expected them.

My dear mother's meeting with her only sister was touching enough. She was sweet and gentle as ever, and our eyes were all dim with tears as we saw the gentle arms thrown round my mother's neck, and heard the low cry of "Oh, Pamela! Pamela!"

Paul stood by, patiently waiting for his greeting. He had grown into a nice-looking, dapper young man. "Quite the town-bred air!" Charles said.

Then there was Pamela, my Pamela, handsome, alert, and sharp as ever. She patronized me, and my home, and my baby, and made me laugh with her quick, sharp speeches.

We sat down to supper in our large, comfortable kitchen, which is called in some parts of the country "the keeping room." We farmers' wives of those days did not talk of our dining-room, or drawing-room and library, especially in our retirement amongst the Cotswold Hills. We seemed what we were, and did not ape our betters. A happy, simple life it was, and I often drew a contrast between it and that I see led nowadays by those who are in the same position in life—silks and satins, and fashion, and music, and tennis-courts. Well, tennis is a good healthful game: only, like everything else, there may be a great deal mixed up with it that one does not care for; and duty at home should come before tennis, or anything else abroad.

We were all at the little church the next day—Christmas-day. Our rector preached one of his best sermons. I often think of them now. I have some written out in a book, where I have for years made little

memorandums, which have helped me to put recollections of the past together.

This Christmas-day sermon, when my heart was just brimming over with thankfulness, I can never forget.

"God with us" was the text. God with us in all our griefs and sorrows, our weakness and fears, our sins and troubles. God *with us* in our joys and happiness. God with us, the key-note of the whole harmony of life, and the whole blessedness of death. *With us* for ever and for ever.

Soft and subdued was the joy at my heart as I went homewards, with my hand in my husband's arm. We had knelt at the Holy Communion together, and we were silently glad and silently thankful.

I went upstairs to my own room, where my boy lay in his midday sleep. Beautiful it was to me to think of my Saviour and my God *with me* there, as I bent over him, and remembered how He became a Child for us.

I was tying on a large apron over my best gown, before going into the kitchen to see about the dinner, when Mary Carter tapped at the door.

"If you please, ma'am, there's some one wants to see you. He is outside in the back yard; he won't come in."

"Have you told your master?" I asked.

"No, ma'am; he said particularly I was only to tell you. He is a gentleman," said Mary, "I think; but he looks awful thin and ill."

I went hastily down, and to the door leading from the scullery into the yard. It was very cold, and a fine light snow was falling.

The man was standing a little to the left of the door, against the wall, and I put my head out and said,—

"Is any one here who wants me?"

In another moment my hand was seized and kissed, and I saw it was the wanderer come back, the lost one found! I took one look at his face, his fine, handsome face, bearing the traces of illness: but oh! thank God, bearing the mark, too, of the new and the better life I had longed for for him.

"My sister now," he said. "Well, Charlie deserves his prize!"

"Come in, come in, Robert, and see him."

"Will he like to see me?" he asked, hesitating.

"Why, Robert," I exclaimed, "he has said often, 'I should like to shake Bob by the hand once more.'"

I drew him in, and called to Charles, who was in the parlour, where we had a blazing fire on Christmas Day.

"Yes, dear," he answered, coming out. "What is it?"

And then the brothers met for the first time since one lay senseless before the other whose hand had felled him to the ground.

I left them together, hand locked in hand, and told the news to Robert's mother and to mine, to Pamela and Paul. It was all very exciting at first, but when calmed down after dinner, and when we were seated round the fire in the evening, Robert told us of his past; how he had worked his way out to America, and had obtained a place there on one of the lines of railway then forming; how he had prospered until a few months before, when a terrible fever laid him low, and he left his situation, and had come home with his savings to see us all once more.

"I wanted," he said, in a husky tone, "to be assured I was forgiven. And," he added, "that assurance has been given me. I don't know," he went on, "whether you all know to whom I owe everything—to one who held out a hand to me when I was at my worst, who prayed for me when I could not pray for myself, who sent me forth with a hope at my heart when I was mad with despair—my brother Charles's wife, my dear sister, Charity Denys."

I could bear no more then. I laid my head, weeping, on my husband's breast. And I can write no more now. I heard my husband say some tender words about me, and my mother stole up to me, and, leaning over, kissed me, saying,—

"Let us thank God, my child, that you have the harvest of joy, and that you have filled our cup of Christmas happiness so full."

And I heard my husband say, "Amen."



Lessons from the Book.

X. THE ANGELS' MESSAGE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BULLOCK, B.D., AUTHOR OF THE "FORGOTTEN TRUTH,"
"THE WAY HOME," ETC.



"And the angel said unto them, Fear not : for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."—*St. Luke ii. 10.*

WHEN heaven speaks,
earth should give
audience. And
heaven does speak at
Christmas-tide. Let
every voice be hushed;
let every ear hearken;

for Divine mercy hath sent a Message to the sons of men. From the innermost glory, with wings of light, the angels sped their way, and on Bethlehem's plains the joyful chorus rang:—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The Angels' Message brings "glad tidings which shall be to all people." It brings news of pardon to the guilty: not the pardon of indifference, or licence to sin—God forbid!—not a costless pardon: but pardon purchased by a great Atonement, "the unspeakable Gift of God," whose Nature is adverse to sin, and cannot look upon it without abhorrence. It brings "glad tidings"—the captive freed because the Son of God Himself has found and paid the ransom! It brings "glad tidings"—of holiness demanded, but a holiness that may be attained through power imparted by the outpoured and indwelling Spirit! It brings glad tidings—tidings of "joy unspeakable and full of glory": that Jesus is "Emmanuel—*God with us*"—a Saviour, because He saves His people from their sins!

Let us then ask, Have we indeed understood and received the Angels' Message in this its true and heavenly sense? Are we, in keeping Christmas-day, rejoicing in "God our Saviour"? Our outward

tokens of joy on this festal day are well; but are they intelligent and full of spiritual meaning?

Let us remember the Message the Angels brought is a message to us—to us as *sinner*s. It may be, even on Christmas-day the recollection of sins past is urging some of us to write bitter things against ourselves. Take comfort from the Angels' Message. O ye of little faith, embrace the pardon signed and sealed! The Angels' Message is to the fallen, the conscience-stricken, and the perishing. It brings tidings of joy and life: tidings of joy through sorrow—the sorrow of the Man of Sorrows: of life through death—the death of Him who overcame death and sin for us. Let us then rejoice this day in God our Saviour. Let us rejoice in His House; and rejoice at the Sacramental Table of His bounty, where He bids us remember His love, and promises to make Himself known to us in the breaking of bread!

Thus rejoicing, thus in a measure rising to the Angels' estimate of the "glad tidings of great joy," we shall not fail to emulate their spirit too—the spirit of *ministry to others*, interest in the welfare of others. And whilst we forget not the poor temporally; whilst the flame of Christian love burning in our hearts causes bounty to drop from our hands—we shall not forget the poor *spiritually*, but seek to win *them* to hearken, as we ourselves have hearkened, to the "good tidings of great joy to all people" which formed the burden of the Angels' Message to our fallen world.





THE STORY OF THE MONTH.



HERE is something green even in December. What a bright and hopeful word is "evergreen." It seems like an angel's word given to remind us, at the season when earth puts on her wintry garb, of the Paradise above, where bright and beautiful things are all "evergreen" and immortal.

In some measure, our evergreens now make up for the absence of herbage and foliage. They last in their beauty through the winter, being fitted by the great Designer to encounter the storms and winds of this season of the year. We observe how unlike the leaves of the laurel tribe are to those of the forest-trees,—how firm and glossy is their surface,—and besides, being seldom of any great height, how firmly are these shrubs fixed in the ground, so as to resist the fury of the blast. And in the case of lofty trees, such as pines, which still retain their covering, the leaves, if they may be so called, are spines, which stand firm as bristles, and allow the wind to pass freely through them, without offering the resistance to its course presented by the foliage of the oak, or elm, or chestnut. Mosses and lichens continue to flourish; and we have, as fresh arrivals on our shores, the

snow-bunting, the wild swan, the eider duck, with some others.

The month has its name from being the tenth, and last, in the Alban Calendar. Our forefathers called it Haligh (holy) Monat, because we celebrate then our Lord's Nativity. In old pictures December is represented as a decrepit man, clothed in furs, warming himself over a fire. One of our poets says:—

"Lastly, came Winter, clothed all in frieze,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze.
In his right hand a tipped staff he held,
Which with his feeble steps he stayed still;
For he was faint with cold, and weak witheld;
That scarce his loosed limbs he able was to wield."

The month is one of trial to the aged and the poor. Let us try to make it a happy Christmas to all.

"Pray, pray with spirit true
When ye hear the welcome chime;
Praise, praise, with reverence due,
For the 'good old Christmas time'!
But first go ye forth with sweet charity clad,
And whisper kind words to the lonely and sad;
Despise not the erring, neglect not the old,
But alight like a sunbeam 'mid suffering and cold;
And smile on the babes in their innocent play,
For He was an infant ye worship to-day." *Elihu F. Morris.*

Wayside Chimes.

BY THE REV. E. H. BICKERSTETH, M.A., VICAR OF CHRIST CHURCH, HAMPSTEAD.

XII. HOMEWARD BOUND.

(See Illustration, Page 275.)

"Thou art the Same, and Thy years shall have no end."—Ps. cii. 27.

"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

"Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us!"



GOD, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene:
Before Thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The Everlasting Thou!

Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die:
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

O Thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail.
On us Thy mercy lighten,
On us Thy goodness rest,
And let Thy Spirit brighten
The hearts Thyself hast bless'd.

Lord, crown our faith's endeavour
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see Thee face to face:
A joy no language measures;
A fountain brimming o'er;
An endless flow of pleasures;
An ocean without shore.

"God will Provide:"

CHRISTMAS CHEER FOR CHEERLESS ONES.

(Suggested by words heard in a back street in Leeds.)

BY THE REV. E. WILTON, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SUNGLEAMS," ETC.*



"OD will provide"—Amid the beat
And noise of wheels and tramping feet
I caught the unexpected sound,
Which with the light of holy ground
Illumed the dim and squalid street.

And whose the voice my ear to greet
With that Divine assurance sweet,
Old music which Moriah crowned,
"God will provide?"

I turned. Two women coarsely gowned,
Shawls loosely wrapped their heads around,
An infant bore with footsteps fleet:
Care in their hearts had fixed its seat,
But they Heaven's antidote had found—
"God will provide."

Londesborough Rectory.

* "Sungleams" (London: Home Words Office). A new volume of exquisite poems.



HOMEWARD BOUND.

[See Page 274.]

"O Thou who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,

Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail."—E. H. BICKERSTETH.

Robin's Mission:

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

[This story is not about "The Robin Dinners;" but perhaps it may prompt some of our Readers to remember that there are other Robins—human "Robins,"—who are often "hungry" at Christmas-tide, "and can't find anything to eat." Ten thousand "Robins" got a "Robin Dinner" last year in London alone, by the generous invitation and contributions of our Readers. There are "Robins" in most parishes; wherever there are, let there be "a Robin Dinner" at Christmas. "*Robin's Carol, and What Came of It*" (London: Home Words Office, Paternoster Buildings, E.C.), can be had for one shilling, and tells exactly how to manage everything.—THE EDITOR OF *Home Words*.]



"H dear!" sighed a Robin, alighting on a small patch of ground, free from snow, which was lying pretty deep all around—"I'm so tired; I can't sing to-day, so it's no use trying: and yet I ought."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked a Christmas Rose, close by, spreading out its lovely white petals a little more fully, and trying hard to catch the attention of a stray sunbeam which flickered for an instant from between the rifts of heavy clouds overhead. "What has come over you? You are the last person who ought to complain. You are always bright and cheery; you can fly where you like, and see the world, aye, and things above the world in the blue sky, while I must stay where I am, always. I have no wings. I cannot move, my root is firm in the ground, and I can only look my best, and be happy where I am put. It might be all very well for me to complain if I were disposed to do so."

"Ah, well," replied Robin, "I am hungry, and can't find anything to eat. That bush which I saw covered with tempting berries before the snow came is gone; the folks at the large house yonder pulled it about and took the best of it to dress up their rooms for Christmas. I peeped in at the window and saw all that happened to it after it was carried away; and hunt for more berries as I may, I can't find any, and the snow covers everything, and what are we to do? It is true we birds have warm coats, but we have also

something under the coat which cries out for food if it can't get any. A voice is all very well in its way, and it is very nice to sing, and I think God likes me to sing for Him to those who want a little cheering, but to-day I am low, and oh, very hungry."

And Robin's little black eyes twinkled with just the suspicion of tears in them, as he hopped uneasily, first on one leg, and then on the other.

"But," said his friend the Rose, "why don't you go and sing for Him now? He wouldn't have given you a voice if He hadn't meant you to use it, even if you are hungry. What's the good of only singing when you are comfortable and well fed? Any one can do that easily enough. Perhaps He wants you to sing a song to that poor child in the hospital, of whom you told me last week. Only think how sad she must be; no dear father and mother with her, and all her pain to bear as best she may; and then, who knows but what she would throw you a crumb or a berry. I'd try if I were you. I wish I could!" And the Rose wriggled a leaflet, as though she longed to convert her leaves into wings.

At that moment, up the gravel path close by, came a warmly clad, rosy faced little boy, skipping along by the side of his father and holding his hand. They had just come from church.

"Papa," said the child, "I couldn't help thinking of the birds in church this morning, when the clergyman gave out his text,—let me see, it was a long one, can you say it for me?"

"'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father,'" slowly repeated Freddy's papa.

"Yes, thank you, papa, that was it. How glad the birds would be if they could only understand that. They couldn't doubt then but that they'd get food this bad winter. They must be hungry, I'm sure. By-and-by may I throw some crumbs on the window-sill, papa? I can't think what has become of my dear Robin, I haven't seen him for days."

And they passed on.

"Sparrows!" said Robin, "why, I am better than sparrows, and if God cares for sparrows, of course He cares for me. I wonder it doesn't say 'Robins': I wonder if it means Robins too. You are right," added he, speaking to the Rose, "I'm off to give a word of cheer to your friend the sick girl first." And he shook his feathers, and got ready for departure.

"I say," said he in a whisper, "before I go, you needn't say much about the crumbs to the sparrows; I must carry some to the wife up there in the tree; she's hungry too."

The Rose nodded assent, and off he flew, right away, ever so far.

He took a swoop first just to stretch his cramped wings; and as he flew, he warbled a little prelude to the carol which he began a few moments after, perched on the ledge of a window belonging to a large gloomy-looking stone building.

Inside the room were two or three small beds, a few chairs, a table, and a bright fire burning on the hearth.

In one of the beds nearest to the window lay a pale-faced, sickly-looking girl. Her eyes were filled with tears: and a soiled letter, which looked as though it had been often read, was in her thin hands.

Suddenly, as the joyous notes of our Robin rang in her ears, a smile broke over her face, the mournful expression vanished, and she cried:—

"Dear little bird! He has come to sing to me about my home, and my getting better, and the warm spring days which will come after the winter, and the good God who loves us, and cares about us, and keeps us in our sad times! My heart sings too; I wonder

if he knows how much his singing helps me."

On and on Robin sang; he put his whole energy into that song; no one would have dreamt of *his* ever being hungry. The notes poured forth in quick succession, now loudly, now softly, now eagerly, now gently, till his little throat looked as though it must burst with the fullness of melody.

His eye took in the delight of the child; and when at length he left off, that odd aching feeling, which he had told the Rose about, was gone—entirely gone. He couldn't quite make it out. Why, he felt ever so much better.

"I can manage another song," quoth he, as he prepared for a start, and another song he gave. Then off he went, down past the church, through the lanes, across the fields, and didn't it snow! large flakes falling and bushes covered thicker than ever. There was no mistake about the winter being a hard one.

At last Robin reached an old manor house standing in a thicket of trees, and surrounded by a large garden. Even here, he seemed to know his way, and exactly what window-sill would best receive him.

He peeped in. There was a ruddy blaze in the fireplace lighting up the surroundings and showing signs of comfort and luxury on the part of the occupants of the room. A lady sat on one side of the hearth, her face hidden in her hands; a gentleman stood on the rug, his arm on the mantel-piece, and now and then a heavy sigh escaped him.

"Plenty of work for me here," thought Robin: "just what I said last night to my wife:—'there's something up at the Hall, depend on it, the shutters have been closed for a week, and I heard it said in the village, that news had come from a foreign land of the death of the young master; so sad, and he the only one'—I must do my best here."

And so he began. He sang softly at first, but by degrees clearer and louder. His song told of a life beyond this: of faith, and hope, and trust; of a Father's care, of a Home above, where no more partings are; where praises are loudest, and voices are sweetest; where crying is hushed, and want never comes: and from whence the blessing of

gladness falls on those who mourn in the sad wintry world.

Yes, on he went, and at length he saw the bowed head raised, the eyes brighten.

"Ralph," said the lady, "we haven't trusted enough. If our Father cares for the little birds out in the snow and frost, doesn't He care far more for us, and send what He sends in love? Hark! how this little creature sings, praising Him even when it is winter and food hard to get. It is winter now in our hearts, but let us sing through the winter too. Haven't we each other left to be thankful for?"

Robin had heard enough. His task was done for that day; and back he went to the Rose, and told her what he had done.

"Ah!" said the Rose, "You see now what

it is to have faith. Go and enjoy your crumbs. I saw Freddy with his plate just lately scattering some for you on the sill, and if you don't eat them, the sparrows will. I must shut up for the night. Good-night to you, and don't forget to call me in the morning with your very best song. I can't move, remember, and you can, and my work in the world is small: but I will look my best notwithstanding." And with a kind nod the Rose bade him adieu.

Robin flew towards an invitingly spread meal of crumbs, feeling a little tired, but oh, so happy.

"It is the Robins, too," he thought, "as well as the Sparrows. How we ought to thank Him for taking care of everything."

M. J. R.

Breton Peasants going to the Christmas Market.

(See Illustration, Page 279.)



O-OPERATION at its best is to be seen in the characteristic incident so capitally illustrated in Mr. G. H. Boughton's telling picture. The family party is making its way in the early morning to a neighbouring market town: the son and heir trudging along between his two sisters, and sharing with them the burden of heavily laden baskets of farm produce: the sturdy mother, whose firm-set countenance seems to betoken that she is the saleswoman, comes close behind with little Robert by her side: and the father brings up the rear, his thoughts busily occupied with what he will ask, and the lowest he will take, for the fatted calf which he drives before him.

The costume of the Breton peasant is rather grotesque: the women wear two woollen petticoats, a woollen jacket, an apron, and wooden shoes, but no stockings; the men figure in a woollen blouse and trousers, but on Sundays will appear in broad brimmed hats, long flowing hair, and trunk hose of the sixteenth century. In some districts the winter garb consists of undressed goat-skins.

The Christmas market is the time above all others when sellers confidently reckon upon "making a trifle," and buyers with equal confidence expect to "pick up a decided bargain." We fear that as a rule the "bargain hunters" come off second-best, and when they reach home, find, like "poor Richard," they have "paid too much for the whistle!"

Marketing is pretty much the same all the world over, and in such a transaction we fancy Brittany and Britain will not be found very far apart.

It hardly need be said that our friends mean to do business, if any business is to be done. They have been stirring early on this sharp frosty morning; and the four miles' trudge to market, in the face of the keen biting wind, has put such an edge on their wits, that it will go very hard with any one who tries to beat them down a penny. "Ducks like these!" "eggs like these!" "butter like this!" "a beast like that!" at a figure less than the price which was finally settled round the cosy fireside late last night, when father and mother, Jock, Jean and Marie, and even little Carl, had their say as to how much the stock should fetch, is not to be thought of for a moment! Then the customer will seem quite to abandon the notion of duck-buying, egg-



From the Original Picture by
G. H. BOURGEOIS.

BRETON PEASANTS GOING TO THE CHRISTMAS MARKET.

Drawn by W. J. ALLEN.
Engraved by E. S. MARIOTT.

buying, butter-buying, or cow-buying, as the case may be, and will probably stride away a few paces, only, however, to be cleverly charmed back by the cheery cry "'tis a real *Christmas* bargain!"

Yes, there is a world of meaning in the wonderful word *Christmas*. *Christmas* opens the purse which has been selfishly closed to the claims of charity for the other fifty-one weeks of the year. *Christmas* often touches the conscience, and thus provokes many a deed of righteous retribution. *Christmas* comes, in short, with blessings in both hands, and should be "happy *Christmas*" to all.

But alas, *Christmas* sometimes, instead of

being a crown to the year, proves just the reverse. Many who go marketwards in the morning as fresh and as free as the wind, in all the dignity and nobleness of manhood, return homewards, after the day's bargaining is over, despoiled of their integrity, and sadly degraded, because they have been too susceptible to the un-seasonable invitation, "let us take a *Christmas* glass!"


We advise our readers to do without the *Christmas* glass, and to market with a view to a real *Christmas* feast, not forgetting to "send a portion to those for whom nothing is prepared."

THE EDITOR.

Anecdotes of Illustrious Abstainers.

COMPILED BY FREDERICK SHERLOCK, AUTHOR OF "JOSEPH LIVESLEY: A LIFE AND ITS LESSONS," ETC.

XVIII. THE LATE EARL STANHOPE'S TESTIMONY.

Y father was a weakly child. He was taken early to Geneva, when a celebrated medical professor, who had formerly been a pupil of the great Boerhaave, was consulted on his case. He advised that he should use much exertion, and drink nothing but water. He adhered strictly to that advice, and when, in after-years, his habits became more sedentary, he still used only water. He became clear and vigorous in his various energies of body and mind, and exerted his faculties almost to the last moments of his life. My grandfather was also a water-drinker, and even at the age of seventy-two devoted several hours a day to abstruse mathematical studies. My grandmother drank only water, and enjoyed the use of all her ordinary faculties until near her dissolution, which took place when she was ninety-two years of age."

XIX. AN IGNORANT BLUNDER.

WHEN I hear Total Abstainers designated as ascetics, I smile at the ignorant blunder, because it has always been my firm conviction that I enjoy the pleasures of the palate much more than if I had taken wine of any kind or in any quantity; and for this good reason, that the digestive organs are in a healthier state than they would have been with that indulgence.—*Sir Edward Baines, in "The Fireside," Sept., 1880.*

XX. "THE WHITE MAN'S GRAVE."

THE steamboat captain who was asked by a passenger when they touched at St. Thomas whether the island was not called "The White Man's Grave," and who replied "No; but that is," pointing to the brandy-bottle on the cabin table, had a good deal of justice on his side. If fever and dysentery have slain their hundreds, brandy pawnee, sangaree, and the practice of "pegging" generally have laid low their thousands in every hot climate whither Englishmen have been fain to resort—from Gibraltar to Cuba, and from St. Thomas to the Straits of Malacca.—*Daily Telegraph, Aug. 10.*

"The Good Tidings of Great Joy."

THE Gospel sets forth Jesus Christ, born, crucified and risen, as the object of faith—dwelling in the heart by the Spirit, as the object of love,—returning for us hereafter as the object of hope.

C. B.



"IT'S A HARD WINTER."

Fables for YOU.

BY ELEANOR B. PROSSER.



XXV. WISHING AND WORKING.

"WISH the ground weren't so hard," said an idle young sparrow to a robin, who was busily picking up some grains of corn that had fallen among a scattered heap of straw.

"So do I," said the robin, "but you see it generally is hard, this time of year."

"Yes, I suppose so; well then, I wish there were more berries on the large hawthorn tree. It isn't worth while going to look for any even, for they are sure to be all gone."

"Yes, you see it's a hard winter," said the robin; "and a good many of your relations as well as mine have dined on it every day for this long while."

"I know they have," said the sparrow in a melancholy tone. "Well, I wish I knew where to find some breakfast. I'm hungry enough; but I don't see any chance of getting any."

"Nor do I," said the robin, "while you content yourself with wishing. If you set about looking for it, I think you'd stand a better chance. I've had a splendid meal while you've been 'wishing' for one. Try my plan, and you'd find it will answer better."

XXVI. TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

"How miserably cold the wind is," said a half-starved looking horse to a donkey who was contentedly munching a thistle close by.

"Yes, it is cold," said the donkey.

"It's all very well for you with your shaggy coat. But mine's not so thick, and I can tell you it cuts right through me."

"I dare say it does," said the donkey.

"It blows right across the common, and there's no shelter this side of the field."

"Then why don't you go to the other, friend?" said the donkey; "I've always found it a good rule, when one hasn't got things to one's mind, if one can't mend one's circumstances, to make the best of them."

XXVII. WHERE WILL IT LEAD?

"We must try a fresh place for the nest this time, my dear," said an old owl to his mate as they stood on the edge of a ruined tower, whose crumbling walls were reflected in the dark blue waters of the lake.

"Why won't the old one do? We've had it so long; and I don't like changing," she replied.

"Nor I, when I see no reason for it," said the old owl; "but I heard them say—"

ing this to-day, that the old tower won't last much longer; and you wouldn't like the young ones to be buried in its ruins."

"But surely it will last our time. I don't believe it's any worse than it was last year; let's try it once again."

"No, my dear," said the old owl solemnly. "I have thought the matter well over; and your not seeing it, doesn't alter the fact that it is fast crumbling away. I should blame myself if I let you have your own way and any harm came of it, as I believe there would."

So the nest was built in an ivy-covered steeple on the opposite side of the lake, and before the young ones were hatched, the old grey tower lay a heap of ruins on the ground.

"Ah, my children!" said the mother bird, as a few weeks after her young ones clustered round her on one of its moss incrustated stones to listen to the oft-repeated tale of the desolation of their parents' home, "you will do well to learn while you are young the wisdom of taking advice from those who are older and wiser than yourselves. I tremble still to think of the ruin my self-will would have wrought if I had been allowed to have my own way."

Christmas Reading.



HAPPY Christmas-tide depends a good deal upon Christmas reading. Our "bill of"—mental—"fare" for Christmas, 1881, will, we hope, prove an attractive one. We think we may safely say no one can eat too much at this table.

1. *The New Annuals. The Fireside, 7s. 6d. Hand and Heart, 7s. 6d. The Day of Days, 2s. Home Words, 2s.*
2. *Jim's Psalm: The Fireside Christmas Number, 6d.*

3. *Stephen Mainwaring's Wooing, and other Tales, 2s. 6d.*
4. *Mrs. Haycock's Chronicles, 2s. 6d.*
5. *Nehemiah Nibbs' Goose, 1s.*
6. *The Royal Law and other Tales, 2s. 6d.*
7. *Home Words Birthday Book, 1s.*
8. *Our Folks: John Churchill's Letters Home, 2s. 6d.*
9. *Puzzledom: Fireside Amusement, 2s. 6d.*
10. *More than Conquerors: A Temperance Tale, 1s.*

Home Words for 1882.

A NEW Tale by Agnes Giberne, entitled "Five Thousand Pounds," will commence in the January number of *Home Words*. We hope to make our Magazine more attractive than ever. Will each reader try and gain another?

Job Trinder: "*Home Words*" for Christmas, is now ready.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR READERS.

The Young Folks' Page.

XLII. "THE SHEPHERDS SING."



HE shepherds sing, and shall I silent be?
My God, no hymn for Thee?
My soul's a shepherd too; a flock it feeds
Of thoughts and words and deeds.
The pasture is Thy Word; the streams Thy
grace,
Enriching all the place;
Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
Out-sing the daylight hours.

HERBERT.

XLIII. A TESTAMENT.

A boy was running along a street in Dublin one day, and a clergyman stopped him, and said to him—"Where are you going? What is that under your arm?" The Irish boy said a funny thing; he said, "I have got my will here." "What are you going to have?" asked the clergyman. He said, "I am going to have a large estate. Here is my will." The clergyman looked at it—it was the Bible, which showed him he was to have heaven when he died. He called the Bible his "will." Was he wrong? We call it "Testament." It is the same thing—a will.

XLIV. THE GRASSHOPPER.

Did you ever read about the grasshopper? There was a grasshopper, and he had been about all the summer, eating, drinking, sleeping, chirping, being very merry; but when the cold weather came, the grasshopper had nothing to eat, and he was very miserable. So he went to the ant's nest, and he said to the ant, "Do give me something to eat." "What have you been doing all the summer?" said the ant. The grasshopper replied, "I have been chirping, eating, drinking, playing, sleeping, and now I have nothing to eat." The ant said, "Those who will be chirping, and eating, and drinking, and playing, and sleeping all the summer, must expect to starve in the winter."

XLV. THE STRANGE TREASURE.

A young man was very sick, and a friend came to see him. He said to his friend, "Shall I show you my treasure?" And then he showed him his foot. There was a great wound in it, and he said, "That wound is my treasure." His friend said, "How is that wound your treasure?" And he replied: "Because I was a wild young fellow, and I used to go where I ought not, and now God has sent that wound in my foot to stop me; and He has laid me upon my bed to think. So I call it one of my best friends. My wound is my treasure."

XLVI. CATECHISM.

THE meaning of the word Catechism is, "Echo back." It is from two Greek words, and it means, back echo. "Cat" means "back"; "echism" means "echo." That is to say, you are to echo me back: question and answer. The answer is the echo. I ask you questions, and I wish to put them in such a way that you can echo them. Voice and echo. Now, you must be good echoes. It is a capital thing to ask a great many questions: and every wise person does.

Jesus asked a great many questions when a boy twelve years old. Did He ask questions to teach, or to get information? "To teach." No, that is a bad echo; He did not teach; He did it to get information. Teaching would not be a boy's duty. He asked questions of the Pharisees, and allowed them to ask questions of Him. Questions are wise things. It is wise for me to ask you questions; and it would be very wise for you to ask me questions. It is wise for you to ask your teachers questions—not rude ones, not puzzling ones, but really useful ones.

"Searchers after truth!" remember that is your name. Ask always of your father, and mother, and teacher, and clergyman wise questions. That is "Catechism." I the echo, and you the voice; or, I the voice, and you the echo. Let us have plenty of questions, if we wish to be wise.

—THE REV. J. VAUGHAN.

The Bible Mine Searched.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1882.

GIFT OF £1000 IN SUNDAY SCHOOL PRIZES.

WITH the view of promoting throughout the country the study of God's Word, arrangements are being made which will enable us to offer in the January Number of "HOME WORDS," Prize-Books to the value of £1000, to be competed for in Parish Sunday Schools in 1882.

It is hoped that this costly, and we believe unexampled Prize Distribution, will be the means of stirring up many thousands of Children, and Parents also, to a deep and lasting interest in the Scriptures.

The Bishop of Sodor and Man has most kindly promised to supply the Bible Questions.

We are sure we may rely upon the co-operation of the Clergy, Sunday School Superintendents, and Sunday School Teachers generally.

Full particulars of the Conditions of the Competition will be given in our January Number.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

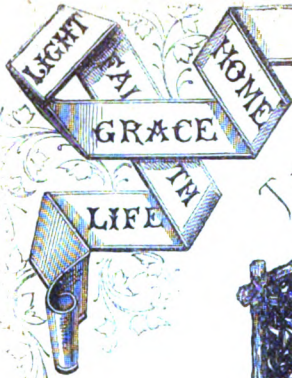
1. WHO, after his decease, sat down to supper with Jesus?
2. What is St. Paul's definition of the Gospel?
3. Who wrote twice to a person of high position to assure him of the truth of the Gospel?
4. What three prophets, when in distress of mind, asked God to take away their lives?
5. What woman, whose name we know not, are we told never to forget?
6. Can you show that even a little child, in a wicked family, who tries to serve God, is not unnoticed by Him?
7. How is faith described as a work?

8. Who was the first kingly person to whom God gave a name before birth? and what was the meaning of the name?

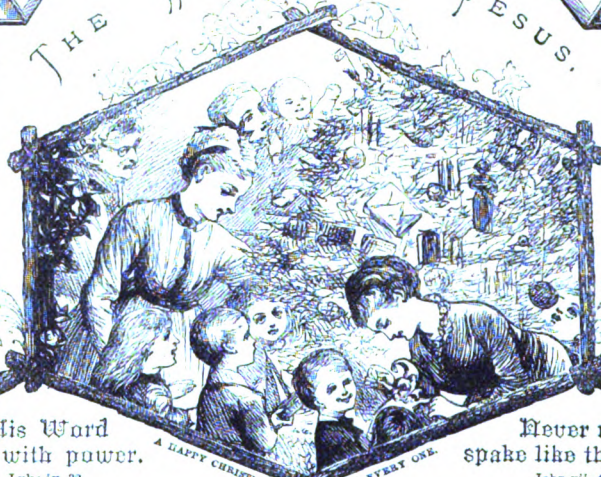
9. What is the earliest teaching of a future judgment?
10. How does our Lord show that the Jews should have known the truth about the new birth?

ANSWERS (See NOVEMBER No., p. 203).

- I. Josh. vi. 28, with 1 Kings xvi. 34. II. 1 Kings viii. 39. III. ACTS xx. 35. IV. 1 Chron. x. 13, 14. V. Lev. xvi. 24, 28, 29. VI. Jud. xiii. 19, 20. Exod. xvii. 8; 1 Kings xix. 11. VII. Heb. xi. 19. VIII. Deut. xxxii. 8. IX. Zech. xii. 7. X. 2 Pet. iii. 16.



THE WORDS OF JESUS.



His Word
was with power.

Luke iv. 32.

Never man
spake like this Man.

John vii. 46.

1	Th	In My Father's house are many mansions. John xiv.
2	F	I go to prepare a place for you. John xiv. 2. [2.
3	S	Fear not, little flock. Luke xii. 32.
4	S	2nd S. in Advent. Ye do err, not knowing the Scrip-
5	M	Ye are my friends. John xv. 14. [tures. Matt. xxii.
6	Tu	Be of good cheer: I have overcome the world.
7	W	The Son of Man is come to save that which was lost.
8	Th	To give His life a ransom for many. Matt. xx. 28.

9	F	Ye must be born again. John iii. 7.
10	S	Search the Scriptures. John v. 39.
11	S	3rd S. in Advent. EMB. WEEK. I will come again.
12	M	They are they which testify of Me. John v. 39.
13	Tu	Thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to
14	W	Hold fast till I come. Rev. ii. 25. [suffer. Lu. xxiv. 46.
15	Th	All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth.
16	F	The Son of Man hath power . . . to forgive sins.

THOU HAST THE WORDS OF ETERNAL LIFE.

We have
heard Him ourselves.

John iv. 42.

Surely
I come quickly.

Rev. xxii. 20.

17	S	The Lord ... said unto her, Weep not. Lu. vii. 13.
18	S	4th S. in Advent. Watch therefore: Be ye also ready. Matt. xxiv. 42. [viii. 25.
19	M	And He said unto them, Where is your faith? Luke
20	Tu	Go thou and preach the kingdom of God. Lu. ix. 60.
21	W	St. THOMAS. Be not faithless, but believing. Jn. xx. 27.
22	Th	I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.
23	F	The Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not.

24	S	The Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.
25	S	Christmas Day. My Father, and your Father!
26	M	St. STEPHEN. I will give thee a crown of life. Rev. ii. 10.
27	Tu	St. JOHN. Abide in My love. Jn. xv. 10. [Matt. xix. 14.
28	W	INNOCENTS. Suffer little children ... to come unto Me.
29	Th	A little while ... and ye shall see Me. John xvi. 16.
30	F	I am He that liveth, and was dead. Rev. i. 18. [47.
31	S	He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life. Jn. vi.

HUSH! while on silvery wing of holiest song
Floats forth the old, dear story of our peace:
His coming, the Desire of ages long,
To wear our chains, and win our glad release.
Our wondering joy to hear such tidings blest
Is crowned with "Come to Me, and I will give you Rest."

I could not do without Thee! for years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness the river must be passed.
But Thou wilt never leave me;
And though the waves roll high,
I know Thou wilt be with me
And whisper, "It is I!"—F. R. H.

Gospel—Christmas Peace.—"If we would possess as well as hear about 'the Peace of God,' which 'passeth all' human 'understanding'—the Peace of which the angels sang at Bethlehem,—the Divine Spirit must be our Teacher. He it is who bestows the heaven-sent gift of Faith—justifying faith which brings 'peace with God through Jesus Christ our Lord.' He it is who testifies within the believer; witnesses to his acceptance in the Beloved; and if the sweet assurance of our adoption as children be thus brought home to us, our Peace will flow as a river: 'the Word' will indeed be 'received with joy of the Holy Ghost.'—The Forgotten Truth.



